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DECEMBER 15, 1997

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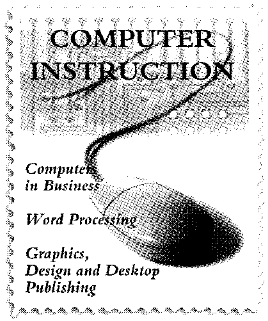
She met Alec
Wildenstein on
a safari. Twenty
ears later, he
hased her out
f their house
ith a gun.

# THE LION QUEEN

A tale of love, divorce, and plastic surgery in the art world's richest family. By Eric Konigsberg

**Facial attraction:** Jocelyne Wildenstein and her husband, Alec.

DEC 15 1997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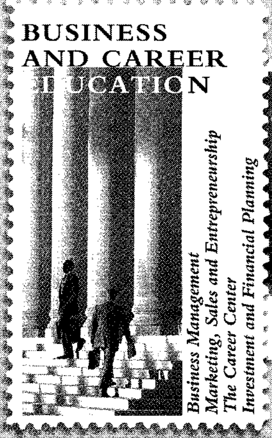
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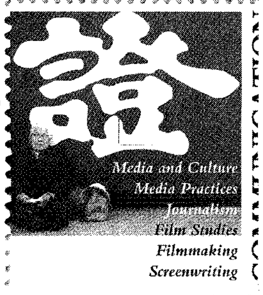
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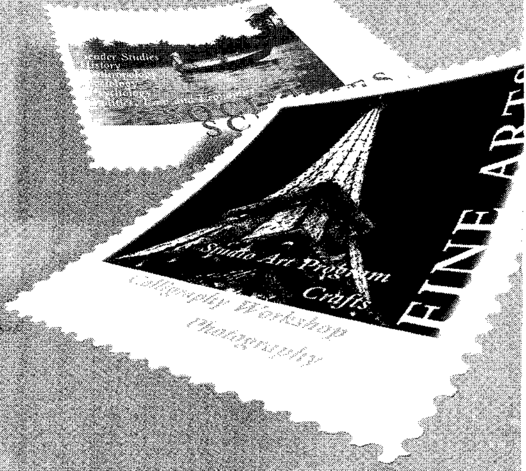
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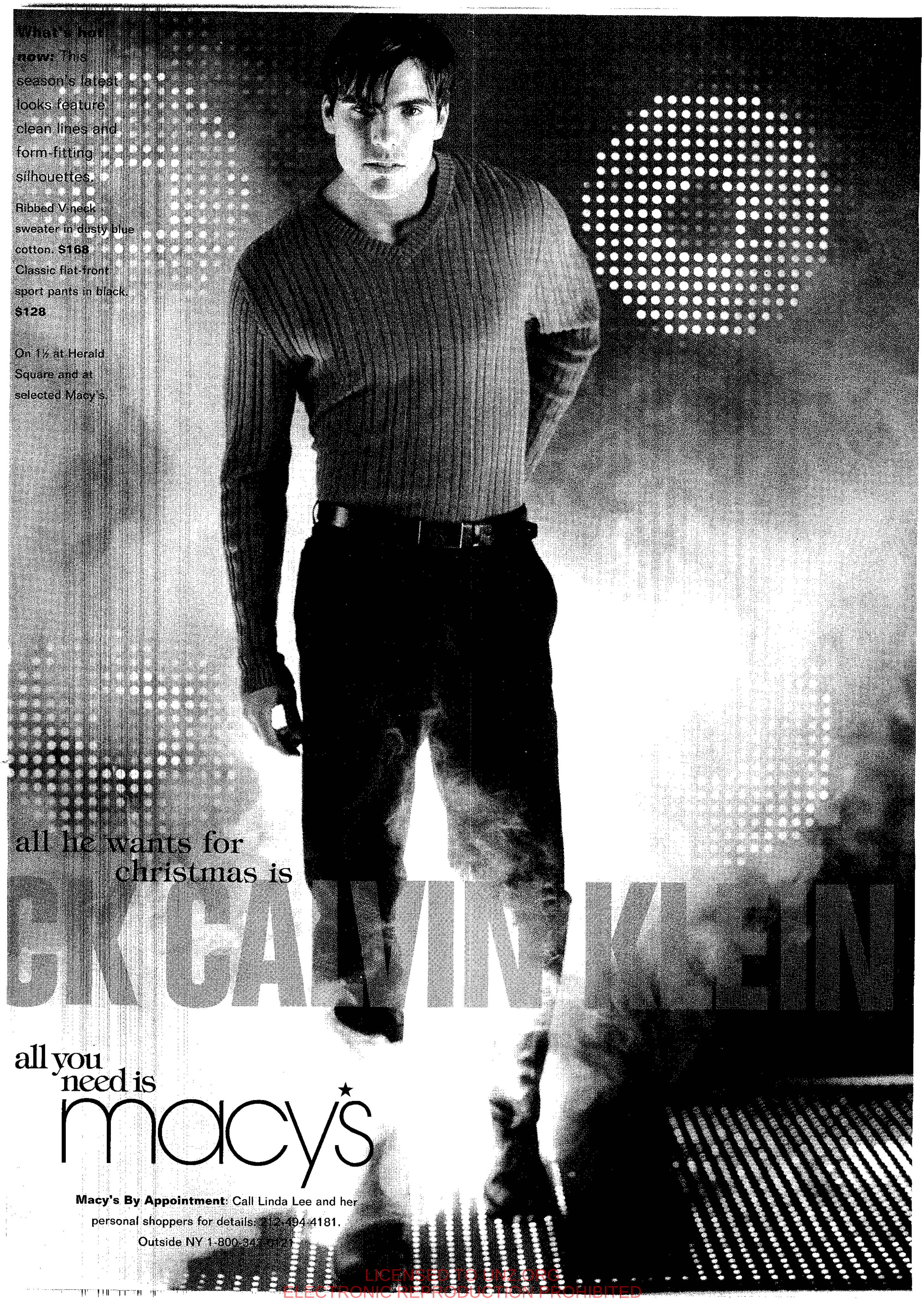

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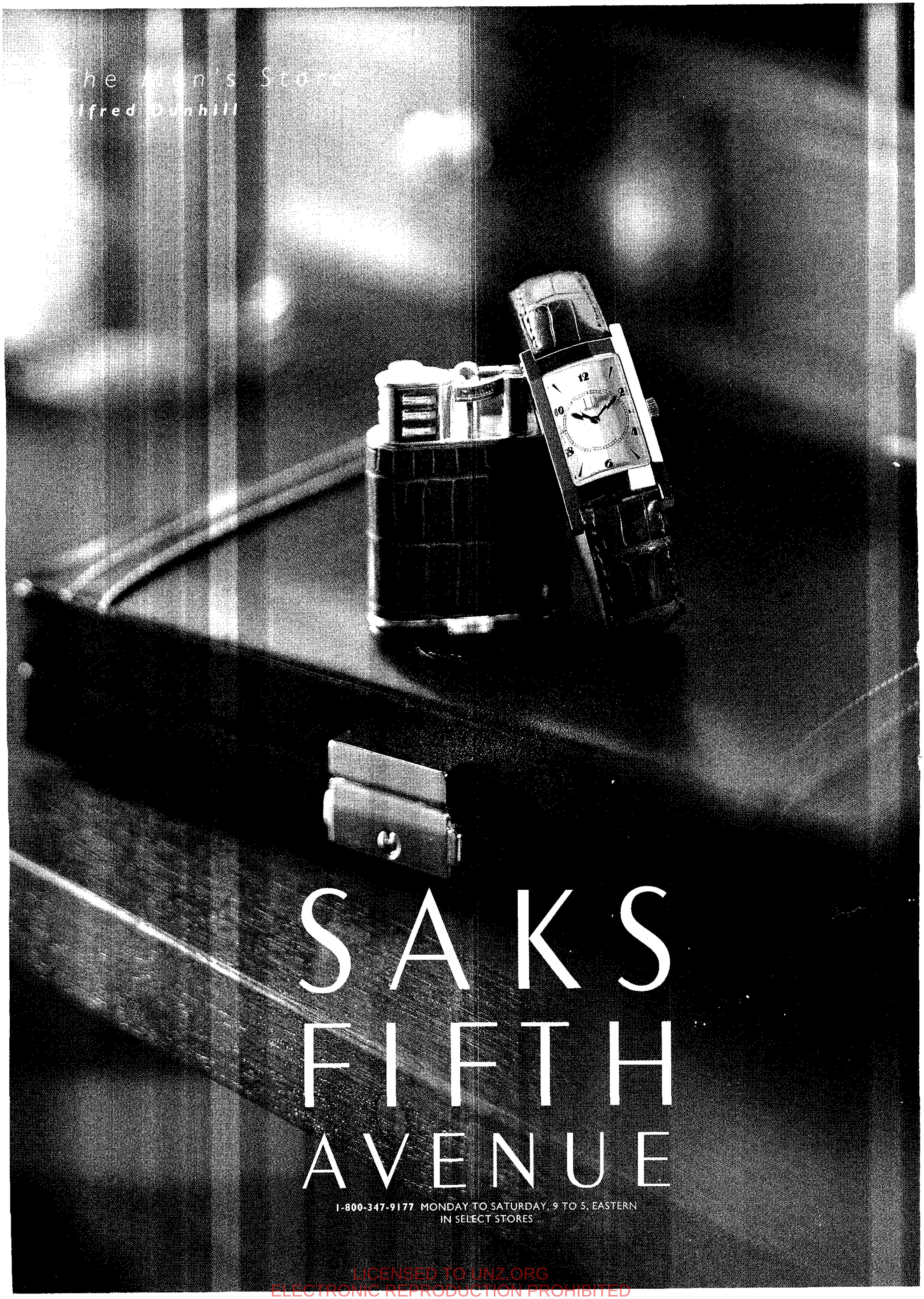
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# Contents Dec. 15, 1997

*"You will be on the streets when this is over."*

ALEC WILDENSTEIN TO HIS
WIFE, JOCELYNE, PAGE 30

## 30 The Art of War

### By Eric Konigsberg

The divorce of Jocelyne and Alec Wildenstein—he of the art-dealing aristocrats, she of the re-engineered visage—has been a tabloid staple. But their life was stranger than has yet been reported. A tale of lion hunting, love, betrayal, Nazi art looting, and a naked man with a pistol in an East 64th Street townhouse.

## 38 Viva Versace

### By Maer Roshan

On the eve of what would have been Gianni Versace's 51st birthday, Donatella Versace and Elton John talk about the murder, carrying on without him, the new campaign starring Courtney Love, and the future of the company. A *New York* exclusive.

## 42 Public Eye

### By Don Shewey

Breakthrough shows like *Angels in America* and *Jelly's Last Jam* made George C. Wolfe one of Broadway's hottest directors. Now he's got the New York Shakespeare Festival humming again. But some people inside the house Joe Papp built wonder if Wolfe has remade it too much in his own image.

## 48 Good and Plenty

### By Gillian Duffy

Your party is expanding by the second, and if you shop at your usual haunts it's going to bankrupt you. So do your marketing where your retailers do theirs: Go direct to the wholesalers. A voluminous guide.

## Gotham

**15** The real test of broken-windows policing; relaunching the Scud Stud; planning for the apocalypse; a(nother) Kink goes solo

## Departments

### 24 The Image
### Barbara Lippert

There's a new Donna Reed—and this time, she draws blood

### 26 The City Politic
### Michael Tomasky

Pataki attack: The Democrats meet to regroup—but are there any new ideas there?

### 28 The National Interest
### Hanna Rosin

The patented Bill Clinton waffle, this time applied to race

### 82 The Insatiable Critic
### Gael Greene

Salad days: Gael takes an eating tour as a vegetarian

## Marketplace

### 56 Best Bets
### Corky Pollan

Winter woolens from Working Class; iron andirons

### 58 The Goods
### Rob Patronite

Tails of old England: The best in custom-made formalwear

### 60 Sales & Bargains
### Ondine Cohane

Names, dropping: Designer duds at anonymous prices

## The Arts

### 63 Movies
### David Denby

Shipboard *List:* Spielberg's *Amistad* packs some of *Schindler's* power

### 76 Theater
### John Simon

Christmas goose: *A Christmas Carol* gets fattened up onstage, to pleasing results

### 78 Dance
### Tobi Tobias

Latin love: *Tango x 2* takes City Center

### 81 Television
### John Leonard

*Breast Men* strays from satire to prurience

**97**

## Cue

**85** Frank Langella's nose; Down Under's acrobats; Aquavit's dolled-up cheesecake; a country singer's urban planning; Woody Allen's new Cookie; the noise from Lake Wobegon; the concert world's new violin beau

## Misc.

**Between the Lines** ........................7
**Letters** ........................................8
**Intelligencer** *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell* ................11
***Guardian* Crossword** .................128
**'Cue' Crossword** *by Maura B. Jacobson* .............128
**Classified** ...............................118
**Strictly Personals** ....................124

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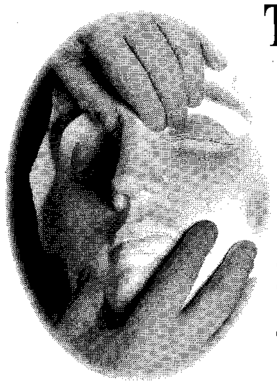

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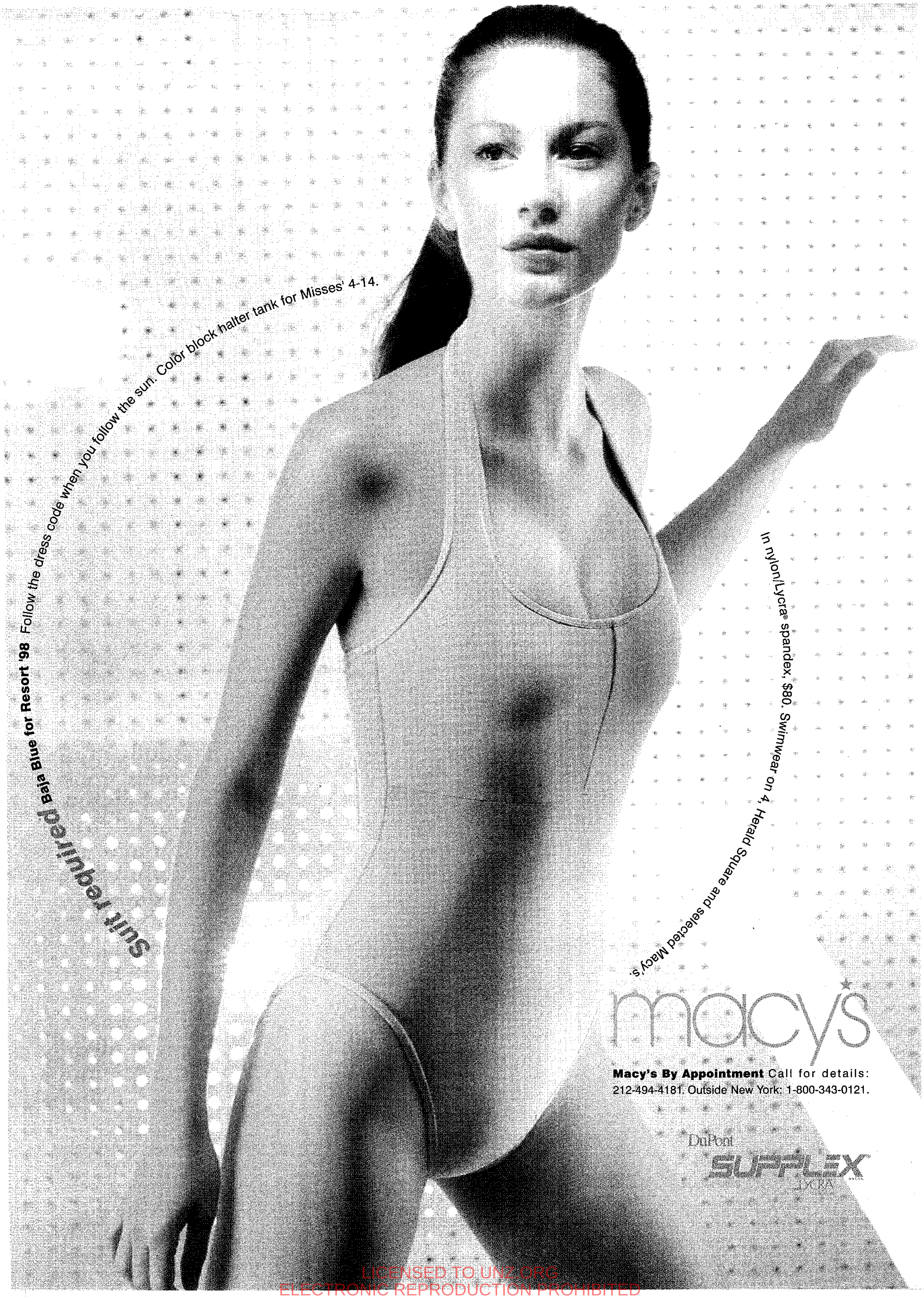

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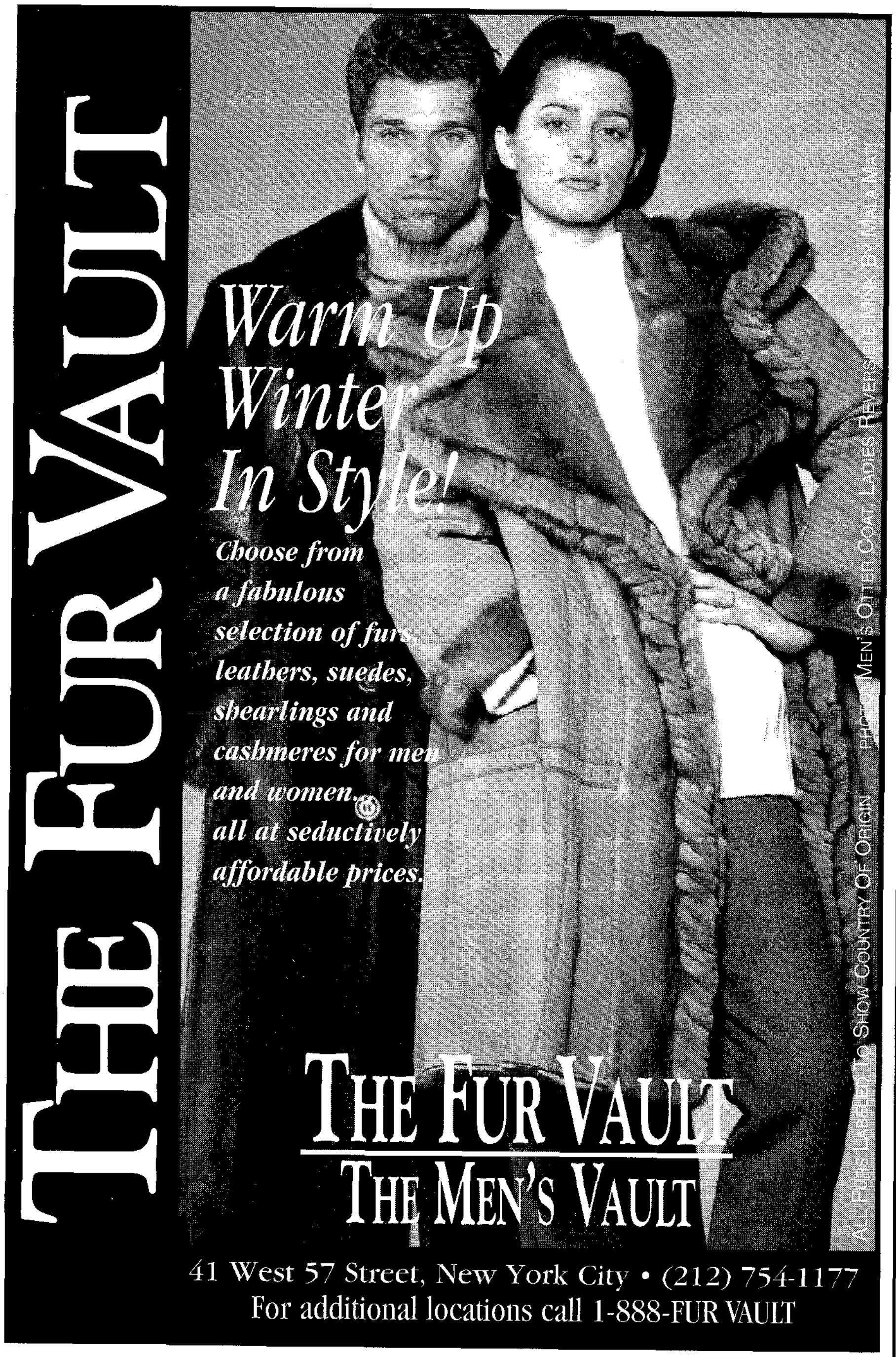
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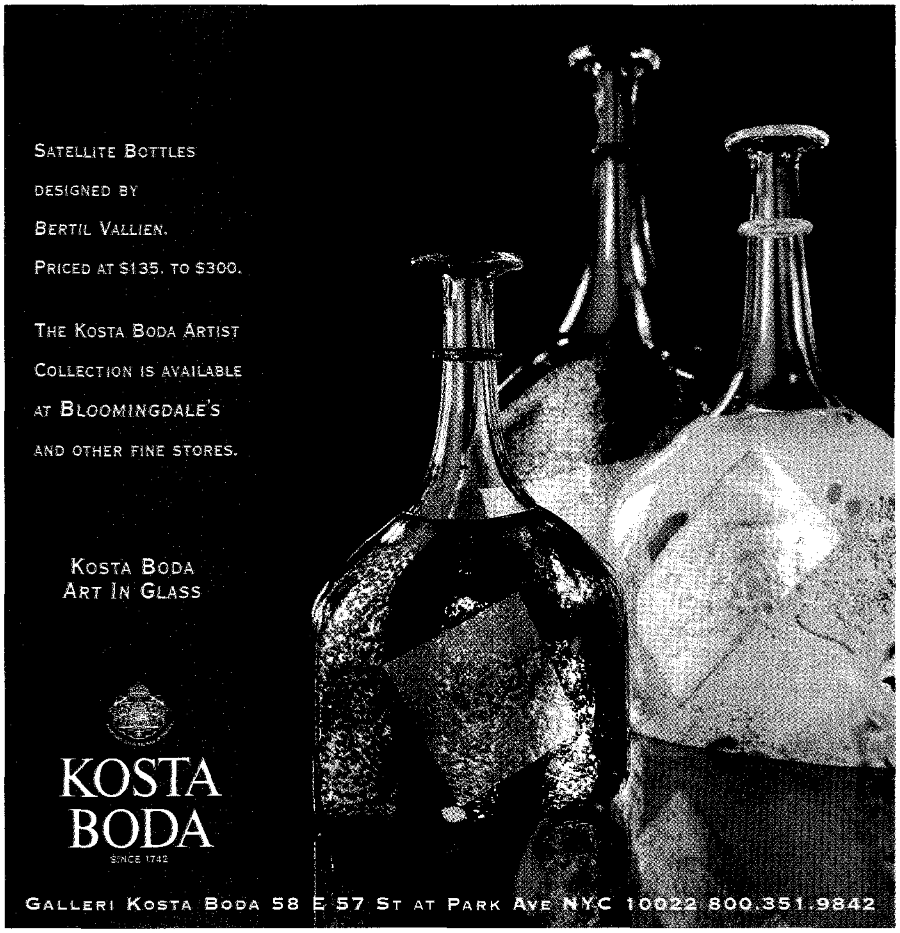
# Credit Where It's Due

WE WEREN'T LOOKING FOR A fight. Really. Earlier this fall, when we decided to put an advertising campaign on city buses, we thought the line—POSSIBLY THE ONLY GOOD THING IN NEW YORK RUDY HASN'T TAKEN CREDIT FOR—provocative enough to get people's attention, but not something anyone would make a federal case of. The mayor's propensity for rhetorical overstatement in describing the accomplishments of his administration is acknowledged by even his fiercest partisans, and it has more than once been remarked upon in these pages. Besides, his decision to appear on *Saturday Night Live* seemed to indicate a new willingness to laugh at himself, at least occasionally. Sure, we were a little concerned about getting our phone calls to City Hall returned. But a joke is a joke.

When we first heard that the mayor and the MTA were having the ads ripped off the buses, no one quite believed it. It seemed like a *Saturday Night Live* outtake, a caricature of the brittle, control-freak Rudy his detractors are fond of conjuring. But when the dust settled, it was clear the story was about more than the mayor's personality: This sort of comment about an elected official, even in an ad on the side of a bus in his own city, is protected by the First Amendment. The case, as one of our lawyers said, was "simple, but interesting," and it had the advantage of not being about speech that's deserving of protection but deeply unappealing—about *Hustler* magazine, say, or the Nazis in Skokie.

As it happened, federal district judge Shira Scheindlin agreed with us that anyone who has chosen to be mayor "cannot avoid the limelight of publicity—good and bad." As to whether we were exploiting Rudy's name, she said the ad used *humor* to sell magazines, not any "association between Giuliani and the product." The city is appealing.

But at this point, we obviously have to thank the mayor. First, because the city is better off than it's been in decades, for which he deserves a large measure of credit. And second, because it's hard to find a New Yorker now who doesn't know about the ad. Rudy certainly deserves credit for *that.* ▬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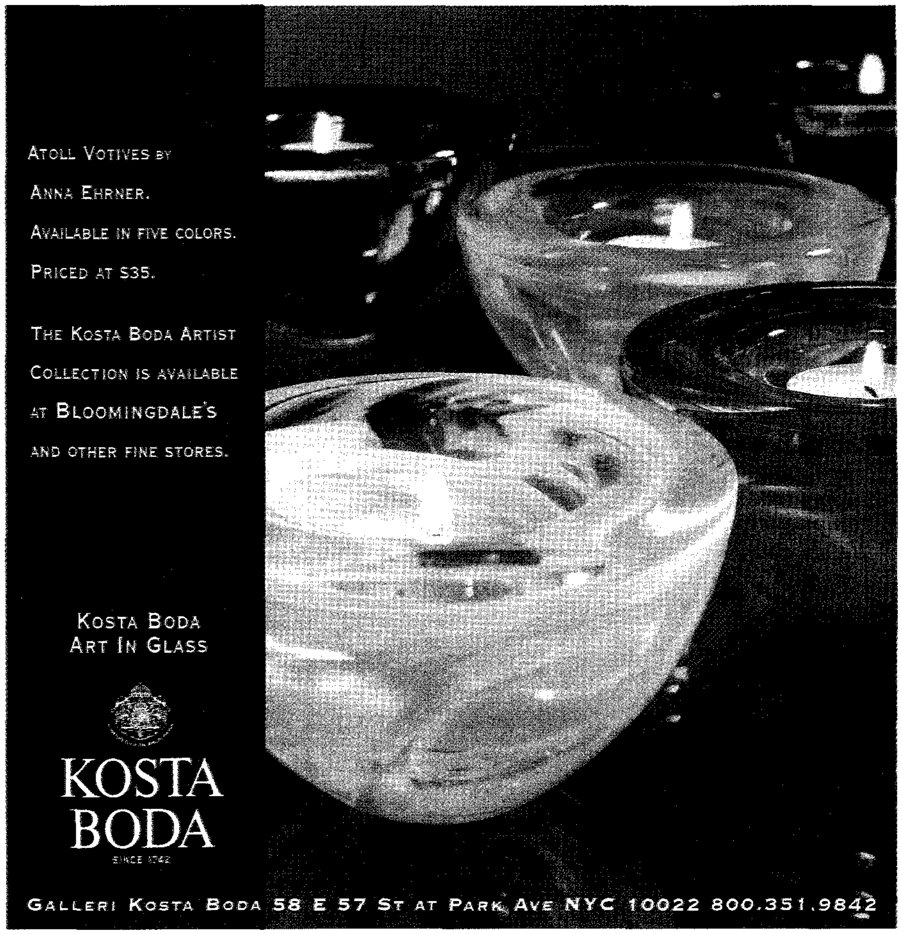
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## LETTERS DECEMBER 15, 1997

# Baldwin 2000

*Stop the presses! Early, unofficial polls show the Massapequa boy might not be the people's choice; does putting children on drugs help kids or parents?*

PRODUCER MACE NEUFELD IS CORRECT: Alec Baldwin is a talented actor (rent *Glengarry Glen Ross* for proof). However, his dive into electoral politics is distressing ["The Candidate," by Michael Gross, November 24]. This country still hasn't recovered from the last actor who attempted that feat. Will he become another smooth charmer like the golf pro currently in the White House or the reformer and leader this country desperately needs? I've become disgusted with entertainers and big names like Baldwin who believe they can relate to the problems of working people while partying with the rich and famous and living in gated communities away from their fans. Baldwin, if he wants to do voters a favor, should focus on the acting career and leave the political advocacy to those who truly understand the problems that need to be solved in this country.

*Robin L. Gadsden*
ENGLEWOOD, N.J.

WHEN ALEC BALDWIN RAN FOR CLASS PRESIDENT at George Washington University, the student body did not find his sense of entitlement a compelling enough reason to elect him. Does he really expect the jaded, savvy New York electorate to support his egotistical, Kennedyesque delusions of manifest destiny? Based on his track record, the only office Baldwin can credibly try for is dog catcher. He's already got a lock on the PETA constituency.

*Ruth Papazian*
THE BRONX

ALEC BALDWIN'S POLITICAL CREED IS PERHAPS summarized by his statement "Democrats of the seventies and eighties are too tolerant, too open-minded, not feral enough. I want to be the ferocious liberal." To that end, Mr. Baldwin ferociously attacked the Massapequa school board of the sixties era as "racist bastards," including the long-term school-board president J. Lewis Ames. Lew Ames was not and is not a racist. Lew Ames was and is a kind, considerate, compassionate gentleman who served more than 25 years as president of the Massapequa School Board and in that era helped the Massapequa school system achieve the very top ranking.

I'd rather see the Democrats and the candidates of the nineties as tolerant and open-minded. Spare me from the self-righteous. If I wanted to be part of a self-righteous, feral group, I'd switch to the right wing of the Republican Party, which in recent years has given new meaning to the phrase. I'd love to see Baldwin as the future candidate of a tolerant, open-minded Democratic party.

*Francis J. Mooney Jr.*
MANHATTAN

I'M ALWAYS AMUSED WHEN THE ULTRALIBERAL superrich designate who is racist. How many downtrodden blacks live in Alec Baldwin's neighborhood or in his daughter's school district? Why doesn't he use some of the ridiculous money he is paid for making movies to improve the lot of those who live in the inner city? He's just another big-headed, big-mouthed celebrity who will grasp at anything to stay in the limelight. He's as phony as that affected sneer.

*J. E. Streilein*
LANSDALE, PA.

WHEN WE NEEDED AN ACTOR TO DONATE A voice-over in a TV spot for Partnership for a Drug Free America, we called at least 100 big-name celebrities. But only two said yes without hesitation or demands. They were Matt Lauer and Alec Baldwin. He's got my vote.

*Angela Dominguez*
MANHATTAN

## Small Wonders

THE FREQUENCY WITH WHICH CHILDREN are being diagnosed with ADHD (attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder) and depressive disorders lately has unfortunately been matched by the amounts of Ritalin and Prozac (and its cousins) that are being prescribed ["This Is Your Child," by Susan Brenna, November 24]. These substances might appropriately be called "the new American mothers." A child-psychiatrist colleague told me that today's children are given things, not people, and so have more difficulties relating to people. This is a sad commentary on contemporary family life.

*Alex Caemmerer Jr., M.D.*
MANHATTAN

AS A CHILD PSYCHOLOGIST WHO TREATS many families who have been disappointed with the results of the sole use of medication, I read your article with concern and apprehension. Only superficially mentioned were cognitive-behavioral-treatment approaches, the nonmedical treatment of choice for attentional problems, obsessive-compulsive disorder, and many forms of anxiety and depression that affect children. Many controlled research studies indicate that these therapies can be as effective as medication in symptom reduction, if not superior, over the long term, and without the negative side effects. The prolific and indiscriminate medication of children with psychotropics is eerily reminiscent of an earlier chapter in American medicine. Ritalin and Prozac may, if current trends persist, be viewed as the Valium of the nineties.

*Anthony V. Rao, Ph.D.*
*Instructor in Psychiatry*
*Harvard Medical School*
BOSTON, MASS.

## Money Man

CONTRARY TO THE IMPLICATION IN JENNIFER Senior's article about a cable-TV reporter ["Money Honey," November 10], Louis Rukeyser clearly remains the unchallenged king of financial television. As she could easily have discovered, *Wall $treet Week With Louis Rukeyser* not only is America's runaway money favorite in 1997 but is drawing a weekly audience larger than that of all the other money programs on TV *combined.* America still turns in clearly dominant numbers each Friday to Louis Rukeyser, whom the Washington *Post* recently saluted as "everyone's favorite economic commentator." Try it; you'll like it.

*Rich Dubroff*
*Executive Producer,* Wall $treet Week
With Louis Rukeyser
OWINGS MILLS, MD.

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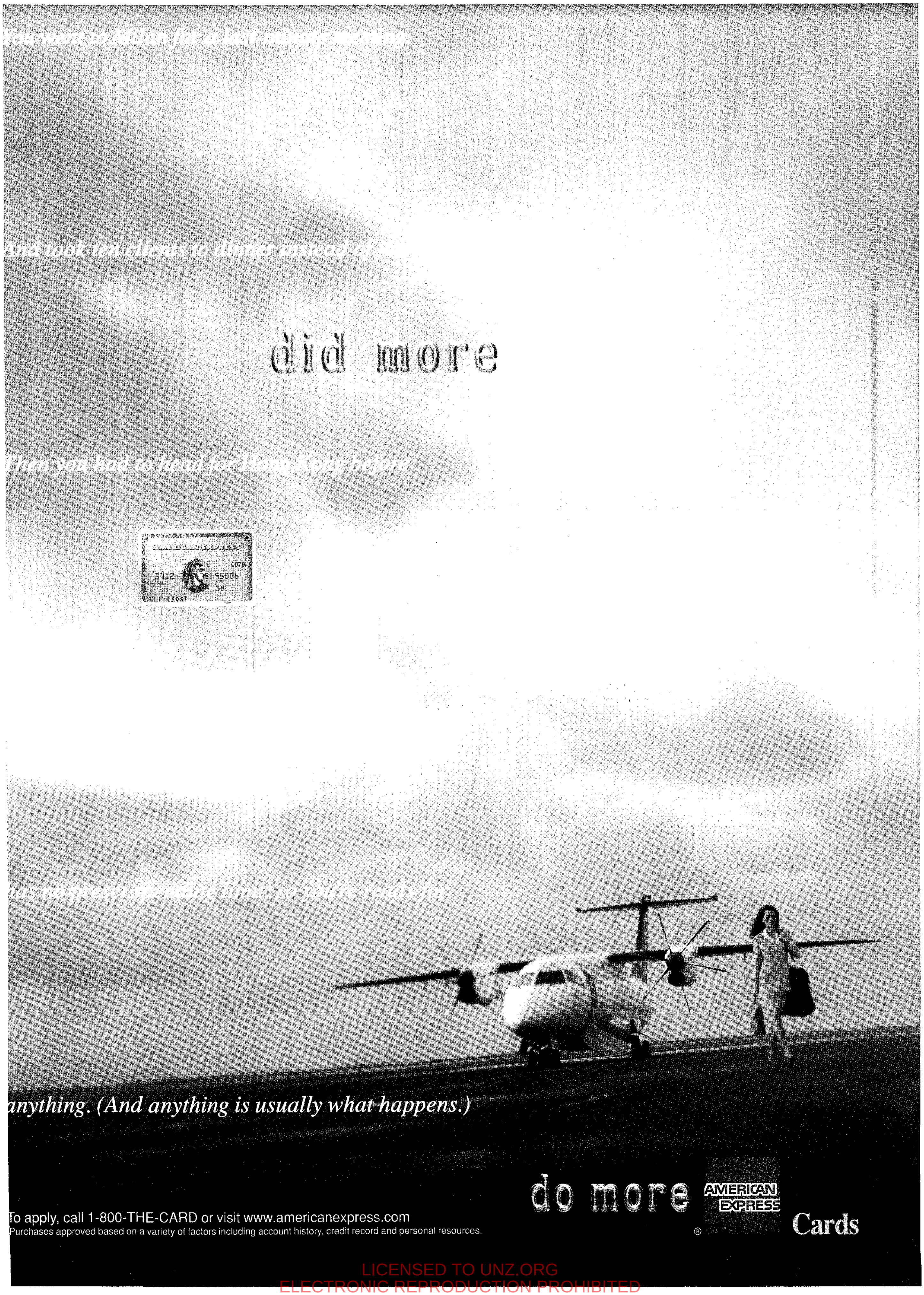
*Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor,* New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to 104700.2560@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*



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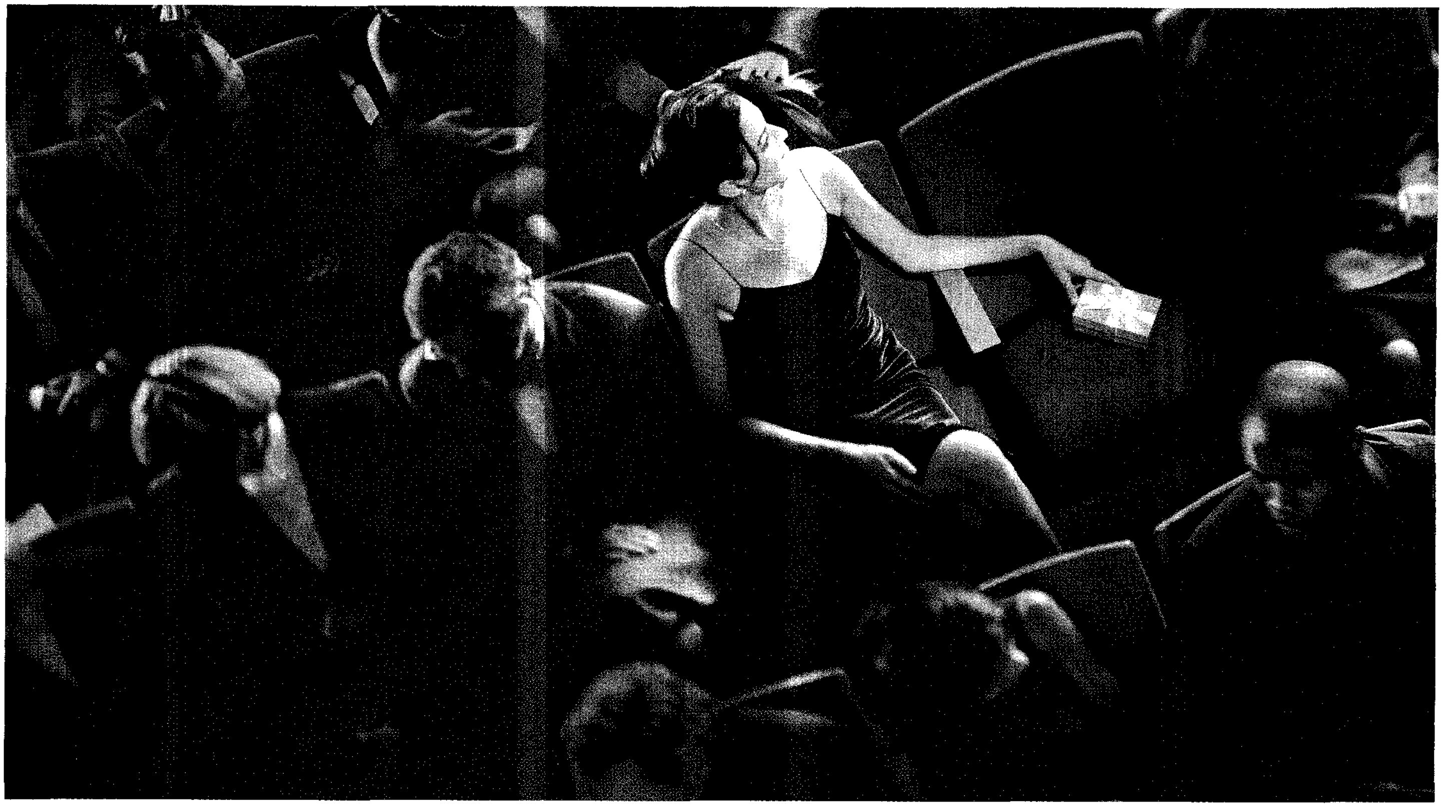
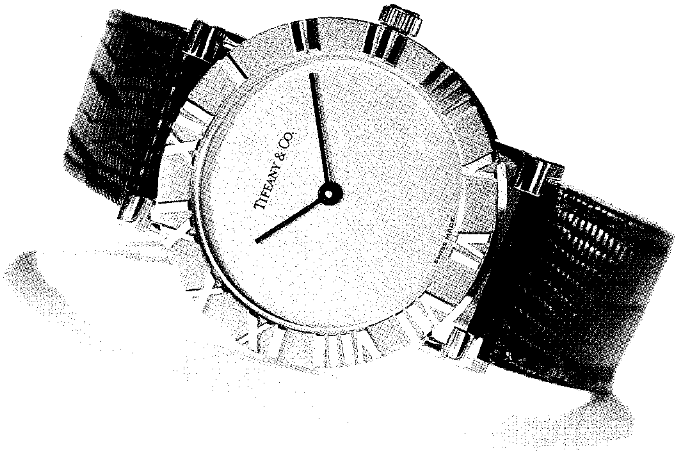


JUST IN TIME. *The Tiffany Atlas watch, Swiss-made with quartz movement in sterling silver or eighteen karat gold, from $995 to $2,500.*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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

# INTELLIGENCER

## MADONNA GETS CLOTHED OUT

Turns out the Brits still corner the market on snobbery. **Voyage**—the British clothier that outfits the likes of **Claire Danes** and **Winona Ryder**—has now instituted a members-only policy at its London store. Membership is free, but applicants must sign a statement vowing that they are not involved in the fashion industry and will not steal Voyage ideas. When nonmember **Madonna** recently arrived at the boutique, she was reportedly turned away before store management recognized her and ushered her back in. Says a Voyage spokesman of the policy: "We would only deny membership, and entrance to the store, to those we think would rip off our ideas for themselves. Madonna had no problem at all here."

**Madonna: Bon Voyage?**

## BY THE WAY, DECEMBER 25 IS CHRISTMAS

Attention, all those who dined at Le Cirque 2000 this Thanksgiving: Don't count on making it a tradition. The restaurant remained open for the holiday, a first in the establishment's 24-year history. When asked why Le Cirque had decided not to close, one maître d' insisted, "We wanted to see what it would be like. Probably we won't do it next year." Probably, indeed. According to **Sirio Maccioni,** the restaurant's proprietor, Le Cirque never meant to take reservations for Thanksgiving. "It was a huge mistake," he confesses. "Our reservation book isn't the kind with holidays already written in. . . . By the time I remembered to check that Thanksgiving had been marked off, we had 50 reservations." Rather than try to cancel the bookings, Maccioni looked closer to home. "I was going to fire the person who had taken the reservations, but it was my son," Maccioni says, laughing.

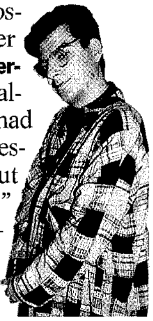
**Sirio Maccioni: No, thanks**

## FIFTH AVE.'S ANNUAL CLOSET CLEAN

Last year's big givers—**Susan Gutfreund** and **Barbaralee Diamondstein-Spielvogel**—didn't drop a stitch for the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute this year. Among those who did clean out their closets and donate their couture castoffs were **Susan Sarandon** (a 1996 Dolce & Gabbana evening ensemble), **Claire Bloom** (Manolo Blahnik snakeskin pumps and an Ossie Clark shirt from the seventies), and **Geoffrey Beene** (who donated seven pieces from his 1996 collection and two from '97). But the *pièce de résistance* was the 1995 Thierry Mugler wedding veil on a wire-cage frame that **Susanne Bartsch** wore when she married **David Barton.** Curator **Richard Martin** figures he may store it "with our nineteenth-century crinolines."

## *THE WOMEN* DRAG OVER TO TOWN HALL

**Molly Ringwald, Thierry Mugler,** and **Michael Musto**'s mother were all at Town Hall last Monday night to catch *Project: Jungle Red*—the nom de camp for a mostly drag version of Clare Boothe Luce's *The Women.* The theater group Tweed sold out its benefit (for the troupe and AIDS causes) with ads featuring a pair of lips and an allusion to the play's famous nail-polish color, Jungle Red. The troupe employed the subterfuge because it didn't clear rights (or even try to), says a producer, figuring that the mostly male revue would never get permission from the Luce estate. Only six hours of rehearsals were needed for the three-hour show, given that "most of these people had been living to do this their entire life," explains Musto, who played the gossip columnist Dolly DePeyster (Hedda Hopper in the movie). **Charles Busch, John (Lypsinka) Epperson, Lady Bunny,** and publicist **Judy Jacksina** were also in the cast. But the feint didn't work. "We had a spy there," reports the ICM rep for Luce's estate, **Bridget Aschenberg.** "It was done without permission, so the lawyers sent them a letter." Aschenberg says they didn't send a cease-and-desist letter ahead of time "because we were told it was to be an AIDS benefit."



## ROSE'S MCGOWAN'S NEW GHOULFRIEND

It looks as though every day is Halloween for actress **Rose McGowan.** According to studio insiders, the teen-slasher starlet, who quaked her way through movies like *Scream* and *Doom Generation,* has a new flame—the unusually made-up blood-'n'-gutsy rocker **Marilyn Manson,** who caught more than one viewer's eye recently when he bared his bottom at the MTV Video Music Awards. When an industry insider asked McGowan what it was like dating a man who wears more makeup than she does, the actress defended his macabre style, saying that in reality he was "just a dandy." McGowan's spokesperson would not comment, and Manson's did not return calls.

## WILSON: AVANT TO GO TO BROADWAY

**Robert Wilson** is finally coming to Broadway. After directing **Philip Glass's** *Einstein on the Beach* and **Lou Reed's** *Time Rocker* at the Brooklyn

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Arnaldo Magnani/Gamma-Liaison; David Allen/Corbis; Rita Barros/Gamma-Liaison.

**Robert Wilson:**
**Broad-minded?**

**Julia Roberts:**
**Ditty woman**

## CLARK'S NEW TAVERN ON THE LEAN

You can take the chef out of the kitchen, but you can't take the kitchen out of the chef. **Patrick Clark,** who left his post as executive chef at Tavern on the Green last month for health reasons, is currently in Columbia-Presbyterian hospital awaiting a heart transplant. The process may be a long and difficult one, but Clark's biggest complaint is the food. "I'm on a low-sodium diet, and there's no flavor in the food," he says. "I can't really go to the kitchen because it's such a big operation." So Clark's plan is to bring in an electric grill and a steamer. "We'll see if I can get away with a couple of things," he says. "I'm really just taking a chance. There might be an uproar." Says one associate, "Knowing him, he'll probably start cooking for everyone on the floor." Clark's former employer **Warner LeRoy** is sending him something he can certainly get away with—a laptop computer. Says Clark: "I'm probably going to be here a couple of months, so it's a good time to get to work on my cookbook."

**Judith Regan:**
**Her secret agent man**

Academy of Music, the avant-garde artist is planning a project in a more conventional venue: Broadway. Not that *Doll* is a conventional musical—it's the story of the love affair between artist Oskar Kokoschka and Gustav Mahler's widow, Alma (a fin de siècle groupie who'd also been involved with architect Walter Gropius and painter Paul Klee, among others). When she left him, Kokoschka had an Alma doll made that he took everywhere. Last month, producer **Stuart Ostrow** gave Wilson the show's tape and script: "He said, 'Stuart, I've never wanted to go to Broadway. But I want to do this piece because I have to,' " reports Ostrow. Wilson says the project is "in discussions. It's a real challenge, but I'm going to try." Now Ostrow is planning a two-week workshop of *Doll* in New York next February and Broadway previews by February 1999.

## REGAN SLINGS; JULIA SINGS

**LOWMAN ON THE TOTEM POLE:** When last we checked, editor **Judith Regan** wasn't speaking to her erstwhile agent **Al Lowman** (who didn't return his commission after she bowed out of a book deal and gave back her advance). But lines of communication are open now: Regan asked Lowman to testify in her messy divorce trial. "I know firsthand what a great mother she was and is," says Lowman. "I know how much she needed my testimony in that courtroom." When Regan's soon-to-be-ex, **Robert Kleinschmidt,** called his teenage sons from a previous marriage to the stand, they told the court that their former stepmother cursed frequently, yelling *homosexual* and *bitch* at the children. One of the boys claimed to have witnessed a street fight between Regan and their mother, although his brother testified that neither of them could see the fight. Expect more fireworks when the trial resumes next week.

**U2 CAN SING:** Does **Julia Roberts** have a song in her heart? The once-again-single actress, who sang karaoke in *My Best Friend's Wedding* (and has been known to take up with a crooner or two), seems to be getting a feel for the mike. At a production party at MercBar for *Stepmom,* Roberts stepped up to the karaoke machine and began belting out a spirited version of U2's "Mysterious Ways."

**NEW MEMBER OF THE PRICE CLUB:** Yet another editor for *Avenue* magazine: Capricious publisher **Judith Price** has replaced **Sandra Bass,** who took the magazine's helm in November 1996, with **David Patrick Columbia,** the well-connected social diarist for *Quest.* Columbia, we hear, will still have time to pen his dishy column—for *Avenue,* of course.

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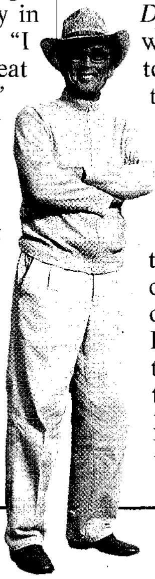
*Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.*

## BOB EVANS'S TALES OF HOFFMAN



**Bob Evans**'s ex-wife **Phyllis George** says that **Dustin Hoffman** "does a great Bob" in New Line's upcoming *Wag the Dog,* in which Hoffman plays a smarmy producer with ties to the president. But Evans himself has yet to see the movie. "No. 1, they don't want to show it to me," he says. "No. 2, I don't know if I want to see it. I'm looking forward to seeing this like getting the clap. The only thing that would make it worse is if it's a big hit." Evans, whose biography chronicled his colorful past in film, says that Hoffman played him once before, in 1976, when the cast of *Marathon Man* made a spoof reel. "I've only been nice to this guy, but he makes his living off me," laughs Evans. "In my next gig as an actor, I'm going to play him—walking on my knees." For the record, Hoffman reportedly says the character's a composite of the producers he's known over 30 years, including Evans, **Joel Silver,** and the late Don Simpson.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; T. O'Neill/Sygma; M.Gerber/Corbis

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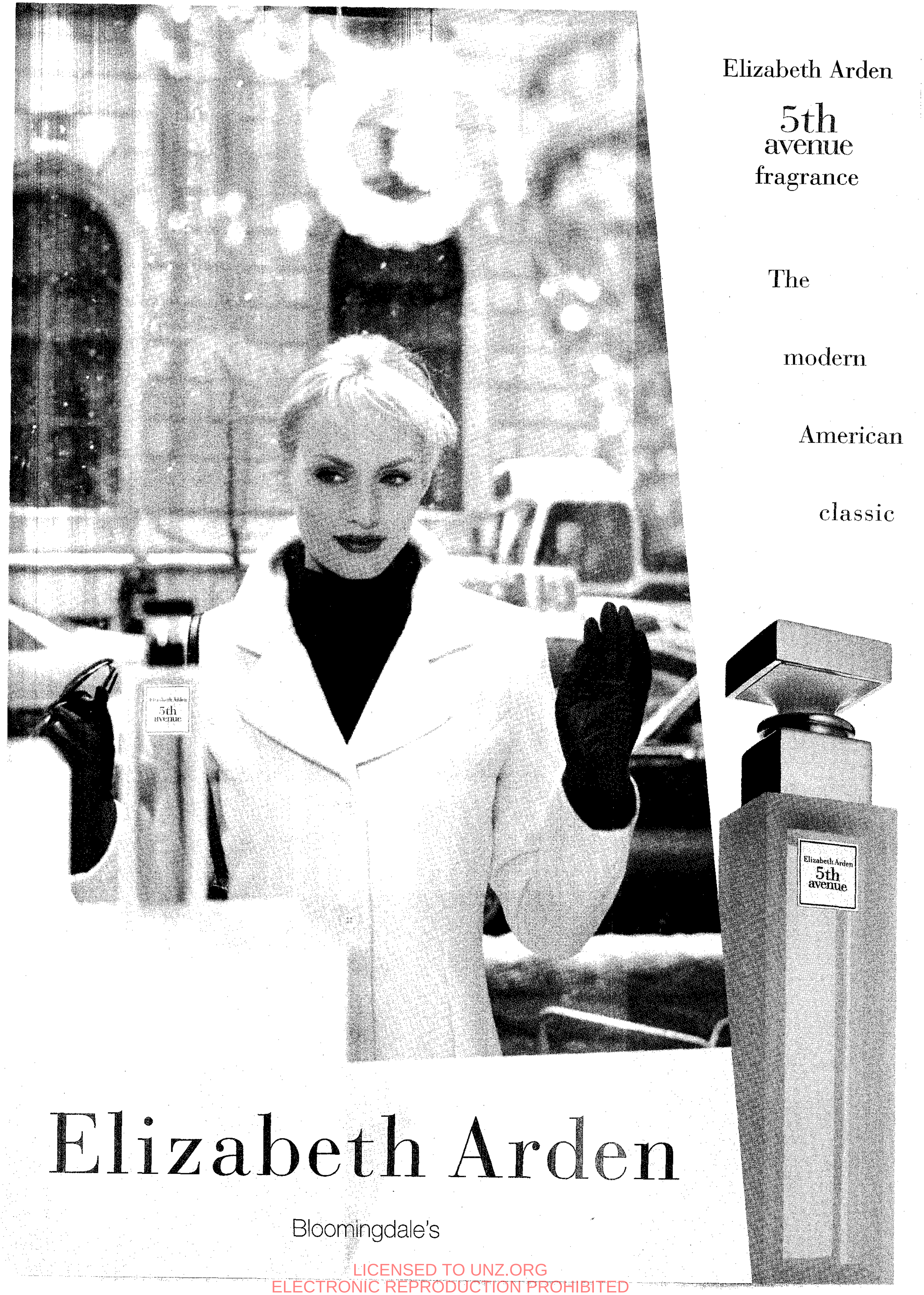
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Elizabeth Arden

5th
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fragrance

The

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American

classic

Elizabeth Arden

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# GOTHAM

## Maple's Newark Invasion

*If the NYPD's CompStat can make it there, it can make it anywhere.*

When the FBI released its national crime data the week before last, the NYPD once again had reason to congratulate itself. New York had retained its title as the safest big city in America. And this time, there was no sign of those sociologists, criminologists, and assorted other eggheads who used to insist that the victory was the result of peripheral factors—a population blip, a change in illicit-drug preferences—and not policing. Nobody seemed to want to argue it anymore: The NYPD could take all the honors.

But one of the people most widely credited with bringing about the original crime drop wasn't around to take a bow. The dapper Jack Maple, Elaine's habitué and former NYPD higher-up who developed the heralded CompStat crime-tracking system, was about to put the aggressive New York–style policing philosophy to its greatest test so far. Fresh from the mean streets of New Orleans, where he tamed a department so corrupt that two of its officers landed on death row—and where he still found time to dine in style—Maple is headed to Newark. He and his partner, John Linder, signed a one-year, $343,000 contract to do for New Jersey's largest city what they did for the Big Apple and the Big Easy.

"I think Newark," says Maple, "if deployed exactly right and synchronized correctly, is going to become as safe a city as New York City, if not safer."

Safer? While New York now rests peacefully some 150 rungs down the FBI's list of the most crime-ridden cities, Newark is up in the top ten. But it's already moving in the right direction.

Eighteen months ago, when Police Director Joseph Santiago took office, the city had the highest rate of violent crime in the nation. The cops took an average of two hours to respond to a robbery, 40 percent of their patrol cars didn't run, and the previous director was in jail after embezzling almost $60,000 for girlfriends, tropical vacations, and other extravagances.

Santiago, who had honed his management style in the despised Internal Affairs Bureau, started by cleaning house. His first day on the job, he suspended an old academy buddy, and by the end of six months, he'd dismissed 26 other cops for corruption or incompetence. Like

*(continued on page 16)*

SPIN CYCLE

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF P.R.

### Will New Yorkers Be Forced to Eat Nuked Beef?

● "The Food and Drug Administration is amending the food-additive regulations to provide for the safe use of radiation to treat refrigerated or frozen uncooked meat."
*—The FDA, December 3*

● "I have a huge problem with it."
*—Donna Sapolin,* The Vegetarian Times

● "What? I've never heard of it."
*—Bill Carlson, manager at Peter Luger*

● "I'd be kinda surprised if irradiated beef found its way into the distribution channels we use."
*—Wayne Nish, chef at March*

● "This whole thing's an orchestrated campaign. We get quality beef here anyway."
*—Harold Wedick, manager at Corner Bistro*

● "We're happy with our beef, baby."
*—Steve Kalogeras, supervisor at Jackson Hole*

● "We have lived for thousands of years eating beef. We all have to die sometime."
*—Eberhard Müller, chef at Lutèce*

CAMEO

## The Return of the Repressed

A year or so ago, we were shaken from our usual mid-morning newspaper-skimming torpor by a photograph of Jerry Falwell. The news item itself was irrelevant, but the resonance was powerful: The early Reagan years, James Watt, Cap Weinberger, ketchup as a vegetable.

The sensation was similar when Tawana Brawley's image reappeared in the papers last week. To see her again, and Alton Maddox and C. Vernon Mason, and photos of Al Sharpton in his track-suit days, was to be confronted with a memory we thought, probably too blithely, that we'd stashed away. A memory of a time when the only thing that seemed to matter in New York was race. To feel those tremors again, even fleetingly, is to feel disease coming on. Steven Pagones has waited patiently and deserves his day in court, but please: Let's get this over with.

stration by Scott Menchin. Photograph by Rick Maiman/Sygma.

**Maple** *continued from page 15*

Maple and company, he made crime reduction—not arrest production—the focus of the department's numbers games. He even rigged up his own CompStat, savoring the opportunities it presents to embarrass low-performing supervisors. And he slashed scores of useless desk jobs and put about 400 more cops on the street. "Every day, we found new bodies," he says. In the wake of these measures, crime is down by almost a quarter, including a 41 percent decline in murders.

So why bother with Maple and Linder? Santiago says that Maple can handle CompStat better than he can, and that in any case he can use the backup. "I don't know enough people in this organization to promote my friends," he says. "I don't really have that many friends."

In Newark, Maple will handle day-to-day strategizing on street crime with Santiago, while Linder will undertake one of his signature cultural assessments to build morale inside the department and identify shared organizational values. He'll also fashion an ad campaign meant to aid recruiting and community relations.

Maple and Linder understand that Newark isn't much like New York or New Orleans. This is a place where legitimate economic activity has all but ground to a halt in many neighborhoods, where one of the mayor's favorite duties is presiding over the demolition of obsolete high-rise housing. Despite recent improvements and a brand-new arts center, crime remains the city's defining feature. If smart policing can really be shown to work there—where bull markets and tourism have relatively little effect—the naysaying sociologists will no doubt be silenced once and for all.

William Bratton, Mayor Giuliani's former top cop, expects that's precisely what will come of Maple's and Linder's foray in Newark. "It will further convince people that police can be managed to reduce crime and not just react to it," he says. "It will further prove that you can manage your way out of the crime problem." CHRIS MITCHELL

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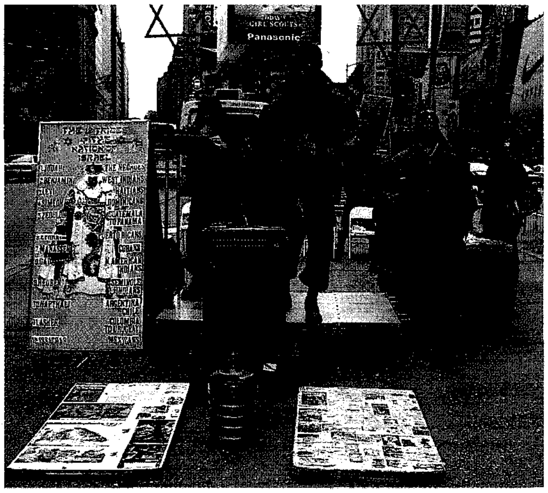
**RELIGION**

# Repent, White Devils!

## *Black Israelites prepare for the apocalypse in the year 2000*

FROM ACROSS THE crowds in Times Square last Sunday, a booming voice echoed above tourists and holiday shoppers. "The white man is the devil," someone was bellowing. "You have been taught lies." The speaker and his companions—resplendent in heavily ornamented, floor-length robes—belonged to the Israeli Church of Universal Practical Knowledge, a Harlem-based group founded in the early seventies on the premise that people of color are the true descendants of Israel's twelve tribes. Coming upon the dazzling sight, some backpackers stopped in their tracks and stared.



Prophets of the apocalypse in Times Square.

Everyone else, however, just scurried by, barely registering the charges being leveled against them. For though the church members remain as flamboyant as ever, to the many New Yorkers who see them on the street or scan past their public-access show on TV, the group's message is just part of the background noise of urban life.

But according to their leaders, events in the very near future are going to make that kind of disregard all but impossible. In the year 2000, Priest Galamawad explains, "bombs are going to simultaneously be launched. Parts of Russia are going to be burned and all of America is going to be wiped out." And when that happens, anyone outside their group is in for some pretty hard times. According to their unusual exegesis of the Bible (which involves a patchwork of references to ancient languages, and which they perform through recitation and repetition), "Christ will come at the same time as the bombs are dropping on America," promises Galamawad, "and the Israelites are going to be called into the clouds, which are, in actuality, the chariots of Israel coming back to save the one third of the nation of Israel that is still in captivity in America."

It may sound a bit metaphorical, but the group's adherents—no one's willing to say how many there are—take it all very seriously. "These chariots are what the media calls UFOs," says a priest. "Just in case people think that's funny and are laughing at that, remember that man has space shuttles and helicopters. So how come the Lord can't have majestic ships that don't need any oil changes?" And though no one's quite packing a suitcase yet, followers are actively preparing for the "biblical and spiritual" return to the promised land. They are scrupulously upholding the Sabbath day, observing the High Holy Days, and keeping strict dietary laws. Most importantly, they are using the time before the millennium to educate people of color about their true background. "The Lord wants us to gather the Israelites back unto him," Galamawad explains.

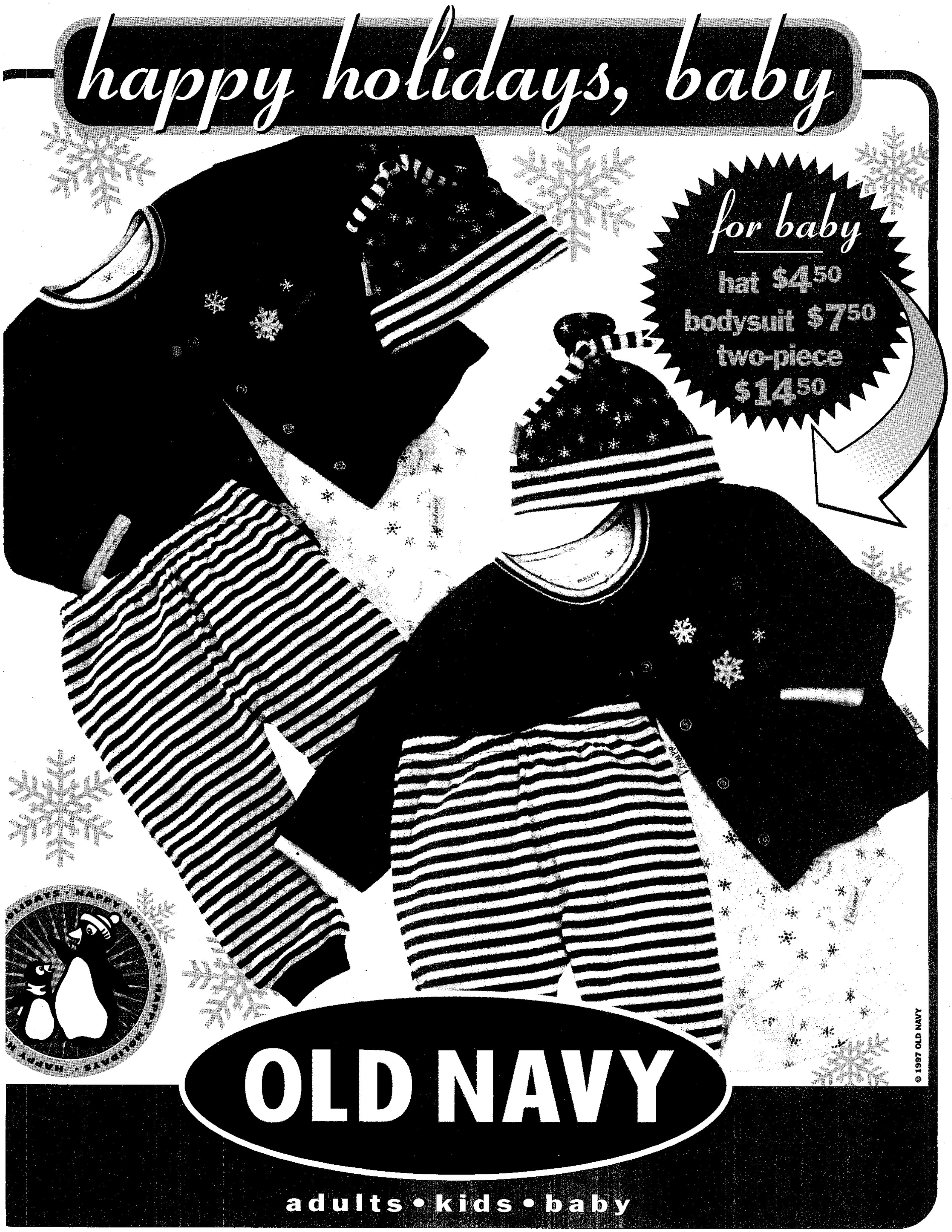
"There's a deep romantic element to black Israelites," says Michael Eric Dyson, a visiting African-American studies professor at Columbia. "They view history through the prism of their own pigment—which leads to some rather strange religious viewpoints."

It also, apparently, leads to some deep rifts among members. The African Hebrew Israelites, a separate branch who believe that the messiah has already come and gone, have been living in the Negev Desert since the late sixties. They are aware of the New York group but find little common ground. Nor has the Israeli Church of Universal Practical Knowledge won many fans among the unconverted. But the faithful wear their alienation like a badge of honor. "We don't fit into this world," says one of the street preachers. "Anything that the Lord doesn't like, we don't like." And of all the things they don't like, those who practice traditional Judaism rank highest on the list. "Real Jews are black. The so-called white man who calls himself a Jew is an imposter, a liar, a convert," says Priest Sarayah.

As it happens, the question of who qualifies as a "real Jew" is the very one that is currently consuming mainstream Jewry. But the beliefs of the black Hebrews don't seem to be making many inroads in that debate. Asked to respond to the assertion that the year 2000 would see the apocalyptic destruction of modern-day Israel, a spokesman for its U.S. consulate issued a short formal statement: "As Israel approaches its 50th anniversary, we are optimistic for the future."

PAULA S. BERNSTEIN

Photograph by Andrew Goldb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THE SCENE

# Belles Littérateurs

**Text by Vanessa Grigoriadis**

**Photographs by Patrick McMullan**

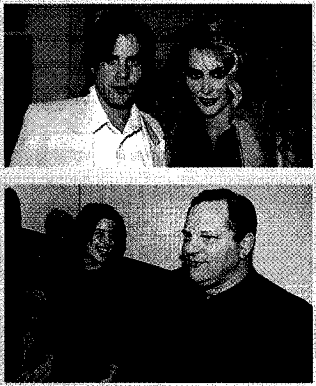
BETTE MIDLER HAS A SECRET: "I love libraries," she confides, as Diane Sawyer and Liz Smith—Midler's co-chairs at tonight's auction of celebrity epistles—nod respectfully. Not to be out-confessed, Arnold Scaasi hints at his own disclosure: "I've written a letter on First Ladies I've known—Mamie Eisenhower, Jackie O., Mrs. Bush. Of course, it's not salacious," he admits. Hoping for a bit of titillation, he adds, "You never know who'll be in office next." Perhaps not, but one could safely bet it's not the co-chairs, whose antics seem more *First Wives Club* than First Ladies Society. As Sally Quinn's lot comes up, Sawyer shouts, "I'll club you to death over this letter," and wallops Liz Smith's rump. Undeterred, Miss M. makes a bid. "You double-crosser!" cries Sawyer, ready to strike again. Bette parries and lifts her paddle in victory.

970
997
995
CHRISTIE'S

**At Christie's, Bette Midler, Liz Smith, and Diane Sawyer co-chair the Cross Pens Letters for Literacy auction, a benefit for Literacy Partners.**

**Barbara Sukowa, Cindy Sherman, and Jeanne Tripplehorn at the premiere of Sherman's film *Office Killer*, to benefit Artists Space.**

**Merrill Ashley's final performance, at the New York City Ballet's opening gala.**



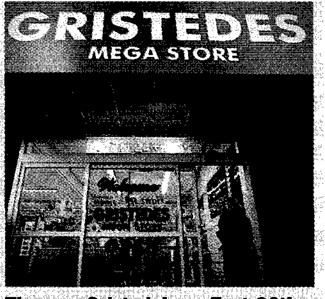
**On location for the filming of *54*, Victor Brown and Georgina Grenville, top; Neve Campbell and Harvey Weinstein, bottom.**

**At Rizzoli, Nadine Borgomanero of La Perla lingerie with Ed Bradley celebrating the publication of *Senso*.**

COMMERCE

# Mega Is in the Eye of the Beholder

THEY DON'T *LOOK* VERY "mega." Sure, Manhattan's two newest Gristede's outlets—the ones with MEGASTORE on their awnings—are bigger than your average bodega. But where are the sides of beef? The ten-ton crates of toilet paper? The Virgin Megastore offers in-store amenities like a travel agency and movie theaters. Shouldn't a Gristede's megastore at least have a car-stereo department?



**The new Gristede's on East 86th.**

As it turns out, the nomenclature is a coded political message. John Catsimatidis, chairman of Gristede's-Sloan's, Inc., has been a fierce critic of Giuliani's attempts to lure big-box retailers like Wal-Mart to Manhattan. "I don't oppose all megastores," he maintains. "I do oppose the fact that some corporation in Arkansas wants to shove them down our throats."

So his first self-proclaimed megastore—and the dozen more he plans to open—represents a preemptive strike: "We put it right on the mayor's way home"—East 86th Street—"so he could see a megastore that's appropriately proportioned and built within the city's infrastructure. We don't cause 10,000-car pileups."

While the mayor wrangles with the City Council over megaproposals, no progress is expected for months. Meanwhile, Catsimatidis is giving consumers a taste of things to come. "We have 68 feet of cookies," he boasts. "Do you have *any* idea how many cookies that is?" ETHAN SMITH

# NICE JEWISH BOY SEEKS HOT-BLOODED JEWISH GIRL FOR LOVE IN COLDER CLIMES PART VII

● Jay Ramras, the Alaskan restaurateur here on a quest to find a Jewish bride, has officially fallen for the corporate-party planner (who said "not no" to the idea of moving to Fairbanks). But now he has a serious dilemma: Does he date her exclusively? Or should he hedge his bets, lest she decide to stay in New York? Our panel offers Jay some advice:

● Jay's aunt Ruthie from Queens: "If he starts dating other girls, he'll never get anyplace. If they only date each other, either it's going to phase out or it's going to get warm. A New York girl may have a misconception about Fairbanks, but she could get to see what a nice fellow Jay really is and that could cinch it."

● Jay's rabbi, Matt Eisenberg: "He should take her to Alaska for Hanukkah and give her an opportunity to see Fairbanks firsthand, to ask around, learn from people. Then it will be easier for her to make a decision."

● Dr. Joyce Brothers: "On average, a man falls in love seven times before he finds the one to spend the rest of his life with. I think he should say to her, 'I will continue to date you because you are terrific, but I need to explore what else is out there for me.' Since she's unwilling to commit at this point, if she cares about him, I think she won't be insulted."

Photograph by Robert Wri

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# DOLORES CLAIBORNE

## SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, 8 PM (ET)

THE NEW CLASSICS

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THE CRITIC'S EYE

# A Perfect Day for Second Bananas: Dave Davies's Sidekick Syndrome

PITY THE SECOND BANANA. NAMES LIKE ART GARFUNKEL, ED McMahon, and Dr. Watson conjure up nothing so much as other names, those of their better-known, more accomplished partners. ("Andrew Ridgeley" conjures up nothing at all. Some bananas are more second than others.) Talented sidekicks have it worse—their relationships are unequal *and* competitive—and a blood tie really complicates things. So the long-suffering vice-Kink Dave Davies is doubly whammied. (Wham! *That's* why Ridgeley sounded familiar.)

"Dave is a one-off," Ray Davies once told me genially, discussing the recording-studio habits of his guitarist brother. "He'll get it the first time." Pause; smirk. "Eventually."

That's how it's always gone with the Davies boys—Ray, charming frontman and brilliant songwriter, and Dave, his comparatively underachieving kid sib. They've been at it professionally since 1963, personally a lot longer. A few years ago, they put the Kinks on hiatus.

Ray wrote an ambitious, well-received autobiography and toured, to acclaim, with a disarmingly intimate songs-and-readings act. Dave wrote a memoir disclosing his interest in UFOs.

Ray, left, and Dave Davies back in their squabbling-schoolboy days.

So even loyalists approached the lesser Kink's Thanksgiving gigs at the Bottom Line—his first New York solo concerts after 30 years as a pop star—with a mixture of affection and dread. Put Dave in front of a band, give him an open mike and plug him in, and anything is possible, not all of it pretty.

But how wrong the skeptics—the older brothers among us—were. Out from under Ray's thumb, Dave played winning, freewheeling, deftly chosen sets. He ignored his middling solo albums, performing instead the best of the stuff he wrote or sang for the Kinks, even dipping generously into brother Ray's catalogue. He was, unaccountably, terrific. The irony: Between Ray's solo shows and now Dave's, Kinks fans get what they craved. No single to hype or album to flog. No smoke, lasers, or "Lola" sing-alongs. Just great songs, dozens of them. The Kinks are dead; long live the Davies brothers.

And long live second bananas. Some delicate equilibrium is upset, some tacit understanding betrayed, when these upstarts have the temerity to step forward. But the experience can be liberating. Just wait till Beavis starts to feel his oats. GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

SERVICE

# High-Style Denial and Other Holiday Indulgences

**● Especially for those already feeling out of sorts, the forced merriment of the holiday season can bring on a real beaut of a bad mood. If it happens to you—and you know it will—you could enlist the help of a trained therapist and finally solve some of your problems. But why bother? You live in New York, and that means that for a mere wad of cash, you can hire skilled professionals to help you avoid your real problems and focus instead on the superficial symptoms. Here, a sampling of the available options.**

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| Donna Bojarsky, public-policy consultant | Briefs busy people about the important issues of the day | Briefs famous people about stories that don't mention them | Anomie | None—"Everyone is an expert" |
| Sandee Corshen, "Rent-a-Mom" personal organizer | "I'm like a trained monkey; I do anything" | A fresh bottle every night | Oedipal frustration | "Organize my lingerie"—from a cross-dresser with 300 pairs of underwear |
| Geri Ryan, Thai-yoga-massage master | Exercises your body parts as you sit still | Gain without strain | Passive aggression | Clients who "make faces when I put their legs over their head" |
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Photographs: top, London Features; bottom, F

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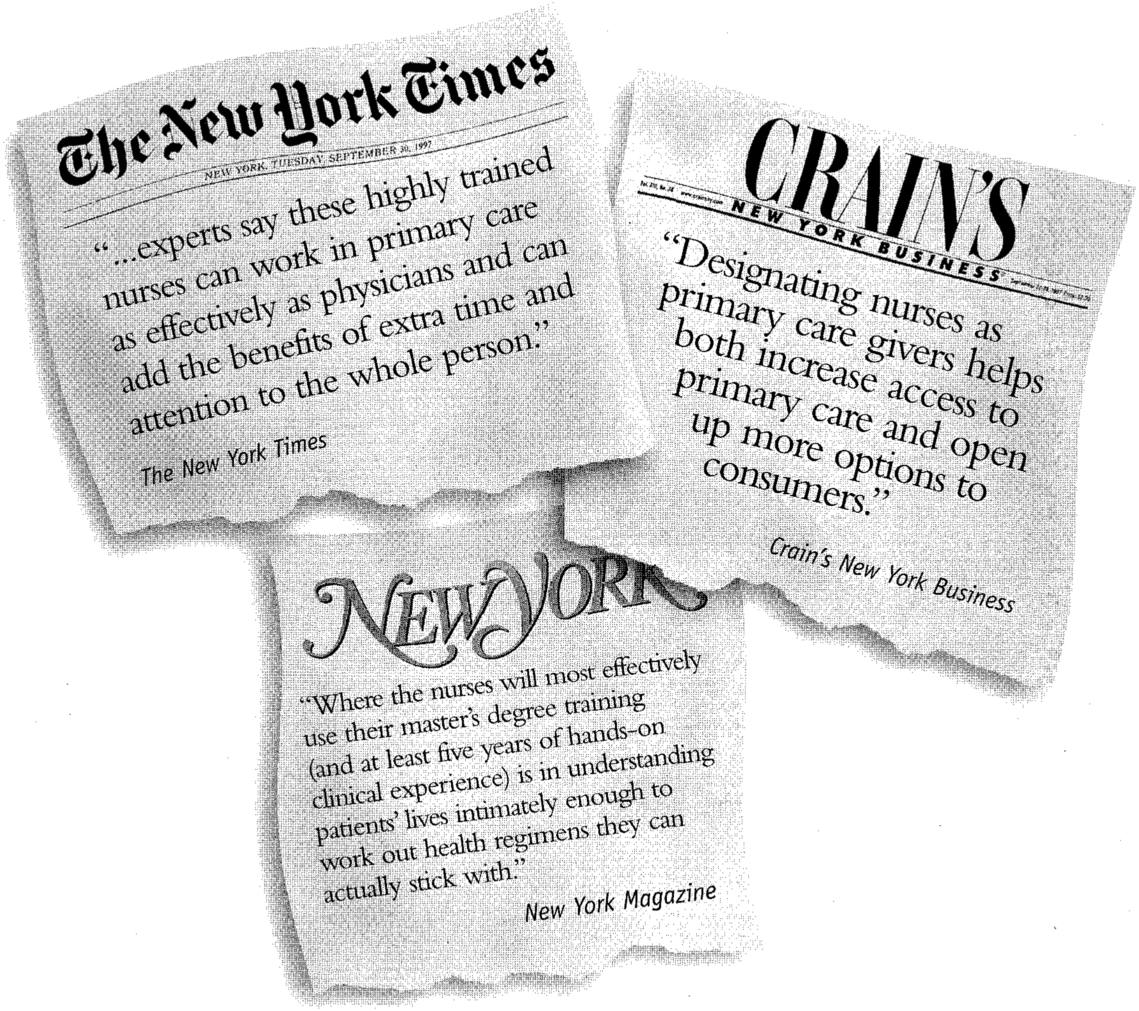

The New York Times
NEW YORK, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1997

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*The New York Times*

CRAIN'S NEW YORK BUSINESS

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# GOTHAM STYLE

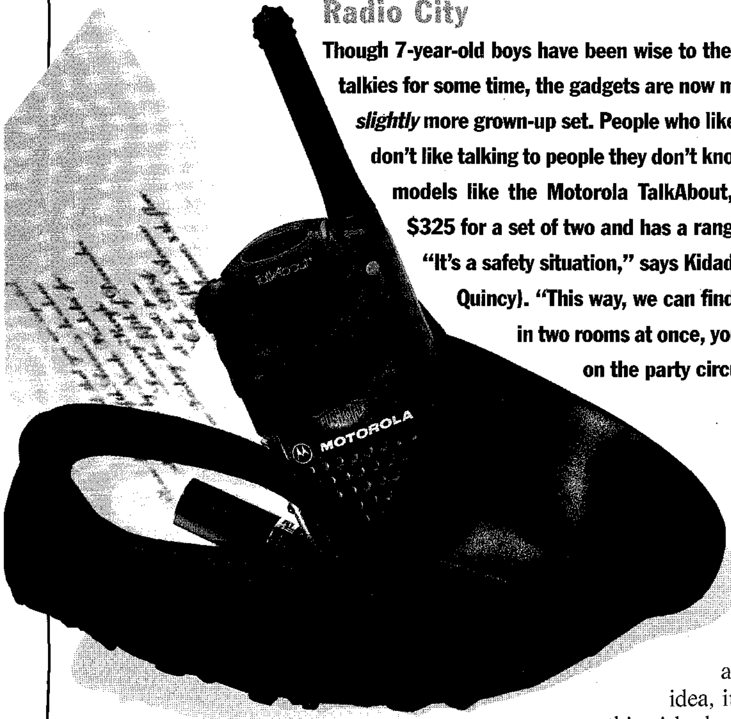
EDITED BY DANY LEVY

## Getting Warmer

In their heyday, leg warmers were so popular they all but defined the strange era of *Fame, Flashdance,* and Fonda. And then, almost immediately, they looked like one of the dumbest fashions ever to come down the pike, and we had every reason to suspect we'd seen the last of 'em. But now, against all imaginable odds, they are making a very credible bid for a comeback. Martine Sitbon featured them in her fall show, the mannequins in Club Monaco's window wore them recently, and even the pages of British glossies such as *Frank* have showcased them. "I think they'll come back—because of their function," says Marie-Anne Oudejans, the designer of Tocca. "I'm no great fan of stockings, so they are a great solution."

## Radio City

**Though 7-year-old boys have been wise to the pleasures of walkie-talkies for some time, the gadgets are now making inroads with a *slightly* more grown-up set. People who like going to parties but don't like talking to people they don't know have started using models like the Motorola TalkAbout, which costs about $325 for a set of two and has a range of up to two miles. "It's a safety situation," says Kidada Jones (daughter of Quincy). "This way, we can find out what's going on in two rooms at once, you know, so we can be on the party circuit."**



BODY TYPE

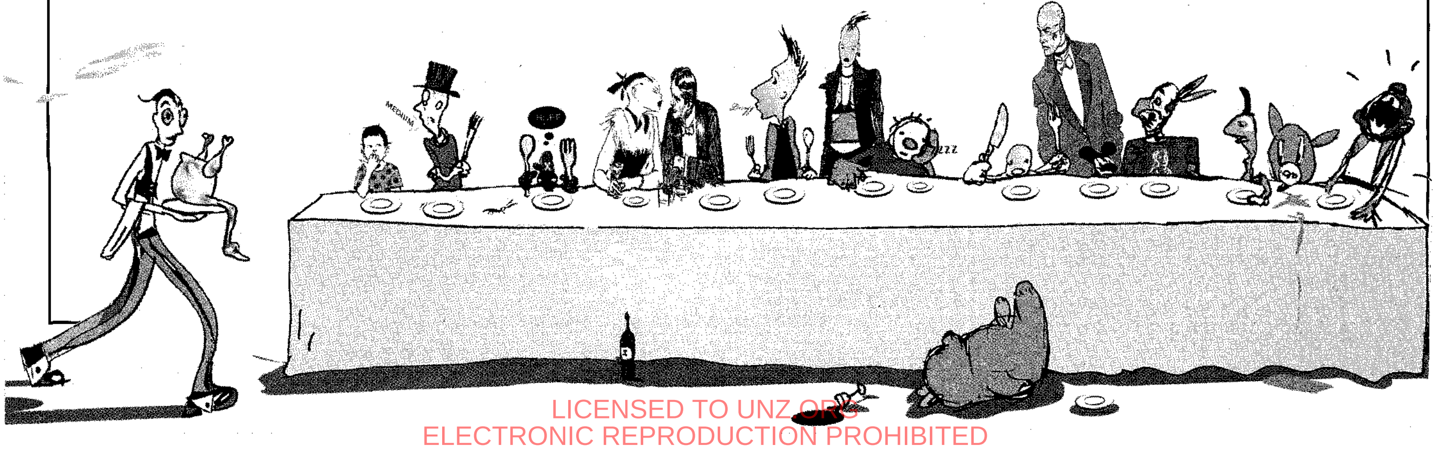
## On the Patch

- Patches—the discreet medical devices that have been delivering nicotine fixes, hormone treatments, or motion-sickness relief for years—have now been adapted for a variety of beauty-related products. A collection introduced by Infusia, for example, includes treatments for such less-than-lethal ailments as puffy eyes and blotchy skin. The eye-contour patches, which are worn for half an hour, release vitamin C and other nutrients into the delicate area, helping to do away with fine lines and dark circles too. Other remedies contain vitamin K (for broken capillaries and spider veins), salicylic acid (for acne), and arnica and calendula (for soreness and bruising).
- Bioré's wildly popular Pore Perfect Deep Cleansing nose strips also use skin adhesives to do their stuff, albeit in a very different way. According to a spokesman, the "smart glue" on the strips, which must be left on for ten to fifteen minutes, "seeks out oily, waxy particles" and removes them as the strip is peeled off. It's not always that easy, however. "I'm trying to figure this thing out," groaned a new user who, in her excitement, ripped the strip off after mere seconds. When she tried again, it wouldn't stick at all. "They look so cool in the ads," said her friend. "But for me, it was the equivalent of ripping silver duct tape off my face."

BETH LANDMAN KEIL

## Excuse Me, Waiter, There's an Elbow in My Soup

Sitting cheek-by-jowl with random strangers is an experience New Yorkers are more likely to associate with subway riding than with fine dining. But the current popularity of communal dining may just change all that. The practice of seating several unrelated parties at oversize tables is slowly but surely making its way up the Zagat food chain, from Puglia to Republic and, most recently, to Asia de Cuba and Le Pain Quotidien. "It speeds things up a bit, makes for a faster turnover," explains Paul Downs, general manager at Republic's downtown post. And though some may dread the idea, it's not without its pleasant side effects. "Just today I was saying hi to this girl who comes in here a lot, and she met a guy," says a waitress at Republic. "They exchanged business cards, and I think they even left together." Furthermore, confides Downs, policy goes that if they like you and you ask, they'll sit you next to someone cute.



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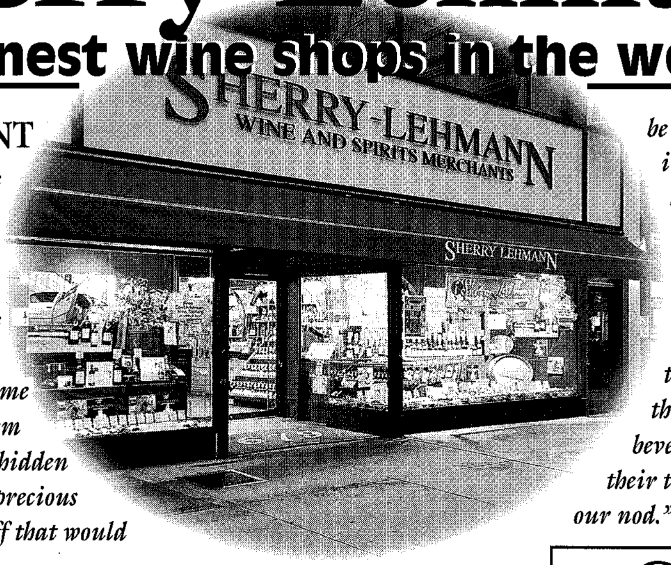

BEST WINE MERCHANT

*"Our Choice for the city's best wine shop is Sherry-Lehmann, the great emporium on Madison Avenue (at 61st St.). And that's hardly because we regularly belly up to the counter and order cases of Yquem for our sons to inherit when they come of age. Quite the contrary. We esteem Sherry-Lehmann precisely because hidden behind the intimidating array of precious bottles ... there lurks a friendly staff that would be as happy to sell you an inexpensive Oregon Pinot Noir, and teach you something about it, as they would to walk some swell through a big-ticket purchase. Sherry-Lehmann's all business, but they're aware that their business is ultimately the slightly silly one of peddling beverages. And that, along with their terrific selection, wins them our nod."* -New York Press

BEAUJOLAIS NOUVEAU 1997

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THE IMAGE BARBARA LIPPERT

# Hey There, Warrior Grrrl

*Proof (at last) that Buffy the Vampire Slayer is descended from Donna Reed. As TV symbolism goes, is this progress, or is it just fun?*

When it was announced recently that Mattel would give some Barbie dolls a makeover—including the downsizing of her Cold War–era torpedo breasts—purists were outraged. They felt the hubba-hubba curves were vintage pieces that should be left alone.

Barbie's overhaul reflects the Betty Crockerization of icons—updating the face and body to match the contemporary vogue. On the one hand, there are enduring classic characters who attract us through the ages. On the other, TV and movies and music give us the commercial embodiments of the cultural moment.

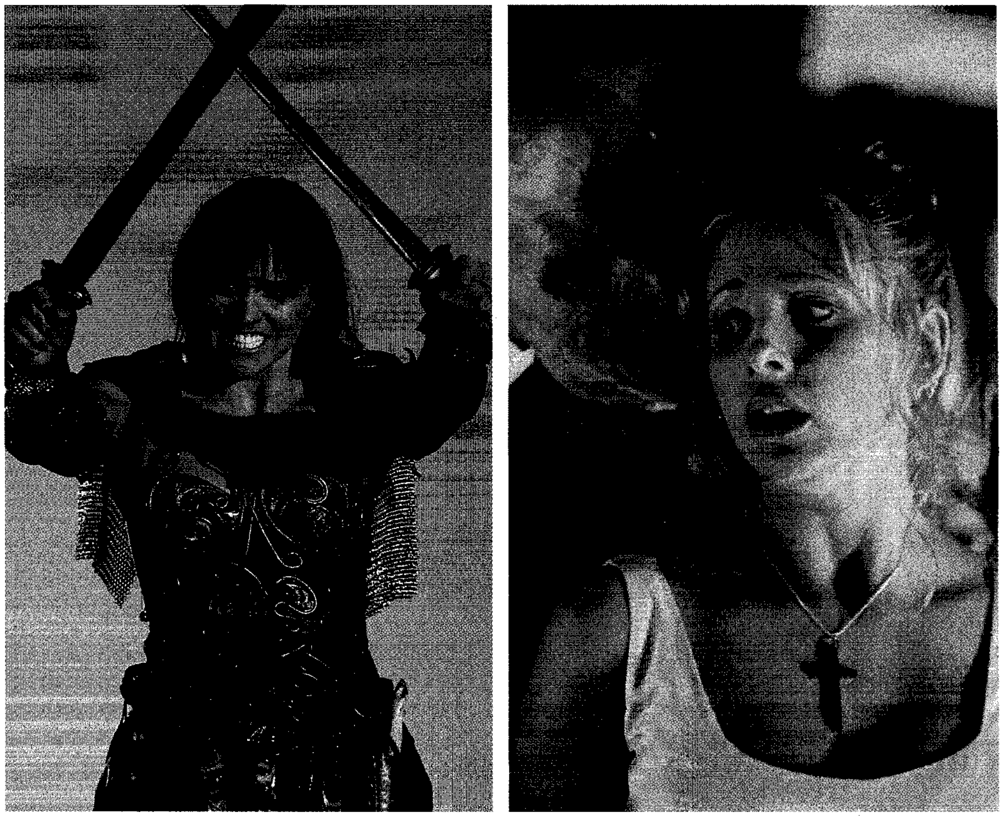
As the first-ever buff-female-commando movie character, *Alien*'s Lieutenant Ripley is a bit of both. Sigourney Weaver got the job in 1979, the story goes, only because the producers couldn't find a man to cast. She morphed her way through the subsequent sequels, and in the latest, *Resurrection*, she's her own stand-up, machine-gun-bearing clone.

But the breakout post-Sly-and-*Terminator* action hero of the past year was that Venus in breastplates Xena: Warrior Princess. Xena is the subject of hundreds of Websites and a forthcoming study by a Colby College history professor, and the show is still the most successful syndicated drama series on the air, even beating *Baywatch*. Xena is a true cartoon hero: She clanks when she moves, like a Roman soldier in an old dubbed movie, what with all that copper ornamentation over her various leather undergarments and gauntlets. Lucy Lawless, the Amazonian New Zealander who plays her, is known for the terrifying "Yiyiyiyi" she emits as she throws her chakram. The setting is "some time B.C.," but the show takes liberties with eras and myths, and it's darker, wilder, and campier than the earnest *Hercules*, on which Xena first whooshed.

Now comes the latest tube-topped TV incarnation of That Warrior Grrrl, the annoyingly named Buffy, eponymous star of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, a WB-network show that became a critical darling last season and is now starting to earn the ratings to match. This January, *Buffy* will be moved from Monday nights, where it follows *Seventh Heaven*, a squeaky-clean show about a preacher man and his family, to Tuesday, where it will precede *Dawson's Creek*, a new hormonally charged kids-in-high-school series. *Dawson's Creek* was created by Kevin Williamson, who also wrote the movies currently redefining the teenage-horror genre, *Scream*, *Scream 2*, and *I Know What You Did Last Summer*.

And it's a small neo–Brat Pack world after all, since Buffy is played by Sarah Michelle Gellar, a New York kid who's been in commercials since she was 4 and appears in that very same smash hit *I Know What You Did Last Summer* and the forthcoming *Scream 2*, having already won an Emmy as Erica Kane, Susan Lucci's bad-seed daughter on *All My Children*.

Buffy is only 16 but perhaps not such a teenage dream. More than anything else, our warrior is like a harried contemporary working woman who needs to get through her day without distraction, so that she can have some energy left to devote to the second shift. The character of Buffy was conceived by


**I am not a warrior bimbo: Xena (Lucy Lawless) with crossed swords; Buffy (Sarah Michelle Gellar) with cross.**

Photographs from the Everett Collection (2

Joss Whedon, 33, a screenwriter (*Alien: Resurrection, Toy Story,* the 1991 *Buffy* movie, ) and third-generation TV writer whose grandfather, amazingly enough, wrote for *Donna Reed* and *Leave It to Beaver* and whose father wrote for *Alice*—three generations of men creating some of the seminal female TV figures of their eras. Just as Donna Reed embodied the gleaming, high-heeled, shirtwaisted perfection of the early-sixties housewife, and Alice figured into the messy transition for women leaving their own kitchens in the seventies, so Buffy represents white middle-class culture now. She lives with her mom ("We didn't have the money for a dad," Whedon, who is also the exec producer of the series, told me), and her journey is less about killing vampires than it is about your basic teen angst in an image-crazed culture.

She's the outsider. Even on school nights, that means walking softly and carrying a sharp stake, to wedge through the hearts of vampires-at-large and various other subterranean harpies darkening her suburb of Sunnydale, California.

It so happens that the high school Buffy attends sits on a "hell mouth" that emits all kinds of foul creatures of the damned. And she's hyper-responsible about her fumigation chores, a sort of Bionic Woman with a superior work ethic. It sounds odd and goofy and off-putting, this gothic drama for the Clearasil nation. But aside from the self-aware, brand-name-and-psychotherapy-rich patter, the show is the pretty traditional story of a girl in search of herself and the guy she loves. ("Dates are things normal girls have," she complains on one episode. "You know what I think about? Ambush tactics and beheading.") As in most TV setups these days, she's ostensibly the one with the power. Her teen-angel boyfriend is a defanged vampire trying to control himself—a sufficiently poignant metaphor for men in gender-role crisis. The official series grownup is played by Anthony Stewart Head, better known to Americans as the guy in the Taster's Choice dating commercials. (If only that series had been livened up by passing black-market blood back and forth instead of the Taster's Choice canister.)

In the beginning, the dumb name kept female viewers away. (Whedon maintains that he was looking for a name that would get no respect, to contrast with Slayer.) That has changed. There's a boomlet of 10-to-19-year-olds, boys and girls, fueling a huge new commercial market; the WB strategy is to get them to the network now, and keep them for the next ten years.

Why would Whedon focus so intensely on a young girl's experience? "I've always found strong women interesting, because they are not overly represented in the cinema," he says. "There are a lot of ways to break new ground without having original thoughts.

"I was raised by an extremely hard-working woman," continues Whedon, who grew up at West End Avenue and 104th Street, and whose mother taught European history at the Riverdale School. It's fitting that he studied film, and gender and feminist issues, at Wesleyan University, and that he talks and writes in a kind of Tarantino-esque outpouring of pop-cultural, irony-laden references. (In one scene in *Buffy,* the high-school snob appraises a dweeb's outfit with "I see you've been enjoying the softer side of Sears.")

"I invoke about five genres," he says. "I love superheroes. I was a comic-book boy. I tend to create universes with the kind of sophomoric emotional bigness that really exists only in comic books and TV. I am very old-fashioned about heart and story. I don't watch *Seinfeld.* It's the coldest show on TV. I understand that it is witty. But I never feel compelled to turn it on, because I don't care about these people. If I'm making the emotional connection to the person in the story, the person in the story could be an amoeba. The show is about disenfranchisement, about the people nobody takes seriously."

I can appreciate the pain in the Slayer's sense of otherness, her fragmented self, and Whedon's postmodern jokey gothic update. But the show is not without cheesecake. And it's hard to see how this Buffy, with her Rosanna Arquette–ish face and bitchin' bod, would necessarily be rejected by classmates. Speaking of the bod of death, I ask about Buffy and the bosom issue. (It seems that in every publicity shot, she's wearing a looooow-necked sweater.)

"Why did we hire a beautiful woman?" Whedon responds, just a tad defensively. "I know it's a revolutionary concept, but I sold the network on it somehow. Would a girl this pretty be an outsider? Probably not. But that pretty a girl isn't expected to be anything but a bimbo. That's why she keeps dying in horror movies. She has no skills! To take that character and expect more from her is what makes it tick for me."

So is Buffy an epochal figure for independent women? Or is she simply Donna Reed with cleavage and a gift for impaling? A couple of decades—and maybe another generation of Whedons—will tell. ■

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**THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY**

# Breakfast at Tammany's

*When state Democratic leaders gather this weekend to forge a slate for next year's gubernatorial race, City Council speaker Vallone could be the big winner.*

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE WE READ a news story that began as follows: "The fractious and divided Democratic Party, vowing unity heading into next year's elections, gathered its leaders yesterday in an effort to reach consensus on a possible slate of candidates. . . ." After which point the story, from the admissions of past missteps to the assertions of having absorbed all the obvious lessons therefrom to the blind quotes from critics decrying the whiff of Tammany bossism, pretty much writes itself.

Just a hunch, but I'm guessing we'll be reading it again Sunday, because this Saturday, December 13, out in Queens, Democratic leaders of the thirteen largest counties in the state are hosting a casting call for candidates for the major statewide offices: governor (Peter Vallone, Joe Hynes, Betsy McCaughey Ross, Jim Larocca, and Richard Kahan), senator (Chuck Schumer, Mark Green, and Geraldine Ferraro, whom the suits at CNN ought to be nudging off the fence pretty soon), comptroller (only the incumbent, Carl McCall), and attorney general (Eliot Spitzer, Catherine Abate, Oliver Koppell, and Evan Davis).

Two things you should know. First, these county leaders, while lacking the power their predecessors may have enjoyed to anoint candidates, can still wield a reasonably heavy club on such matters. The thirteen control the vast majority of weighted votes at next spring's nominating convention—there are state conventions every four years, just like national ones—and so, assuming they all agree on a slate, they stand a decent chance of turning it into the one that's put before the voters next year.

On the other hand, and here's the second thing you should know, these efforts almost always fizzle, especially among Democrats. I remember hearing from McCall and others around this time last year about the importance of uniting behind a single mayoral candidate. You saw how nicely that worked. Politicians always have relationships with this one or that one that go back years; besides, the open primary being one of the articles of faith of modern Democratic politics, the notion that county leaders (as opposed to The People) should choose candidates is one that retired with Carmine DeSapio.

I believe the Democratic Party could do with a little more bossism, and it seems this view has gained currency of late. The revisionism began after 1992, when Bob Abrams, Ferraro, and Liz Holtzman pulverized one another in the Senate primary, and crescendoed in the wake of this year's debacle, in which What's Happened to the Democrats? was the only discernible theme. So the county leaders have the winds of history blowing, if only slightly, their way.

SUCH IS THE BACKDROP TO THE CONVOCAtion at the Crowne Plaza Hotel near La Guardia Airport that will be held Saturday. Why there? Because it's by the airport and therefore an easy commute for the folks coming down from Erie County and other points upstate. And that's a lucky development for Tom Manton, the congressman and the county leader of Queens, who by this accident of geography has come to be regarded as the master of ceremonies.

And that, in turn, is a lucky development for Peter Vallone, City Council speaker, son of the borough rich in airports and now Manton's candidate for governor. "I would be for Peter, absolutely," Manton says, "and he'd have more than a majority [of the thirteen], I believe."

This is beginning to sound ever so slightly, is it not, as though Manton may be trying to wire this thing for Vallone. "Oh, I don't know," says Brooklyn D.A. Joe Hynes, Vallone's best-known potential rival, at least until McCaughey Ross gets into the race. "Tom says no. Is he supporting Peter? Absolutely. But is Clarence Norman Jr. [the Kings County leader] supporting me? Absolutely. So we'll see."

Manton's not up to anything sneaky—he's just trying to round up support for his guy. But the situation reveals precisely the limitations of party politics these days. Manton says there'll be a straw vote at the end of the day among the leaders for each office. Let's say Vallone does win a majority there. The newspapers the next day will call him the front-runner. That means money and so forth for him, but it also leaves four people to fume about being frozen out by the bosses.

It's a nice little Christmas gift for McCaughey Ross especially. She'll have no party support; she'll have none because she doesn't deserve any, but she'll be able to say that this proves that the traditional politicians can't handle an outsider, especially a woman (and the thirteen *are* all men), and so on, and let's face it, a woman running against four men must,

**Kingmaker: Will congressman Tom Manton pull strings for Vallone?**

Photograph by Marty Lederhandler/AP/Wide Worl whatever her qualifications, be taken seriously as a candidate.

It'd be a pity to see this devolve into the usual mud-wrestling match, because Democrats have been talking about the governor's race with a touch of optimism lately. Four months ago, most conceded that George Pataki seemed unbeatable. Now they say Pataki can be had. What's changed?

In the real world, nothing. Pataki's still got gazillions of dollars, and his approval ratings remain respectable. But the governor's race in New Jersey showed that a nobody with no money and one good issue can (almost) take out an incumbent, and if Jim McGreevey had had a little more cash in the homestretch, he might well have won. "McGreevey changed everything," says one Democratic aide. "And Pataki doesn't have anywhere near [Christine Whitman's] popularity. He can definitely be taken."

Maybe. Pataki's support does seem wafer-thin. Unlike a certain First Amendment–averse local incumbent we all know and love, Pataki is not identified with a particular issue in any strong way. Eastman Kodak's announced downsizing of 10,000 jobs, many of which will presumably affect workers in Rochester, is—or so Democrats claim—merely the most eye-catching emblem of an upstate economy in deep funk.

But the Democrats still have to find an issue or two that sets aflame the hearts of voters across the state. Auto-insurance rates, McGreevey's secret potion, was perfect: It was populist, it was classless in the sense that virtually everyone felt ripped off, and it exposed a broken Whitman promise.

It won't work here, though, because it's strictly a downstate concern. The limping economy and Pataki's cuts to the state-university system, the two points on which Democrats hammer the governor most consistently, are decent openers, but that's all they are. They can't be converted into actual issues until the Democrats offer some concrete and illuminating notions about how to fix them.

For now, apparently, the Democrats aren't worrying about that. "Basically," says Manton of Saturday's interviews, "we're not going to be too much into issues. It'll be why they think they should be the candidate, can they win, can they put it together—sort of nuts and bolts." Ideas are kind of nuts and bolts, too, it seems to me. But for now, I say let's give bossism a chance. Can't do much worse than reformism has lately. ▬

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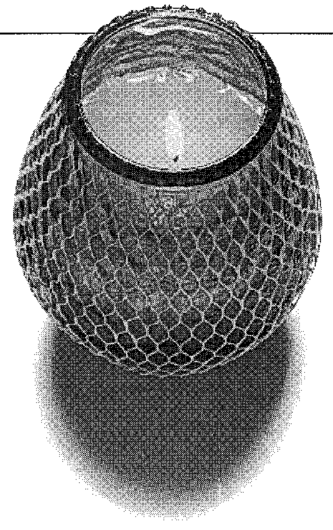

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THE NATIONAL INTEREST HANNA ROSIN

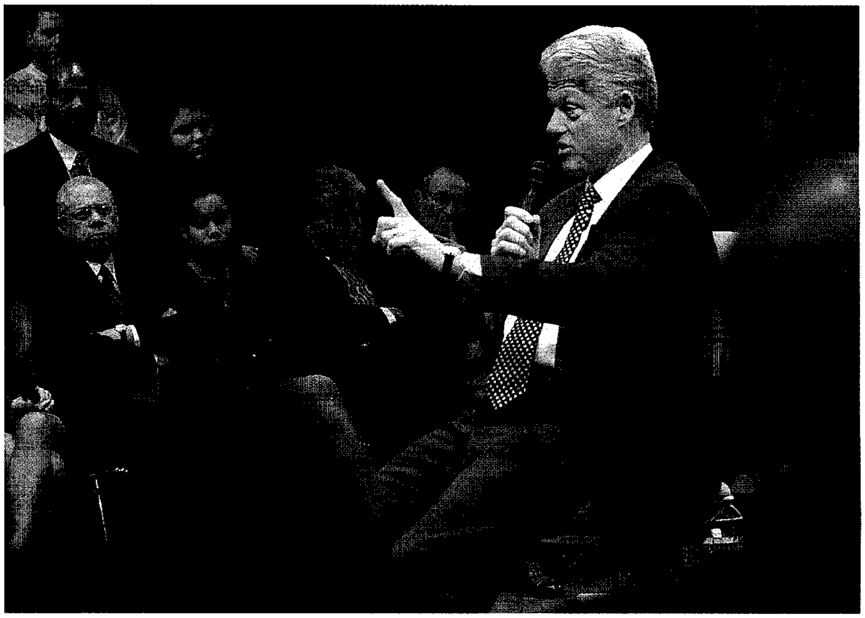
# Small Talk

*Racial justice is supposed to be one of those issues Clinton actually cares about. So how come his Akron race summit seemed so much like 'The Montel Williams Show'?*

WHEN THE PRESIDENT ANNOUNCED his yearlong Initiative on Race in June, he warned the nation of a long and difficult road ahead. Speaking as a white southern liberal who knows, he cautioned that "honest dialogue will not be easy at first," that "emotions may be rubbed raw, but we must begin." Nothing less is at stake, he thundered, in prose that reached for history and grasped banality, than "lifting the heavy burden of race from our children's future."

Or at least teaching our children good conversation skills. As the president sees it, talking doesn't lead to doing—it is doing. By now you know just how raw it got in Akron, since the same two anecdotes have been chewed over in every newspaper and talk show in America. One about a biracial boy who has trouble cashing his mother's checks at the bank. The second about a white boy who admitted, as every white boy can now safely admit, that when he sees a poorly dressed black man coming toward him downtown, he feels "scared." Clinton was impressed. "It's a pretty gutsy thing for you to admit," the president said proudly.

The president used to occupy solid and thoughtful ground on race relations. He chastised Sister Souljah for saying crazy, foolish things; he promised to salvage the best parts of affirmative action. But now he uses his pulpit to indulge in routine identity politics—"Is there an Asian-American who wants to be heard?"—a tactic that seemed particularly cruel in Akron, a financially gutted city stripped of jobs after its tire factories shut down twenty years ago. Clinton shows up in town, and what does he want to talk about? Interracial dating. The whole proceeding seemed to capture perfectly the direction of his presidency: move left on the wrong social issues while abandoning progressive economic policies.


A talk show of his very own? Clinton was in his element working the room with a mike.

Lest you worry the press coverage omitted some of the good stuff, here is what happened after Clinton asked his audience to be "blunt": "Mr. President, I have the personal view that I don't think that there is clouds in the sky because it is raining," offered one participant. "I think we should, one-on-one, begin to live the Golden Rule," said another. Clinton sat in his swivel chair, sometimes beaming and other times nodding gravely, all the while trying earnestly to get the participants to share their pain.

The president was widely credited for one daring act: taking on Abigail Thernstrom, the co-author of a book denying the need for racial preferences. "Abigail, do you favor the United States Army abolishing the affirmative-action program that produced Colin Powell?" he needled. "Yes or no?" It was the meeting's only tense moment, but all it really showed was how willing the president was to score points at the expense of real debate. The proper response to that question is unavoidably complicated. Maybe Colin Powell went through the program at a time of more entrenched segregation. Maybe affirmative action is good for the army but not for other institutions. In any case, Clinton's suggestion that Powell was "produced" by affirmative action is simplistic and very nearly offensive.

Still, the president loves those town-hall meetings and plans more of them in more cities across America. The Akron meeting went half an hour over schedule, and it was still not enough for him. "I'm convinced if we had four hours, I could sit here and listen to you all and I'd never get tired of it," he chirped. "And we'd go on and on, and then you'd want to do more." Applause. "That's the way we ought to run our lives." You begin to get a creepy sense of what Clinton's going to do for a living when his second term is finished.

CLINTON, NATURALLY, DID NOT INVENT racial dialogues. He got the idea from a nonprofit called the National Conference. If Akron hasn't persuaded you that the conversations of well-educated Americans talking just to talk tend to float away into ether, looking at National Conference will. A year ago, some of the group's regional branches started an "Honest Conversations" program, using materials from the research group

Photograph by Ruth Fremson/AP/Wide World.

Study Circles. Volunteers, two thirds of whom have at least a college degree and make $50,000 or more, met in racially mixed groups of ten to fifteen people over a period of two months. The discussions were framed in the same self-referential way as Clinton's and left little room for dissent. Topics included "personal experiences," "the power of racism in America," and "initiatives to end race-based injustice."

In May, the Ohio branch produced a report highlighting the results of the program. The only existing study of the kind of dialogue Clinton wants to bring to every community in America, it has all the trappings of a scientific study—a control group, a numeric scale of measurement—yet it is comically tautological.

The results measure a Maoist "change of racial attitude in the desired direction." In almost every category, those who participated in the program made more progress on the attitude scale than those who didn't. That's no surprise given the criteria. One question measured support for affirmative action. If by the end of the program you showed stronger support, that meant you had changed in the desirable direction. If by the end you showed less support for affirmative action but loved your fellow man even more, well, that just didn't count as a better attitude. The evaluators concluded—of course—that "dialogue and discussion provide one of the most effective vehicles for promoting racial harmony in the U.S."

Once the National Conference facilitators ventured out of their lab to test their methods, they wreaked havoc. A year ago, the L.A. Sheriff's Department recruited Conference testers for diversity training. The cops wound up feeling insulted and preached to. Those who didn't walk out starting yelling or literally turned their backs on the testers during the mandatory sessions. "It was my worst training experience ever," one trainer told Frederick Lynch, author of *The Diversity Machine.* "I feared for my life."

The Conference method was quickly scrapped in favor of a do-it-yourself program, where cops in the department were trained to run the sessions. They devised situations relevant to the daily life of a cop. Trainers encouraged officers to visit local churches and Buddhist temples on their beat; they explained cultural differences, relating useful information such as the fact that first-generation Mexican immigrants tend to answer yes to any question a cop asks because they are terrified of the police back home. They compiled videos of violent and complicated arrest situations and asked the officers to discuss their reactions. Unlike Clinton's talking into air, this kind of dialogue worked because it was localized, and aimed at a specific goal.

THE AKRON CITIZEN WHO MAY HAVE HAD the most instructive tale to tell about race relations wasn't invited to the summit. His name is Duane Crabbs; I was put in touch with him by the local congressman's office. Crabbs is a white firefighter for the city of Akron, and about ten years ago, he moved with his wife into a black neighborhood. The couple are not crusading liberals, or self-appointed warriors against racial injustice; they home-school their kids, and they moved into that neighborhood only to be near their church. Crabbs has been to racial dialogues and hands-across-the-city-type events like the ones Clinton supports and concluded they are just "a feel-good kind of thing."

Living in a black neighborhood, Crabbs carries on his own kind of dialogues every day. A year ago, he and his wife met a black welfare mother who "needed [their] help"; they lent her money and sometimes took care of her kids. One day, she came to church and announced she was going to repay them with a gift: For one night, she would look after the Crabbses' kids while the couple went out. The Crabbses hesitated, he recalled; they didn't want their kids spending a night in the ghetto. Their hesitation was a revelation. They were comfortable as givers but not as recipients, and unless they agreed, their friend would never become a peer. That's a more original insight than I heard from anyone involved in the race initiative.

It probably wouldn't be all that harmful if Clinton went around encouraging us to behave like the Crabbs family. But he and the advisory panel surely have more important things to do. Instead of broadening the conversation about race to include absolutely everyone, it's time to narrow it. The brave thing for Clinton to do would be to come to the defense of the beleaguered supporters of affirmative action. Sit down with them, shut the door, and carve out the few specific areas where we still need it and where he should be prepared to vigorously defend it—such as police departments, prisons, maybe university admissions. After that, if the president really wants to, we can all hold hands. ▬

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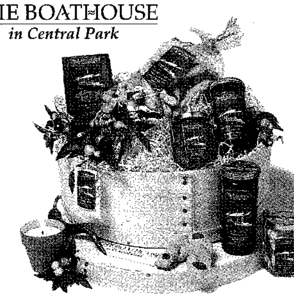

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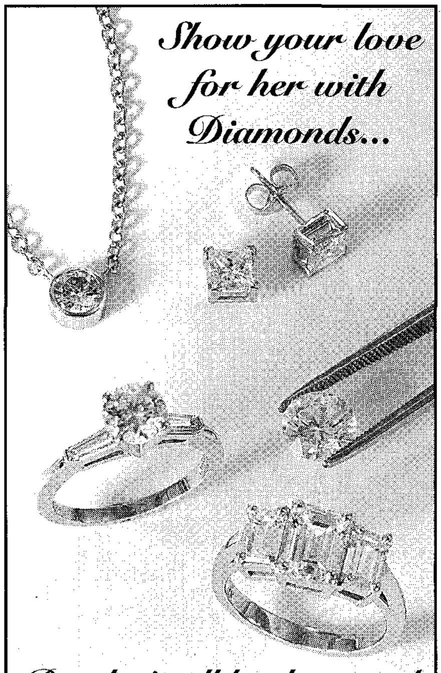

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# What Money Can't Buy

### BY ERIC KONIGSBERG

*Jocelyne Wildenstein and her husband, Alec, scion of the world's richest art family, believed that beauty was for sale, and they spent freely on it. But now, in the midst of an ugly divorce, the bill has come due.*

ALEC WILDENSTEIN SAID IT WOULD BE A BAD IDEA FOR HER TO COME home, and Jocelyne believed whatever Alec said. They had been married nineteen years, and if theirs had not been exactly a picture of matrimonial calm—they were in the initial stages of a placid divorce—at least she had always known what to make of him. Alec Wildenstein has many faults, Jocelyne told me, but guile is not among them. ■ Jocelyne was at Ol Jogi, the family ranch in Kenya, when she got the message. "You are free to come to New York, but it is impossible for me to let you come in at #11," Alec wrote her in a fax, in French, which is what they spoke with each other. No. 11 was the family's townhouse, at 11 East 64th Street, and Jocelyne thought that for such a weakling of a man, he was pulling a very assertive move in banishing her. "I have many dinners and will be entertaining at home this week" was the only excuse he gave. And so on September 2, she flew home. "I wanted to—how you say—call his bluff," she says. And be-

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE HOLZ FOR *NEW YORK*

sides, she'd presided over the house's redecoration, selecting fabrics that would match the ten Bonnard paintings in the Bonnard room.

Entering through the front door at street level, Jocelyne took the elevator to the third floor and found herself face-to-face with Alec, holding a towel around his waist with one hand and his pistol, a semi-automatic with the handle inscribed AW1, in the other. She had walked in on him in their bedroom, and he was with his girlfriend—one of them, anyway—a 19-year-old Russian. Alec, a pie-faced man of 57, was pointing the pistol at Jocelyne. "You will be on the streets when this is over," he yelled. His eyes bugged from his skull the way they always did when he got worked up. Without his glasses on, it made him look like a tawny owl. "We stayed together too long. I should have left just after the kids were born. I should have had a life of my own."

Alec grabbed his girlfriend and they headed downstairs, to the pool. Jocelyne ran into the bedroom and called the police. Alec spent the night in a holding cell at the 19th Precinct, on account of the gun. "When I went to see him in jail, he was remarkably cool, almost Zen-like," says his lawyer, Raoul Felder.

"It was an experience," says Alec Wildenstein. "I adapt to a lot of experiences."

Jocelyne took it harder—not over merely the infidelity her husband showed her but the lack of respect. "Refinement is how man separate himself from the beasts," she says, "and Alec now has forgotten that. He has forgotten his manners."

Alec's father, Daniel Wildenstein, was beside himself with embarrassment. A wizened man with jet-black hair, Monsieur Daniel, as he is known, was at home in Paris, weeks from his 80th birthday, when he heard the news. Daniel has enjoyed his own long career as a womanizer, but for the boy to get caught with his pants down—in his own home, by his own wife! And to get arrested and have it make the papers!—well, that is another matter entirely, a big mistake, Daniel said.

> *"The sons don't have the same flair for the art business that Daniel does. They are spending their money, but they're not bringing anything in."*

Monsieur Daniel's first reaction was to blame the incident on Jocelyne's having called the cops. "That's it," he told Alec. "There will be no more money for her. This lady is going to wind up with nothing."

DECLARING AN ECONOMIC WAR ON JOCELYNE IS something Monsieur Daniel—and not his son—is most in position to do. Daniel is the sole owner of Wildenstein & Company and the family fortune, and he was the one covering Jocelyne's personal and legal expenses. He was also supporting Jocelyne's widowed mother, sick with Alzheimer's, at Ol Jogi. Monsieur Alec, despite a quality of life befitting a South American dictator, is merely an employee of Daniel's. He has testified to not owning the townhouse on 64th Street; not owning the mansion in Paris in which he also resides; not owning Le Chateau Marienthal, the family's castle in Igny, the largest home within the metropolitan environs of Paris; not owning the 66,000-acre Ol Jogi, thought to be worth some $40 million, where stand, according to Jocelyne's affidavit, 200 major buildings, including an elementary and secondary school for the children of the ranch's residential staff of 366. All are the property of Daniel or one of the Wildenstein corporations.

Although Alec Wildenstein has the use of a stable of cars, a personal house staff of ten, and a traveling staff of six; flies his own Gulfstream IV airplane; and runs Allez France, one of the largest and most profitable collections of racehorses and trotting horses in Europe (159 Thoroughbreds)—he claims in sworn testimony that he is supported by a salary of only $100,000 a year and that his net worth, besides the salary, consists only of an apartment in Switzerland he and Jocelyne co-own.

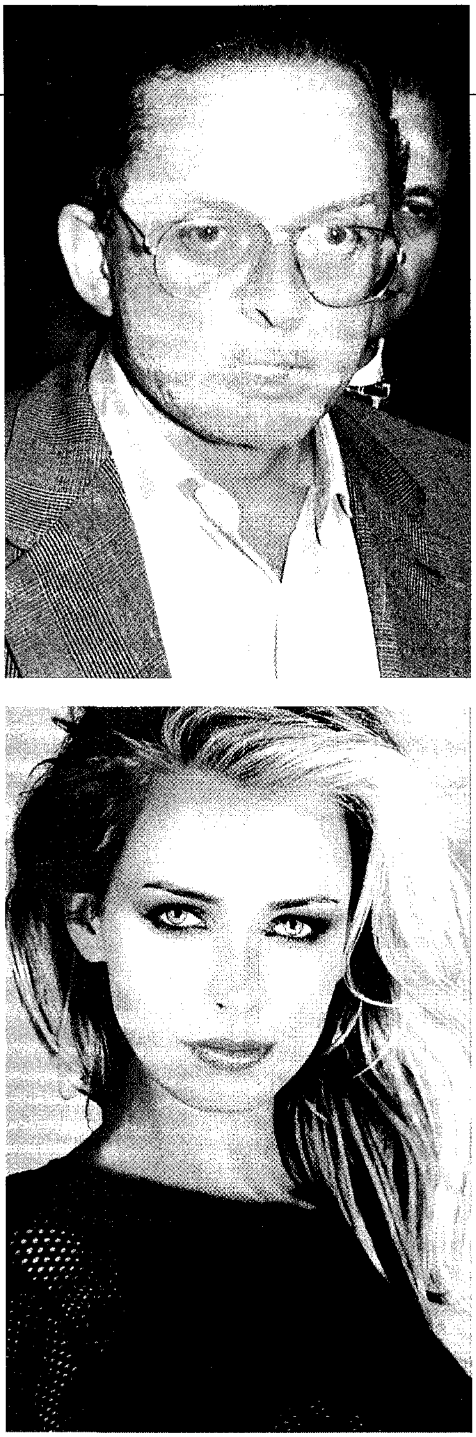
All of which means that if Jocelyne wanted money from this dying marriage, she would have had to sue her father-in-law for divorce. Everybody knows you can't sue your father-in-law for divorce.

After the news of the case had been in the newspapers for a few weeks, Monsieur Daniel reconsidered and contacted Jocelyne. He asked if he could see her face-to-face, without lawyers, to discuss a settlement. He said he hadn't decided yet whether Alec would be there.

BUT DANIEL SEEMED (AND STILL SEEMS) TO HAVE NO INTENTION of settling, and the meeting went nowhere. By now the case had taken on a surreal quality. Almost each time there were courtroom proceedings for the divorce, the tabloids ran small updates, mostly, it seemed, as an excuse to print pictures of Jocelyne. As a result of several cosmetic surgeries, Jocelyne is an otherworldly looking person. Her forehead is high and spherical, and the planes of her cheekbones recall Grace Jones's during her Demolition Man period. Her hair is amber, often in ringlets. Her flaring eyebrows, mostly painted on, are oddly peaked. In photographs, her eyes appear hollow, like those of the characters in "Little Orphan Annie." And of course she has a terrific figure for a woman of 52. The New York *Post* has referred to Jocelyne as "the bride of Wildenstein"; Alec requested that the judge ruling on the divorce, Marilyn Diamond, bar reporters from the courtroom, "because Jocelyne's looks are scaring people."

Jocelyne's looks are not so unusual, however, when considered in the context of the rest of the Wildensteins' life. When school is out and Daniel's in town, there are eleven family members living in the townhouse on East 64th, making the place "the most expensive tenement in Manhattan," as Harry Brooks, former president of the Wildenstein Gallery, is fond of calling it. Alec and Jocelyne until their separation occupied the third floor of the townhouse. Alec's younger brother, Guy, lives with his wife, Kristina, formerly a Swedish catalogue model. The fifth floor is shared by Guy's four children, Alec and Jocelyne's two children, and a nanny. All of them share the kitchen and the dining room. On the ground floor are lockers for the staff, with plaques marked KITCHEN, BUTLERS, and MAIDS. A coffee table in the Bonnard room is a glass-topped case of antique swords, buckles, "white hunter" guns, and a velvet-handled rifle that used to belong to Marie Antoinette. They have a pet lynx and a black leopard.

WE SAT IN THE BONNARD ROOM, AND she served champagne. I didn't ask why, but Jocelyne said she was serving champagne "because that is what one does." She looked at me the whole time with a gaze that was unsmiling and unblinking but still somehow not cold, almost unaware.



Under the gun: From top, Alec Wildenstein following his arraignment on a weapons charge; Yelena Jarikova, whose modeling career Alec jump-started.

Because of Alec's arrest, Jocelyne was granted the use of the townhouse; Alec has been forced to live at the Four Seasons. But cut off from the family's credit cards and staff, Jocelyne was helpless. She filed papers declaring she didn't know how to use the institutional-size equipment in the kitchen, and that she wasn't permitted to make long-distance phone calls. Her lawyer, Bernard Clair, asked the Wildensteins to reinstate her personal staff of seven and give her a budget of $200,000 a month until the divorce is settled, pleading that she was "a prisoner in her own home." Which is true, in a sense: Jocelyne, who has no money to her name, has been given enough money to hire a chauffeur, one maid, and one all-purpose assistant but has still been forbidden from using the kitchen between the hours of 6 A.M. and 9:30 P.M, except for a couple of hours at lunch; she's supposed to take her meals in the wet bar. "I am just on a tiny island," she said. "I can't move. The dogs get the same as me." She had on a black cashmere jersey dress, a broad gold choker, and a gold belt shaped like a snake with eyes made of emeralds.

I didn't want to bring up the divorce right away, so I asked for a tour of the house. The Bonnard room had a saffron-colored orchid on every table—a shade that matched the Scalamandre brocade on the tufted settees and the wing chairs. The pattern in the curtains—smiling Chinamen—matched the gilded moldings. They have an antique parquet floor modeled after Versailles's in the room, as well as in the Blue Room, which Jocelyne is forbidden from using. The Italian greyhounds came out, Simba and Patou, the two of them that Jocelyne was allowed to bring back from Paris. There are five in the family, a mother and four children, skinny, wiry-haired, bundle-skinned dogs. Jocelyne let them sit in her lap.

She still had photos of Alec out. On the sink in the guest bathroom there was a small photo of Alec, in Kenya, ten years ago. He is wearing red swim trunks, and with a rope he holds a five-foot-long fish by its tail. "Is a grouper," Jocelyne said. "He caught it."

"I like everything exotic," Jocelyne said as we made our way to the private rooms. A stuffed leopard and a water buffalo's head hung in Jocelyne's boudoir. Jocelyne's bathroom had a glass wall above the tub, enclosing a floor-to-ceiling tank for May Moon, Jocelyne's monkey. "He is stuck in Paris, too," Jocelyne said.

Alec had the bed taken from the bedroom, so Jocelyne sleeps on a mattress and a box spring on the floor. She pointed out an Oudry painting of a dog. "He look like Simba, no?" she asked. Likenesses of their five dogs had in fact been carved into the friezes in the fireplace. There were chairs and an ottoman and a breakfront all done in zebra skin by Karl Springer. Then we got to a Monet painting. "It look like the mother dog," she said.

THERE'S PROBABLY NO ONE WHO WOULD want his or her divorce chronicled by the press. Still, the attention has got to be especially unwelcome to the Wildensteins, who've always carried out their business and social affairs under extreme secrecy. Although the gallery has been based in New York since before World War II, in a building two doors from the townhouse (with outposts in London, Buenos Aires, and Tokyo), the Wildensteins still consider themselves French.

While it is known that the Wildensteins, who deal in the work of Old Masters—chronologically, this means everything from fourteenth-century primitives up to and including Picasso—own far and away the richest and most important commercial gallery in the world; the full extent of what's in the storage room underneath the gallery (some 10,000 paintings) has never been ascertained. "Every now and then, the Wildensteins sell a painting whose whereabouts were last accounted for 40 or 50 years ago, and the entire art world says, 'So that's where it was,' " the art dealer Eugene Thaw says. Wildenstein is typically the first stop for any museum looking to purchase an Old Master painting; in fact, the Wildenstein holdings constitute a collection more valuable and important than all but those of the largest museums. They've been instrumental in building many collections: for Walter Annenberg, Norton Simon, and Florence Gould. A 1978 listing claimed that Wildenstein always holds a minimum of 20 Renoirs, 25 Courbets, 15 Pissarros, 10 Van Goghs, 10 Cézannes, 10 Gauguins, and 10 Corots. On a good day, the inventory also has listed 2 Botticellis, 3 Velázquezes, 5 Tintorettos, 7 Watteaus, 8 Rembrandts, 8 Rubenses, 9 El Grecos, 79 Fragonards, and 400 Italian prim-

Photographs: top, Helayne Seidman; bottom, Wayne Maser.

itives. "Over the years, the Wildensteins acquired such volume that they can afford to hoard what they've got for 50 years and wait out the right offer," says Hector Feliciano, the author of *The Lost Museum*, a recently published book about Nazi art theft during World War II.

The family fortune was estimated at $5 billion in 1991 (the Wildensteins' holdings include, besides art and racehorses, real estate and Seibu, a chain of Japanese department stores). Alec and Jocelyne's living expenses, according to household ledgers, averaged $1 million a month. Their circle does not revolve around any hub as ordinary as a shared hometown. "It's a much larger playground than that," Jocelyne said. While they count as friends people like the Basses (clients), and the David-Weills (fellow Franco-Jewish art collectors), the Wildensteins do not serve on many charity committees, and their names seldom appear in the society pages. They're a level above high society; the queen of England is also a client, and Prince Charles is the godfather to one of Guy's sons.

"It must break Daniel's heart," says Sir John Aspinall, the British casino and zoo owner who is a close friend of Alec's, "that this sort of indiscretion is what the family would be known for."

DANIEL, HOWEVER, IS not blameless in the matter of his son's indiscretion. If Alec isn't, at age 57, fully an adult, it's because he's been infantilized all these years by his father, who has tightly controlled his business life and finances even while supporting his extravagant, hedonistic lifestyle. So Alec's passions seem those of a schoolboy, but on an unimaginably grand scale. He's a collector of the vivid, the exotic, the rare: Ol Jogi, with its lakes and lava formations, became a present-day Happy Valley Club. Jocelyne, a woman whose proudest boasts are of having a pilot's license and swimming with crocodiles, achieved through plastic surgery an image even more farouche (Alec says she wanted to look "like a cat"). And now there is Alec's Russian girlfriend, Yelena Jarikova, a brilliant and self-polished girl whose modeling career Alec set out to underwrite.

Even as children growing up in New York, Alec and Guy, who is by six years the younger brother, inhabited another world, riding to the Lycée Français by limousine and rarely playing with fellow students. Alec was known as a bully; Guy was painfully shy. Then, as now, the boys were ruled by their father, who they liked to boast was a great ladies' man. Their mother, Martine Kapferrer, was less of a presence in their lives. Throughout the fifties, Daniel Wildenstein was much more likely to be seen at El Morocco with his girlfriend, Zafia Tarzia, an impoverished Afghani princess.

**Eye for the classics: From top, Daniel (left) and Alec in a Wildenstein sculpture garden; Daniel's father, Georges, the family genius.**

Daniel liked to play his boys off each other, Jocelyne said. "He kept score all the time between the two sons. If he did something for Alec, the next time he'd do something for Guy, so they know he is in charge. He didn't go to Alec's wedding, so he'd go to Guy's." If Alec seems a little soft, it's because Daniel raised him with a protective hand. Although Daniel was a good boxer, he forbade Alec from participating in sports, even skiing. "Guy was younger, and so by the time he was old enough to do sport, Daniel had eased up and allowed it," Jocelyne said. Neither boy was permitted to go to college. Alec wanted to badly, but Daniel told him there was nothing he could learn that he would use in the business. His father did seem to allow the boys to educate themselves in other ways: Alec says that he spent quite a bit of time with girls in the employ of Madame Claude, the legendary Parisian madam. "It made my youth," he says.

"Alec always had to ask his father for anything," Jocelyne said. "When he wanted to buy a new car for Paris two years ago, Daniel said no. And Alec wouldn't go against his father.

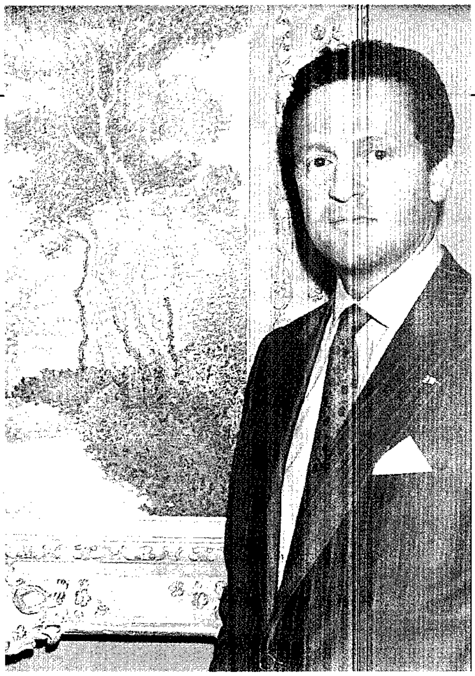
"He really like to be the only one who knows everything," she continued. "He never teach Alec and Guy to learn any accounting. They only know how to look at the last number on the page."

Jocelyne was 31 when she first visited Ol Jogi in 1977. She was the guest of her best friend, a woman named Claude Bauche, and the white hunter Alain Muller. Just that year, the Wildensteins had bought Alec a 49 percent share of the ranch, a purchase he hoped would give him distance from his family, a continent of his own. The other half of the property belonged to Bresche's father-in-law, Henri Roussel, a friend of Alec's. "My initial conversation with Alec was no conversation at all," Jocelyne said. "It was a 5 A.M. lion hunt, and we were in the blind, all camouflaged and waiting in the bushes, not allowed to talk." That night, he asked her to ride motorcycles up one of the mountains on the estate, to a promontory they called the Top of the World. "That was our *premier baiser*—first kiss."

She was born Jocelyne Perisset and grew up in Lausanne. Her father sold sporting goods in a department store.

At 17, Jocelyne began dating Cyril Piguet, a Swiss movie producer, and two years later they moved to Paris together. "My life change then," she said. "Lausanne is very plain, but I began meeting exciting, glamorous people. Before I met Alec, I'd already flown in a private jet. Adnan Khashoggi's jet is bigger than Alec's. It have a bedroom and a bathroom and a bidet." She has always considered herself active but never thought of pursuing a career. "I have different talent," she said. "I never worry for my career. I am very good at decoration. I am maybe extremely good at decoration. I always find at the right time what I can do."

She had also fallen in love with Africa before the trip to Ol Jogi. "Africa is a paradise," she said. "You meet people who look at life differently. They love the adventure. You never expect you find a person like that in the city." Alec didn't share Jocelyne's interest in rock climbing or waterskiing down the Zambezi rapids ("He would have drowned. He swam with the kids at the pool"). Still, he was a good sport. "What we both had in common was our love for Africa, wild things."



Alec's brother, Guy. Their father "kept score between the two sons," says Jocelyne, "so they know he is in charge."

Alec's view of what first drew them together is somewhat different, but it also has to do with animals. "We had both lost dogs recently," he says, "German short-haired pointers. Beyond that, it was just something physical."

When she returned from Ol Jogi, she immediately found herself missing Alec, now home in New York. At the time, Jocelyne was living in Paris with a boyfriend, the filmmaker Sergio Gobbi. "Alec couldn't call me, and he couldn't write me," Jocelyne said. On her first Tuesday back, she headed to Karita, her hair salon; it was her routine to spend every Tuesday—all day—at Karita. When she arrived, the entire store was full of white orchids Alec had sent, "thousands of them, so big you couldn't even get through the door."

It was a brief courtship. "As soon as I met him, I knew," Jocelyne said. "Sometimes you speak with the eyes." At dinner one night at Pied de Cochon in Paris, Alec said, "I want you to be my wife."

"He didn't ask me; he told me," Jocelyne recalled. "I was not about to argue with that."

The news of his oldest son's engagement did not please Daniel Wildenstein, and he wanted no part in the marriage. "Mainly Daniel was upset because he didn't want his son to get married with anyone, period," said Jocelyne. "He just wanted his sons for him." They held a wedding in Las Vegas on April 30, 1978, in a suite at the Hilton—just Alec and Jocelyne and his friend Adolph Schuman, the San Francisco entrepreneur, as their witness. They were married by a rabbi, and Jocelyne signed the *ketubah*. "Alec really want me to convert," she said. "I would have if he had ever practiced any Judaism himself, but he never did."

They quickly had two children, Diane and Alec Jr., who are now 18 and 17, respectively. Evenings were spent at home with the family, each week of dinners by the pool being given over to a different theme—such as tigers or gazelles—with new china and silverware and centerpieces to match.

The pool is inlaid with tiles depicting dolphins and other aquatic animals. The room has a vaulted ceiling painted and lit to resemble the solar system, and wall-size fish tanks stocked with sand sharks, spotted eels, and neon tetras. "You think you're in Bora Bora, in the middle of the water," Jocelyne said. "You are not in New York when you are there."

Beginning in 1985, when the Wildensteins bought out Roussel for full ownership of Ol Jogi, Jocelyne began to pour her energy into the ranch, orchestrating the renovation of the main residence. She also took charge of the family's refurbishment of the castle at Igny (originally a bar mitzvah present from Monsieur Georges to Monsieur Daniel), which had been in disrepair and uninhabited for thirteen years. At Ol Jogi, she hired the architect Jon Cavanaugh, after interviewing dozens, because he had written his thesis on Gaudí. "I didn't want one straight line in Africa," she says. She was in charge of the maintenance of the 400 kilometers of roads on the property as well as the installation of several swimming pools, 55 man-made lakes, and a wildlife preserve that employs an overseer, a general manager and his four assistants, a game warden, an animal trainer, a safari leader, and a veterinarian with his own private clinic on the grounds.

Ol Jogi is the only ranch in the world with a modulated game reserve. "We let some of the animals out periodically, when that animal's population shifts the balance," Jocelyne explained. "So if there are too many giraffes, we let a hundred of them run free." The ranch is stocked with giraffes, bison, leopards, lions, and white rhinos (which are not indigenous to Kenya; the Wildensteins brought them up from South Africa). Its concealed electric fences—"straight out of *Jurassic Park*"—are there "so that the animals do not have the impression that they are caged," Jocelyne said.

Talking to Jocelyne, it was easy to see how dear Ol Jogi is to her. She got considerably more animated describing the infrastructure of the animal reserve than when I asked about her $10 million worth of jewelry or a $350,000 Chanel dress she bought for a New Year's Eve party. The only time she came alive talking about anything wearable was when I happened to compliment a necklace she had on; it was made of elephant hair, and she'd designed it herself.

JUST BEFORE THEY WERE MARRIED, WHEN THEY WERE still in their thirties, Alec and Jocelyne had already started to worry about looking old. "Alec hates old people," Jocelyne told me. So it was that the newlyweds paid a visit to Dr. Richard Coburn, a celebrity plastic surgeon. They both had their eyes lifted.

Between Coburn and Dr. Norman Orentreich, the family's choice for liposuction, Jocelyne and Alec have submitted themselves to several rounds of plastic surgery. Away went Jocelyne's delicate, milkmaid-like features, though Coburn won't take full credit. "She did something with her hair," Coburn says, "and it changed her whole look."

Photographs: opposite page, top, AP/Wide World; opposite page, bottom, NYT Pictures;
this page, Hubert Van Es/IPOL, Inc.

Many of the Wildensteins have visited Coburn and Orentreich, Jocelyne told me; she said that simply to satisfy her curiosity, she recently made a list of all the cosmetic operations that have been performed on each member of the Wildenstein family. "I am not in the big number as far as operations," she said. She was hardly defensive; she considered it part of her regular health regimen. "I don't think there's anything wrong with it, and other than the tightening up, my appearance never change," she said. "My clothes, I am still the same size when I am 16 years old. You like to stay young—to stay healthy. I do a lot of waterskiing with my son." She said this was different from having liposuction to stay thin. "And I never touched my nose."

Alec admits to a few liposuctions; but he says Jocelyne's plastic surgery was out of control. "She was obsessed with her looks," he says, "constantly remodeling, like you remodel an apartment.

"When she was not doing that, she was trying to build crazy things—beautiful things, maybe, but crazy." For example, on the bank of a pool at Ol Jogi, two tigers are living in a bulletproof glass cave.

Around five years ago, Jocelyne said, Alec began to imagine that his own death was imminent: "He got very depressed. Even after the first liposuction, when he looked good, he was obsessed. He's become a vegetarian. All this happened when he got the idea somehow that there was no way he was going to outlive his father. He very badly wants to outlive his father."

*"Is it one woman or more than that?" Jocelyne wanted to know. "Because if it is several women, I can overlook it."*

IT ISN'T DIFFICULT TO SEE THE four art-dealing generations of Wildensteins as a textbook example of Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks* model of a family ethic in decline. The benevolent Nathan Wildenstein, who founded the gallery in Paris in 1875, was not considered particularly sophisticated, but he built a successful dealership by popularizing eighteenth-century art during a moment in French culture when the bourgeoisie had developed a taste for the high-middlebrow world described in the novels of the Goncourt brothers. Nathan's son Georges, who published the influential *La Gazette des Beaux Arts,* was the family genius, known for his eye. Georges's son, Daniel, lacked his father's ability to judge a work. But Daniel was a ruthlessly competitive businessman who made a dynasty of the gallery.

Alec and Guy Wildenstein, by all accounts, have not measured up to their legacy. Veterans of the art market find it difficult to take Alec or Guy seriously as dealers. "I only knew them as the sons who lived this very Proustian lifestyle," an art historian who worked as a conservator at the Wildenstein Gallery in the seventies told me. "They were great playboys. They used to have parties above my office. I'd come in to work in the morning, and they'd still be going on."

Nowadays, the newspaper that sits on a table in the gallery foyer every day is likely to be *The Racing Daily.* Fellow dealers describe Alec as "spacey" and "bored." "The generations are petering out, as far as talent goes," says the dealer Eugene Thaw. "The sons don't have the same flair for the art business that Daniel does. They are spending their money, but they're not bringing anything in."

Among art dealers, however, Monsieur Daniel is not exactly seen as a role model. "Daniel Wildenstein is one of those men who get more of a kick out of pulling off a business coup in a louche way than in doing it in the normal way," a salesman at a European auction house says. "He likes a mob flavor to things."

Under his watch, the gallery was sued for wiretapping the telephones of the Knoedler Gallery in 1955, and for withholding taxes in the seventies. Currently, the gallery is being sued for fraud by a novice collector in California named Gilbert Michaels, who says the Wildensteins surreptitiously paid Larry Ross, an "art agent," to offer to obtain paintings from Wildenstein at below-market prices. Michaels was persuaded by Alec to buy four paintings, two by Renoir, for $2.54 million. Soon after, Michaels had the paintings appraised at Sotheby's and Christie's, and was told he had overpaid by well over a million dollars.

Recently, new light has been shed on just how the Wildensteins amassed parts of their vast collection. A long-classified OSS document, written in 1945 by the art historian Douglas Cooper and unearthed by a writer for *Spy* magazine named Jonathan Napack, provides an account of how Monsieur Georges collaborated with Nazi officials in their looting of art owned by Jewish families and even profited from the arrangement. Having reviewed original Nazi correspondence, files, and receipts and having spent hours interviewing "some of the persons most closely concerned," particularly Karl Haberstock, who was Adolf Hitler's personal curator, Cooper concluded that Monsieur Georges and Haberstock, along with the Wildenstein employee Roger Dequoy, held four days of clandestine meetings at the Hotel du Roy in Aix-en-Provence in November 1940. Wildenstein, according to the document, proposed to sell Haberstock (who was shopping for Hitler) and Hermann Göring artworks from the gallery, and instructed Dequoy to "make it his business to discover important collections or single works of art in France which the Germans would be interested in acquiring." Alain Vernay, the grandson of Adolphe Schloss, another great family of Jewish collectors in France, is quoted in *The Lost Museum* saying that Georges visited his family and offered the Schlosses "honorary Aryan citizenship" in exchange for their entire collection. Haberstock, in return, agreed to sell to Georges Impressionist paintings the Nazis had acquired—most likely through confiscation. In addition, the Nazis refrained from seizing the Wildenstein collection, and instead gave Dequoy the authority to carry on the business of the gallery while Georges fled to New York. The U.S. Treasury Department intercepted letters from Georges in New York to Dequoy's father-in-law in the South of France in which the dealer gave Dequoy instructions.

These issues surfaced again late in February of this year, when the Wildenstein Gallery began trying aggressively to sell a group of eight illuminated medieval manuscripts to Sam Fogg, a book dealer in London. Fogg knew of the manuscripts, and wanted to purchase one, a Flemish book long considered missing, *The Hours of Jean de Carpentin.* He settled with the Wildensteins on a price. (A conservative estimate for

all eight of the prayer books is upwards of $5 million.)

The prayer books had once been the property of the Kann family, Parisian Jews who prior to World War II had amassed one of the great private collections in France. Alfonse Kann's collection had been seized by Nazis in 1941. The French government returned most of his paintings to him after the war, but as he had fled to America and kept no inventory, more than 100 works never made it back to him.

In late 1996, Francis Warin, Kann's great-nephew, had for a few months been trying to track down his family's art and obtained from the French Foreign Ministry records that last placed the manuscripts with the Wildensteins. He wrote several letters demanding the return of the books. It was soon after this that the gallery tried to sell off the works—in other words, the Wildensteins put the manuscripts on the market only when Warin went in pursuit of them.

The Wildenstein Gallery first claimed that they'd been bought from Alphonse Kann "before the Second World War"; later, the story was that the gallery bought three of them from a distant cousin of Kann's in 1909. But Nazi documentation, corroborated by markings on the manuscripts, shows that all eight works were taken from the home of Alphonse Kann in 1941.

**Out in the cold: She's lost her husband, but Jocelyne is fighting to keep the lifestyle she loves.**

In September, when the news of Warin and the Kann manuscripts reached the New York *Times*, Daniel Wildenstein said of Warin's claim, "It's an absolutely crazy thing, 100 years after an object was bought, to come with a claim without any paper whatsoever. They claim it 50 years later? They had no claim for 50 years? I tell you something—if tomorrow someone steals a picture from me, I make a declaration to the police that it's stolen. After 30 years, the man who stole it owns it."

There are those who believe the dealership is entering a difficult period. The rise of the auction house and the fact that half of what Wildenstein sells it sells to museums (which, unlike galleries, seldom replenish the system by reselling their purchases) mean Wildenstein is "not as active, nor the dynasty it once was," in the words of a fellow Old Masters dealer. There also seems to be a declining interest in the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century art that Wildenstein sells.

In 1993, to combat these forces, the Wildenstein Gallery paid a reported $40 million to the *(continued on page 109)*

Photograph by Lawrence Scwartzwald/Gamma Liaison.

# SURVIVING AT THE TOP

**WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM HER FRIEND ELTON JOHN, DONATELLA VERSACE TALKS ABOUT LIFE WITHOUT GIANNI, AND HER BID TO PRESERVE HIS BILLION-DOLLAR LEGACY. A *NEW YORK* EXCLUSIVE**

**BY MAER ROSHAN**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NIGEL PARRY/CPi

EVER SINCE GIANNI VERSACE WAS murdered last July, his ordinarily ebullient sister, Donatella, has been cloistered in Milan, saying little about Gianni's death or her own ambitions as she rapidly took command of the sprawling Versace empire. Though Donatella's first collection in October opened to respectful reviews, she announced last week that the January haute couture show in Paris was going to be canceled so she could concentrate on the menswear collections the same month. On Monday, a week before the Costume Institute's gala Versace exhibit opened at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a subdued Donatella and longtime family friend Elton John (both honorary co-chairs of the event) sat with *New York*'s Maer Roshan for an extended conversation in the family's East Side townhouse.

**Maer Roshan:** *It's been five months since you took the helm at Versace, and I was wondering how you've been bearing up under the pressure.*

**Donatella Versace:** Well, the pressure is tremendous, but Gianni prepared me. He expected this, you know. More than ten years ago, he told me that one day I'd have to carry on without him. And from then on, I've been preparing. Gianni knew I could do the job. My brother Santo knows I can do it. And I know I can do it.

*How were you feeling when your collection debuted in October?*

**D.V.:** Very petrified. I was still mourning my brother. And then to go to work and have so many people come over and tell me what to do. I was confused. Everyone wants to help. But you have to choose who to listen to. I know I didn't get exactly what I wanted to get from this collection, because there wasn't enough time.

*But it got good reviews.*

**D.V.:** Yes, good reviews and good sales, which is important.

*When you design your next collection, are you going to keep up what your brother did, or are you going to branch out on your own?*

**D.V.:** I can't base my work on what he did, because he liked to change all the time. But Gianni and I had the same idea about fashion. In the end, we are both Versace. As time changes, I will do my own thing. And I'll consult with people I trust, like Elton.

*[Laughs.] Elton gives you fashion advice? Like what?*

**E.J.:** I tell her to go with her own ideas. It would be a huge mistake if she kept doing what Gianni did. Who knows *what* Gianni would be doing now?

**D.V.:** Gianni was *never* safe in his fashion. He could have been safe and still been a great designer, but he wasn't like that. He did what he wanted.

*And how is your vision different?*

**D.V.:** The difference is, I am a woman. If you haven't noticed [*laughs*]. I am interested in the real woman. I think sometimes male designers forget about her and design for an ideal woman that doesn't exist. I want to design for the woman who is my age, who is a mother and has an international lifestyle.

*There was a controversial article in* Women's Wear Daily *not long ago that portrayed you as a party girl who didn't get up till noon. I wondered if you've made any changes in your life now that you've taken over the company.*

**D.V.:** [*Laughs.*] No, I will keep being a party girl. I like to go to parties. I won't change to please the press. I am going to do what I like to do and accept the criticism.

**E.J.:** Donatella was the one in the family who knew all the new music. She knows what is happening in the street. And to do that, you have to go out.

*But can you do that and run a billion-dollar company at the same time?*

**D.V.:** [*Laughs.*] Not every night, that's for sure! But you know, I don't run the company alone. Santo has been running the business side for twenty years.

*You were Gianni's eyes and ears?*

**D.V.:** Yes, but Gianni looked on his own, too. He just looked at other things [*laughs*].

**E.J.:** He looked on the beach [*laughter*].

*What are your thoughts about the Metropolitan Museum exhibit?*

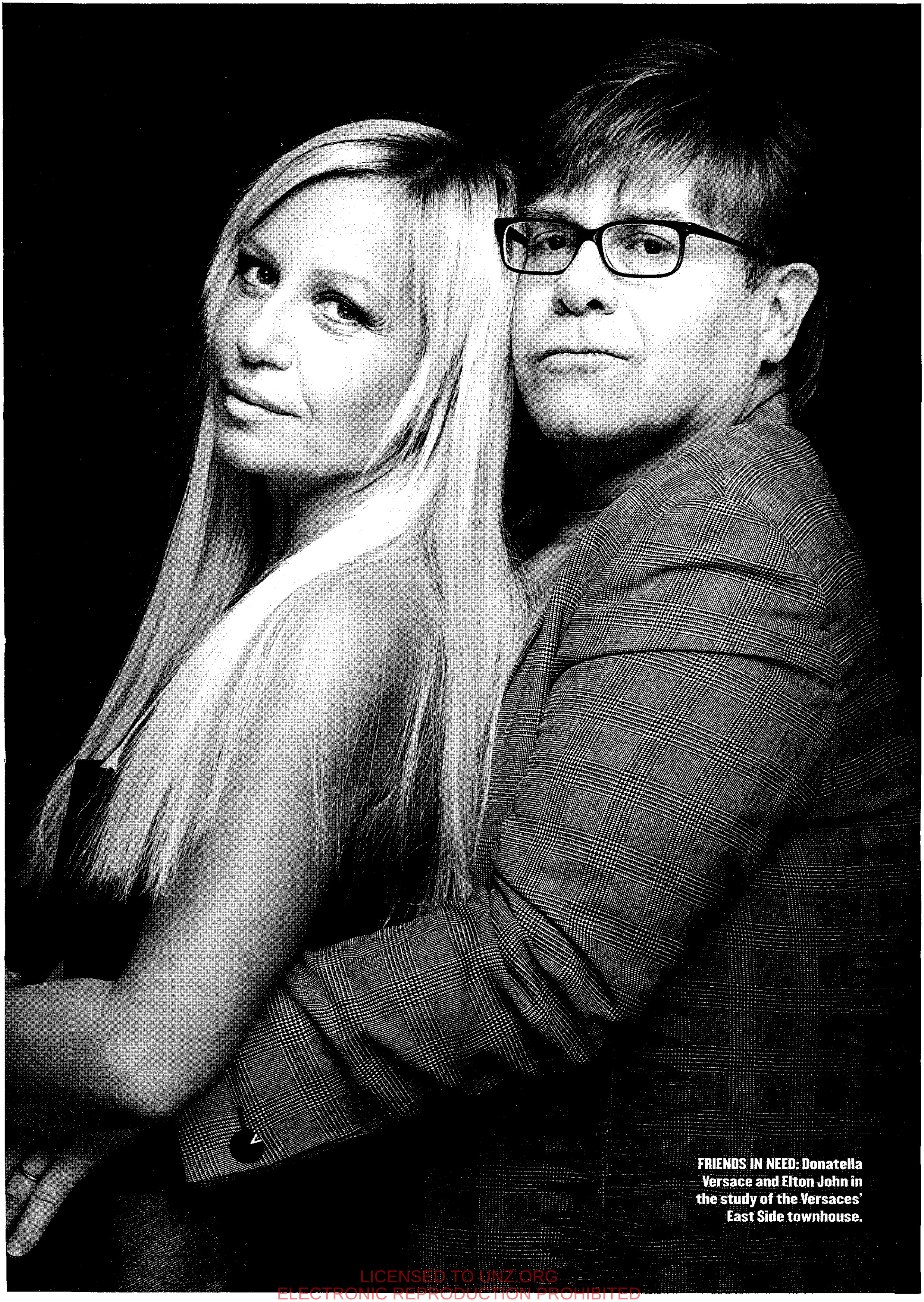
**D.V.:** Putting together that exhibition has caused a lot of pain. Every dress reminds me of something. I have to stop and remember when Gianni designed the dress, every detail. I remember everything. But it's a good tribute to Gianni. It's the last great exhibition of his work.

*Who has a bigger closet, Elton, you or Donatella?*

**E.J.:** Hmmm. It would be close with the shoes—*very* close with the shoes.

**D.V.:** Yes [*laughing*]. He has more space than I do—he's Elton John, you know.

**E.J.:** She just chucks everything when the season's finished. She puts it in the archives. I just sell my clothes when I've got too much. But I always keep my clas-



**FRIENDS IN NEED:** Donatella Versace and Elton John in the study of the Versaces' East Side townhouse.

sic Gianni pieces. I have every silk shirt he ever gave me.

*Of the 90 outfits being displayed at the Met, which one is your favorite?*

**D.V.:** It's the outfit that Naomi Campbell wore in the Versace Atelier Fall-Winter show in 1993. She came out in this beautiful Western-fringe silk blouse with a short-fringe optical skirt and this long flowing tail.

*Are you going to perform at the ball, Elton?*

**E.J.:** No! If I performed anything else, I think people would probably say, "Oh, get the fuck off the stage . . . can't he do anything else?" No, I'm over it. I'm going to the dinner. I don't want to perform.

**D.V.:** Tomorrow is Gianni's birthday, you know. He would have been 51.

*Are you doing anything special to commemorate it?*

**D.V.:** Elton's going to church.

**E.J.:** I am having my picture taken by Irving Penn in the morning. And then I am going to meet Antonio [D'Amico, Gianni's partner of twelve years] and maybe go to St. Patrick's cathedral and light a candle for Gianni.

**D.V.:** *I* am going to light a candle in Gianni's memory in his room and put 51 red roses all over. The house in Miami is going to be covered with flowers.

*What's going to happen to the house in Miami? Are you keeping it?*

**D.V.:** At the moment, we haven't made a decision. It's hard to think of going back. I went there when Gianni was killed. The memory I have of that moment . . . hysterical. I mean, I couldn't really see well. There were so many people outside and press all over the place. But I looked a little bit over the gate and saw Gianni's blood. Terrible. I don't know how I could look at those steps again—ever.

*The papers are reporting that a detective named Frank Monte who claims to have been hired by Gianni just received a book contract. He claims that Versace launders money for the Mafia. You recently sued* The Independent *for making the same kind of allegations.*

**D.V.:** We are suing the paper because they have no proof at all; it doesn't exist. This guy is lying about *my* family, this Frank Monte. Gianni never met this guy. I think he's invented everything for publicity. He's trying to make a quick dollar on my brother's death. It's a disgrace!

**E.J.:** If the Versaces were French, no one would talk about the Mafia, but they're Italian. Why would the Mafia shoot the most creative guy in their company? It's always been rumored. The *Independent* thing, when that happened, Donatella used my lawyers in England to sue, because I *love* to sue newspapers.

**D.V.:** We sued the *Independent* and *Observer* and won because they printed stories that were false. We're not going to sit around and let people damage us with untrue stories. In the last few weeks, three British papers have printed apologies and paid damages after writing baseless stories on the Mafia. The case is closed. Gianni would not have been walking on the street at that time if he was afraid of something. He had no security; he walked by himself. . . .

*How did you hear of his death? Were you called, or did you hear on the news?*

**D.V.:** I did not hear right away; I was in Rome preparing for a show. I had just spoken to him before he left the house. He was in such a good mood.

*You talked to him that morning?*

**D.V.:** We were making plans; he was telling me what to do for my show. I told him, "Gianni, you can't help me from Miami; just take a plane and come here." It was three days before he was to meet me for summer vacation. He told me that he was going to buy a newspaper, and that he would call me right back. The next call was urgent from Miami; Santo took the phone.

*Did someone call from his home?*

**D.V.:** They said that Gianni was shot, they didn't say he was dead. When Santo told me that, I knew right away that Gianni was dead. I called the hospital, and the ambulance had just arrived at that moment, and I talked to the doctor, and he told me he'd just died. They told me he didn't feel any pain when he was shot. I don't believe that—I believe he felt everything.

*I'm so sorry . . . I know that in the days after the incident, the papers reported that your brother had taken a different route that morning, gone around Ocean Drive in a weird way.*

**D.V.:** Gianni was not going a weird way. He was going the same way he went every day. It was a routine.

*There's been a lot of speculation that he knew Andrew Cunanan. Did he?*

**D.V.:** No, he didn't. I am sure, because I was very close to my brother and I knew *everything* about him. He never met Cunanan ever. Not in Lake Como, not at the opera, not anywhere. I would know. We've never been apart for a long time, me and Gianni. If we're in a different city, we're on the phone all the time. We didn't know any psychotics like that who would shoot someone.

*Were you watching on television when they finally caught him?*

**D.V.:** I was on the phone with the FBI all night. They called around midnight in Como, and I stayed on the phone until they told me that the guy on the boat was the one they were looking for.

*Are you more concerned about your own security since this happened?*

**D.V.:** I was very concerned about Gianni's security before this happened. I always felt he should have someone in Miami to follow him, because the city has so many different people . . . people who drink at night, especially near the house. But Gianni felt that he did not need security. I don't think he knew how famous he was.

*Have you been more vigilant, Elton?*

**E.J.:** When Gianni was shot, the English tabloids were saying, 'Who's *next*, Elton John?' I was in the south of France at the time, and I got some security down there. In America, I always have a bodyguard. There are so many people who can get their hands on a gun here. That doesn't happen in Europe. There isn't such celebrity worship. It's because you don't have a royal family.

*Speaking of royalty, is it true that you and Diana stoped speaking after she pulled out of a Versace event?*

**E.J.:** It was over an AIDS event to promote Gianni's work, but she pulled out at the last minute because of pressure from the palace. I wrote her a stiff letter, and she wrote me a very stiff letter back.

*Did you blame her for pulling out?*

**E.J.:** I just wanted her to let me *know* she was going to do it instead of reading it in the paper. I just thought there were some untruths—we both sulked for three months. It was when Gianni was killed that we talked to each other. Not before then. I phoned her, but she wouldn't take my calls.

*And now here is Keith Richards rag-*

*ging on you.*

**E.J.:** He's punch-drunk, poor thing. He said in *Entertainment Weekly* that I only write songs about dead blondes.

**D.V.:** [*Laughing*] Are you going to write a song about *me* when I die?

**E.J.:** Yes. "The Bitch Is Dead." [*Laughs.*]

*Were you surprised at the outpouring of press following your brother's murder?*

**D.V.:** During those days, I didn't think about the press; I was thinking about my brother and missing my brother. It was like watching a movie. It did not seem like reality. But later on, I thought about it and I felt the tremendous love for my brother. It really touched me.

> **"I WILL KEEP BEING A PARTY GIRL. I LIKE TO GO TO PARTIES. I WON'T CHANGE TO PLEASE THE PRESS. I AM GOING TO DO WHAT I LIKE TO DO AND ACCEPT THE CRITICISM."**

*What I found surprising in the coverage of Gianni's death was the treatment of Antonio.*

**E.J.:** During that long service in Milan, they never even mentioned Antonio . . .

*Whose decision was that?*

**D.V.:** The Duomo's. Antonio was, *is,* a member of the family. His grief was as deep as any of ours.

**E.J.:** That service was upsetting to me because it was very stiff. They were just going through the motions. Sting and I were to sing the Twenty-third Psalm, which is a beautiful hymn, and before the service, the priest came up and said, "We have to look at the lyrics." I think everyone was in such a fog. I don't think the family realized that their friends were angry about it. It was a horrible time.

*You have a boyfriend of your own, so you must be particularly sensitive to slights like that.*

**D.V.:** Only *one* boyfriend?

**E.J.:** Don't get me into trouble [*laughs*]. David is my partner. We go out together, we are a couple—we're not on television every week. Not like Ellen DeGeneres . . .

**D.V.:** Isn't Ellen back in the closet yet? [*Laughter.*]

**E.J.:** No, she's way *out*! Every program now is about lesbianism, and it's like, oh, come on! We *know* you're a lesbian—shut up. Just be funny! You know, my sexuality is not such a big deal to me.

*What do you two talk about when you're alone?*

**E.J.:** We talk about fashion; we talk about music.

**D.V.:** We *gossip* [*laughing*].

*Well, then, who shall we start with? . . . Madonna!*

**E.J.:** I don't know Madonna. She's *Donatella's* friend.

**D.V.:** Yes. She's very supportive to me. Motherhood changed her so much. She's so considerate of people now—

*Actually, a recent item in the New York* Post *alleges that you and* Courtney Love *are having an affair.*

**E.J.:** *That's* a new one: It's probably because Courtney's doing the Versace campaign.

*You wouldn't make a bad couple.*

**D.V.:** It's not true! I'm *not* available. At the moment.

*Why did you pick Courtney to do your new campaign?*

**D.V.:** I admire her because she went through so much in her life. She's a real woman, she's survived tragedy, and that's why I feel close to her in this way.

**E.J.:** What she went through and what she made of herself after being hooked on drugs and being able to come through that . . . I remember seeing her on the Barbara Walters interview, and I just felt so sorry for her. I just wanted to phone her and give her a big hug.

**D.V.:** But now we're good friends, me, Madonna, and Courtney.

**E.J.:** But I don't think *they* like each other. Do they?

**D.V.:** Well, they do *now*.

**E.J.:** I detect that there is still a rivalry. I mean, there's *always* a rivalry between the two whether they're friendly or not.

*Madonna must have been furious when Courtney got the campaign.*

**D.V.:** [*Laughs.*] Madonna did it twice already. The last time I saw them, Courtney said to Madonna, "Do you know why I'm doing this? Because *you* did it."

*There are a lot of people rushing to finish books on your brother. Are you going to cooperate with any of them?*

**D.V.:** I don't want to use my brother's death for personal gain. I don't think so.

*But you're writing a book, Elton.*

**E.J.:** Not at the moment. It's a rumor.

*The rumor is you demanded $12 million.*

**E.J.:** Not true.

**D.V.:** Not enough!

**E.J.:** No. I *would* like to write a book. But people like Paul Reiser and Whoopi Goldberg fucked everybody up because they put out complete turkeys that haven't sold. And they got paid a fortune. Whoopi got $6 million for her book!

*Then you should ask for at least 24.*

**D.V.:** I *told* you.

*There has been a lot of interest in the will and the fact that your daughter Allegra got so much and that Santo's children didn't receive anything. I was wondering whether that caused dissension within the family.*

**D.V.:** No.

*Was Gianni closest to Allegra?*

**D.V.:** Yes, he was very close to Allegra. Gianni was with my family so much and they spent so much time together that Gianni considered my children like his children. Especially Allegra. She was attracted by art, and Gianni would bring her everywhere and teach her different things. He was so pleased that this little girl would listen to him. It was amazing to Gianni that she was interested.

*Does she know that all this money is coming to her?*

**D.V.:** I knew about the will, but I didn't tell her. There was no reason. She is a child! She's only 11 years old.

**E.J.:** Well, *I* intend to marry her [*laughs*].

*What will David say?*

**E.J.:** It's an arranged marriage!

*What do you think about when you think of the future?*

**E.J.:** You know, Donatella and I were talking last night. And we decided to—

**D.V.:** —make next year very positive—

**E.J.:** —and have fun.

**D.V.:** And forget—well, not forget, but move on. . . .

**E.J.:** After this, we will say no more.

**D.V.:** Talking about this is very painful. I'm talking to you now, but in an hour I will be so depressed. . . .

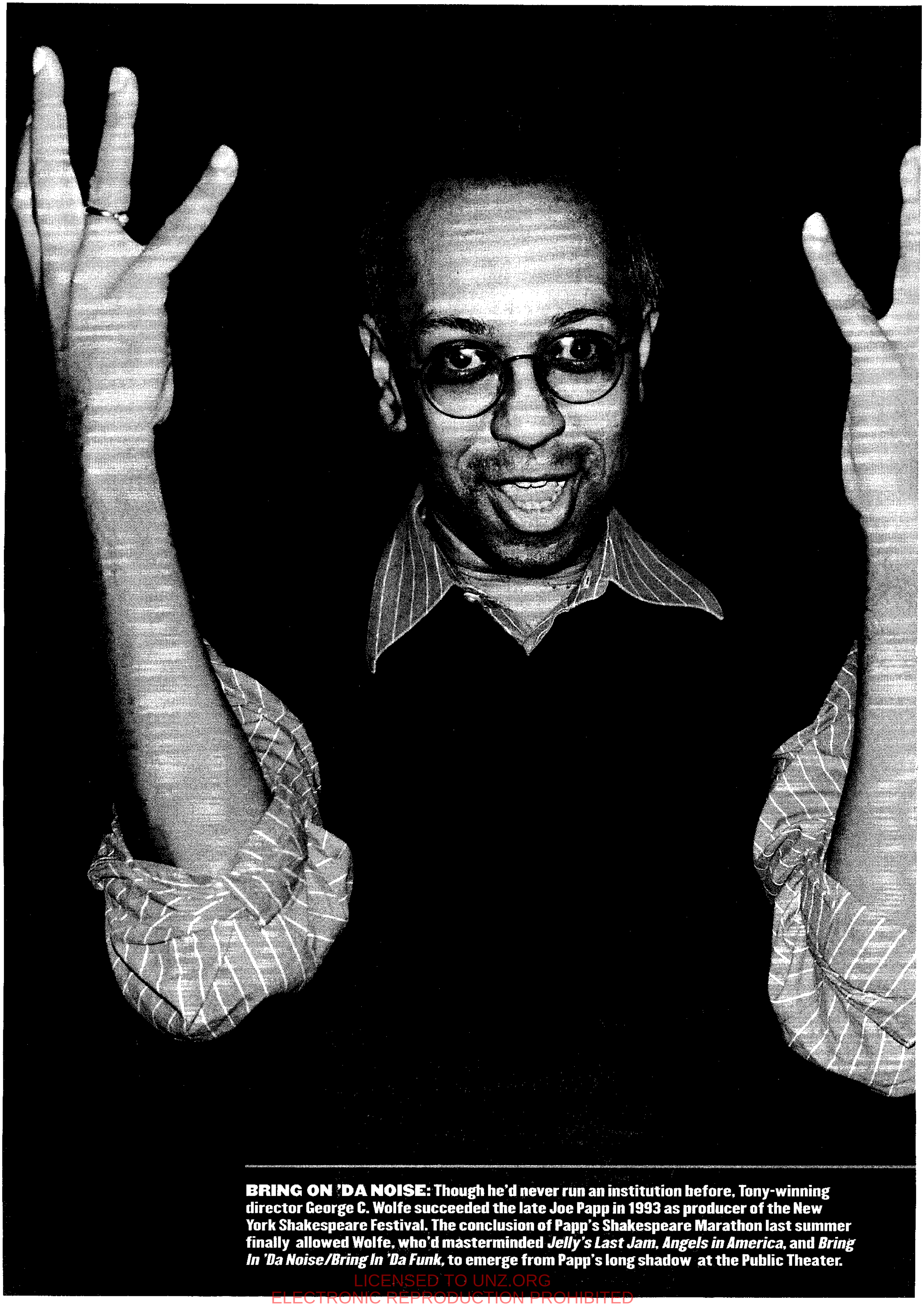
*Elton will cheer you up.*

**E.J.:** I will! I will. I'm going to take her to James Robinson on Park Avenue. Gianni took me there. He made me buy $100,000 worth of tablecloths: "Darling, you can't live without this. You *must* have it. This for summer. This for outside. This for the south of France. . . ."

**D.V.:** [*Laughs.*] We *both* listened to Gianni.

**E.J.:** He was more like me than anyone I have ever met. We love to spend money, we love to go shopping, we love to live fabulous lives. He knew the best statues, he knew the best churches, he knew the best artists. He educated me.

**D.V.:** My brother taught me everything I know. ■



**BRING ON 'DA NOISE:** Though he'd never run an institution before, Tony-winning director George C. Wolfe succeeded the late Joe Papp in 1993 as producer of the New York Shakespeare Festival. The conclusion of Papp's Shakespeare Marathon last summer finally allowed Wolfe, who'd masterminded *Jelly's Last Jam*, *Angels in America*, and *Bring In 'Da Noise/Bring In 'Da Funk*, to emerge from Papp's long shadow at the Public Theater.

**GEORGE C. WOLFE HAS REMADE JOSEPH PAPP'S THEATER IN HIS OWN COCKY, FAST-TALKING, MULTICULTI IMAGE. THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD HAS PRODUCED HITS, RAISED EYEBROWS, AND LEFT MANY WONDERING WHERE THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL IS HEADED. BY DON SHEWEY**

# PUBLIC SERVICE

**PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSE FROHMAN**

THIS IS HOW GEORGE C. WOLFE CONDUCTS AN INTERVIEW in his office at the Joseph Papp Public Theater: stretched out full-length on his leather sofa, dressed in tennis shoes, black sweatpants, and an untucked white dress shirt. He used to have dreadlocks, but now that his hair is graying, he crops it short, which makes his eyes look cartoonishly wide behind his glasses. As anyone who knows him can attest, prone is an unlikely position for Wolfe to assume. ■ "I know how to move my career forward like that," he says, snapping his fingers. His body may be at rest, but his mouth runs a mile a minute, his plummy voice filling me in on how he went about remaking the Public Theater in his own image. "I know how to navigate the landscape. Navigating a whole institution is a much more complicated thing. Fortunately, I have very, very, very, very, very astoundingly good instincts. And I trust them implicitly." ■ Those instincts, though they may not include modesty, have served him very, very well. In the slightly more than a decade since he crashed onto the scene as the author of the satirical sketchbook *The Colored Museum,* the 42-year-old Wolfe has influenced the city's cultural life in ways that are boldly self-evident—he's won two Tony awards for directing—as well as subtle. On Broadway, he's staged a quixotic assortment of plays and musicals, from Tony Kushner's two-part Pulitzer Prize–winning gay epic, *Angels in America,* and Anna Deavere Smith's panoramic one-woman show *Twilight: Los Angeles 1992* to the breakthrough musicals *Jelly's Last Jam* and *Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk*—shows that reveled in an unorthodox mix of anger and joy, art and entertainment, innocence and intelligence.

Downtown, Wolfe has revivified Joseph Papp's venerable New York Shakespeare Festival while transforming it into something very much like George Wolfe himself—cocky, fast-talking, opinionated, worldly, and adamantly committed to living in a multicultural metropolis.

Wolfe's hilarious and popular revival of *On the Town* last summer in Central Park, which may show up on Broadway next spring, was the latest turning point in the life of an artist who refuses to recognize boundaries even as he smashes through them. At the opening-night gala at the Belvedere Castle in August, I watched him glide nonstop from one end of the party to the other like an imperial carp in an Olympic-scale aquarium. Wolfe paid his respects to Gail Merrifield Papp, Joe's widow. He stopped briefly to greet muck-a-mucks like Jessye Norman, Lauren Bacall, and the show's original choreographer in 1944, Jerome Robbins. One minute he was huddled with a trio of chicly dressed black men; the next he was standing under a tree talking into a Hispanic reporter's tape recorder. Skipping the buffet of fried chicken and watermelon slices, he drank a beer the way he does everything else—fast. And he continued his rounds, making sure that everybody was present and accounted for: Old Guard and Young Turks, this color and that color, the down-home and the fabulous.

Earlier in the summer, on the open stage of the Delacorte Theater, the Shakespeare Festival had completed its decade-long survey of the Bard's complete works, initiated by an ailing Papp in 1987. Having paid off his debt to the daunting Papp legacy, Wolfe was also celebrating the beginning of a new era. If there's one thing he's determined to get right, it's having the right mix of people at the party. You can't underestimate the role of Wolfe's talent and charisma in creating that mix.

“George DOESN'T N
KUSHNER, “I

Well, maybe you can. But he certainly doesn't. “I feel very proud of my accomplishments in four years,” Wolfe announces from the couch. “I think it's amazing. Nobody else has said so, but I'll say so. I don't care. I think it's nothing short of *amazing.*”

When Wolfe's on a roll, he's one of those animated speakers who can italicize or capitalize words without breaking his stride—unless he wants to use his southern drawl to stretch one syllable into two or three. Anna Deavere Smith considers his speech one of Wolfe's secret weapons. “Black people in segregated Kentucky, where he grew up, spoke in a marvelous and peculiar way that no one else talks,” she points out, adding that it's “one of the ways he intoxicates people.”

O*N THE TOWN* EARNED RAVE REVIEWS FOR LESbian comic Lea DeLaria's star-making performance as Hildy, the man-hungry cabdriver; good reviews for Wolfe's direction; mixed reviews for the rest of the cast; and bad reviews for Eliot Feld's choreography. All that will be taken into account if the show goes back into rehearsal next February for an April opening on Broadway as planned. Before that, however, Wolfe had an opera to stage (Anthony Davis's *Amistad,* which opened November 29 at the Lyric Opera of Chicago) and a Shakespeare Festival production of *Macbeth,* starring Alec Baldwin, to cast—not to mention setting the rest of the theater's season, Wolfe's fifth at the Public.

His first instinct on being named producer of the Shakespeare Festival, in April 1993, was to tackle the widespread perception that the Public Theater—where such hits as *Hair, Sticks and Bones,* and *for colored girls who have considered suicide/when the rainbow is enuf* were born—was moribund. After nearly two decades as the largest and most influential not-for-profit theater in the country, the festival had gone into decline in the eighties. *A Chorus Line,* which had begun as a workshop at the Public and gone on to become the longest-running show in Broadway history (while earning $38.8 million for the institution), closed on Broadway after fifteen years. Not only was the cash cow that had funded the theater's glory years gone, but Papp, the Public's charismatic founder, was beginning a long struggle with prostate cancer.

In 1990, the year before he died, Papp acknowledged his illness and picked as his successor JoAnne Akalaitis, a smart and spiky artist who'd made her name as a director with the avant-garde company Mabou Mines. Brilliant in theory, the choice was a debacle in reality, partly because her taste in material was serious and intellectual, partly because some—including some in the press, especially the New York *Times*—viewed her as awkward, dark, and prickly. And the festival staff couldn't forgive her for not being Joe Papp. Suddenly, the Public, once the liveliest theater complex in America, seemed more populated by ghosts than by the living. Less than two years into her tenure, the board booted Akalaitis and installed Wolfe.

“George is fortunate that he didn't directly succeed Joe Papp,” says Papp's former lieutenant, Lincoln Center Theater executive producer Bernard Gersten. “The buffer regime is the one that has to suffer all the barbs and darts and people saying, ‘Nobody can follow Joe Papp.’ But following JoAnne is easier than following Joe.”

**WINGIN' IT: Omar A. Edwards, Jason Samuels, and Dulé Hill in *Bring In 'Da Noise/Bring In 'Da Funk* (above); Ellen McLaughlin and Stephen Spinella in *Angels in America* (above right).**

“ABOUT THREE DAYS INTO THE JOB, I HAD INCREDIBLE SYMPATHY for what JoAnne had gone through,” Wolfe admits. “This is an

Photograph by Michal Daniel.

extraordinarily difficult institution to run. My goal for the first year was: Prove we're not dead. The second year was: Just make noise and give notice. The third year was to announce to the world The Vision."

That's the year Wolfe's carnivalesque production of *The Tempest,* starring Patrick Stewart, opened at the Delacorte Theater in Central Park and then moved to Broadway, as did *Bring In 'Da Noise,* which moved uptown from Lafayette Street—in all, not a bad way of expressing The Vision.

**THE PUBLIC," SAYS PLAYWRIGHT TONY**
**THE PUBLIC VERY, VERY MUCH NEEDS GEORGE."**

One of the first lessons Wolfe had to learn, though, was that barreling ahead with the high metabolism he evinces as an artist—what he calls his "warrior energy"—can come off as arrogance in an administrator. He announced plans for a revival of Cole Porter's *Kiss Me Kate* in Central Park with a new book from Christopher Durang before he'd secured the rights: Oops. No *Kiss Me Kate.* In his zeal to provide opportunities for artists of color, Wolfe mounted some plays before they were ready to be seen, suggests Thulani Davis, who's worked at the Public as dramaturg, translator, and playwright (her *Everybody's Ruby* will premiere there this season, and she is the librettist of *Amistad*). "He's gotten tougher as a producer," says Davis. "He wants playwrights to bring the plays further along now before they're shown."

In retrospect, Wolfe acknowledges that moving two shows to Broadway in one season was too much. "My ambitions were ahead of the institution," he admits. "There was a lot of troubleshooting going on inside the building, 'cause it's a huge place with nine *thousand* agendas. I think most other theaters in New York City have one agenda, and maybe they're trying to think about two. But I mean, we've got nine *thousand* agendas. It's always been that way, and I think under me it's gotten worse. It's just insane."

Wolfe had never run any organization before he took over the Public, and he wasn't prepared for the experience of having his every move scrutinized, every motive challenged. "One thing that *fascinated* me," he says, "was all these rumors circulating within the theater community. The first one was, 'The Public Theater's gone black.' And then the second year was, 'The Public Theater's gone gay.' And then the third year: 'Well, they're just doing plays about women' or 'George doesn't do plays by white men'—even though Sam Shepard's play [*Simpatico*] had been done. The fourth year, people began to see: 'Oh! He's doing that, *and* that, *and* that, and that and that and that.' The thing that was so *fascinating* . . ."

Wolfe frequently uses *fascinating* as a euphemism for *annoying* or *infuriating* or even *despicable.*

"The thing that was so *fascinating* was that I did the exact same things Joe Papp would be praised for because he was a straight white man reaching beyond his boundaries," Wolfe says. "But because I'm a person of color and gay, when I did it, I wasn't 'being available to the complicated universe I'm a part of,' I was 'serving my own personal agenda.' "

In fact, there *are* a lot more artists of color working at the Public since Wolfe took over. And the buzz in the lobby at showtime is discernibly younger, hipper, and more racially mixed than it has been in years, maybe decades. Certainly the flowering of the Public into a multicultural institution isn't exactly a radical change. Papp, a white Jewish liberal with a social conscience and a genuine curiosity about the rest of the world, created a theater whose plays and patrons were a lot like him. Along with everything else he produced came a steady stream—okay, sometimes a trickle—of work by non-white-male artists.

By contrast, George Wolfe is a black man from Kentucky who's old enough to have attended segregated movie theaters and young enough to have grown up on pop music and TV. He's also an artist and a gay man, both identities that give him license to move through an enormous variety of social worlds without settling down. In a theater that looks like *him,* diverse programming means not just casting Denzel Washington as Richard III and producing Deavere Smith; it also means nurturing playwrights like Suzan-Lori Parks and Robert O'Hara and Roger Guenveur Smith. It means promoting not only David Henry Hwang but also Chay Yew and Han Ong and Philip Kan Gotanda.

"So much of my professional life, I've been the only person of color in the room," says Wolfe. "At a function at the Dramatists Guild, I wrote a poem which was: 'He was the only spot in the spotless room, and he got through the door without pushing a broom.' " He lets out a big, gusty laugh. "I was part of a generation of Negro children whose job it was to be bright and groomed and special, because we were going to go into these white rooms, and we were going to be so well behaved and so well mannered and so bright that we would be accepted. And then when no one was looking, we were going to open up all the windows and doors and let our cousins in. That was the cultural agenda."

WHEN WOLFE HEADED WEST FOR POMONA COLLEGE IN SOUTHERN California in the seventies, he discovered a new world where skin color was only the beginning of the conversation about identity, not the end. He quickly found himself drawn to "border culture, that messy zone where cultures collide." That encounter changed his life. After the success of *The Colored Museum,* Papp tried to talk him into turning one of the five spaces at the Public into a specifically "black" theater. Wolfe turned Papp down for the same reason that he declined a job overseeing the Black Arts Festival in Atlanta: It wasn't "messy" enough. Later, he was offered a deal to create projects for Broadway; he wasn't interested in that either. "I was moving in the direction of

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

figuring out a way to attach my success in the commercial landscape to a larger cultural agenda,” Wolfe says.

Being the producer of the New York Shakespeare Festival—Papp is the only other person to have held that title—gave Wolfe the chance to do precisely that, and to do it in his own fierce, quirky way. Scanning his first four seasons, I remark that he seems to be committed to producing at least one play every year geared toward each of several minorities: black, Latino, Asian, and gay. Wolfe confirms the commitment but bristles at the language: “It sounds too much like a Whitman sampler.”

Instead, Wolfe regards his first show as top man at the Public, Oliver Mayer’s *Blade to the Heat,* as a kind of manifesto for his taste in cultural collisions. The play, which he produced (some would say overproduced) and directed at the Public in 1994, was written by a half-Mexican, half-Irish writer and portrayed a closeted gay Chicano boxer who’s in love with a black soul singer and who defeats a Cuban middleweight champion. “It had a black world colliding with a gay world colliding with a Cuban, a Puerto Rican, a Mexican world. . . . I just luuuuuved that!”

This passion for mixing things up is more than a personal fetish. It’s a matter of principle.

“When you walk down the street in New York City, you don’t have permission to negotiate who you share your space with,” Wolfe says. “That’s one of the exhilarating things about this city. You’re constantly colliding with rhythms and people and energies that are different from your own. I’m fascinated by the excitement and possibilities of living inside those collisions and crafting a theater that is reflective of that.”

At least, he is for now. Wolfe is being pulled in several directions at once, and as anyone who has taken on the task of running a nonprofit institution in these times of the incredible shrinking NEA can attest, the administrative duties can make weary the strongest artistic heart.

“George doesn’t need the Public, but the Public very, very much needs George,” says Tony Kushner, whose adaptation of S. Anksy’s *The Dybbuk,* retitled *A Dybbuk or Between Two Worlds* opened the Shakespeare Festival’s season in October. “It’s not an indefinite run. George is a great director, and he will want to move on. But I think he’ll do it at a point where, as Gorbachev said about perestroika, the point is not to succeed but to change things enough so they can’t change back.”

NOT LONG AFTER HE TOOK OVER, WOLFE CAME TO UNDERSTAND that putting on shows at the Public is probably the easiest part of running the New York Shakespeare Festival. Attracting audiences who appreciate those shows is another story. Notwithstanding the success of *The Colored Museum,* the Public still had trouble attracting minority theatergoers. To remedy the situation, Wolfe hired Donna Walker-Kuhne, former director of marketing for the Dance Theater of Harlem, to create a community-affairs department. “He told me, ‘I want the Public Theater audience to look like a subway stop,’ ” says Walker-Kuhne.

What she set in motion was more akin to old-fashioned labor organizing than to modern audience development. After *Bring In ’Da Noise* opened at the Public, two Brooklyn women, Aliyah Abdul-Karim and Elizabeth McKinney, contacted Walker-Kuhne to brainstorm about how to get local kids to see the show, which tells the history of black Americans through tap dancing. With Walker-Kuhne’s help, they formed a group called the Griot Alliance. “We went around and approached businesses in the Fort Greene–Bedford-Stuyvesant neighborhoods to match ticket prices,” says Walker-Kuhne. “We went to the superintendents of the schools and asked them to underwrite tickets. The first six months of Wednesday matinees on Broadway were filled with youngsters developed by this Griot Alliance.”

Such bridge-building tactics have succeeded in making nontraditional audiences feel welcome at what many had perceived as a white institution. Unassailable as community-building, it’s an iffy business proposition. “Converting them into paying customers is difficult,” says Wiley Hausam, formerly Wolfe’s agent and now an associate producer at the Shakespeare Festival. “When you do this for a living, it’s hard to remember that, whatever your race, theater is an elitist experience.”

An even tougher task than developing new audiences faced Wolfe when he first arrived at the Public. Cognizant of the internal rifts that had derailed Akalaitis, he set about reorganizing the Shakespeare Festival’s structure, building a functional board of trustees and hiring a staff he could work with. Developing a management style has taken Wolfe some time. Rosemarie Tichler, a highly respected Papp stalwart, has always headed the artistic staff and provided continuity for A-list artists (Caryl Churchill, Sam Shepard, Richard Foreman, James Lapine) who’ve worked at the Public over the years. Yet Wolfe has gone through three managing directors in four years.

“I’m sure for some I’m not a day at the beach,” he says mildly.

Wolfe ruffled a lot of feathers when he closed down the Public’s movie theater and abruptly fired its programmer, Fabiano Canosa, who is revered in the independent-film community. And he did an elaborate dance with Kevin Kline, whom the board named artistic associate alongside Tichler when Wolfe was hired, with the idea that he would bring additional glamour and know-how to the season planning. Kline was attracted to the romantic idea of assembling an acting company that could be called an American national theater. Initially, he served as a key consultant, especially on Shakespeare productions, but over time his billing on Shakespeare Festival programs dropped from third to fifth to tiny print at the bottom of the page, until it quietly disappeared altogether.

In conversation with me, Wolfe never mentioned Kline’s name, but he brought up the national-theater concept only to disparage

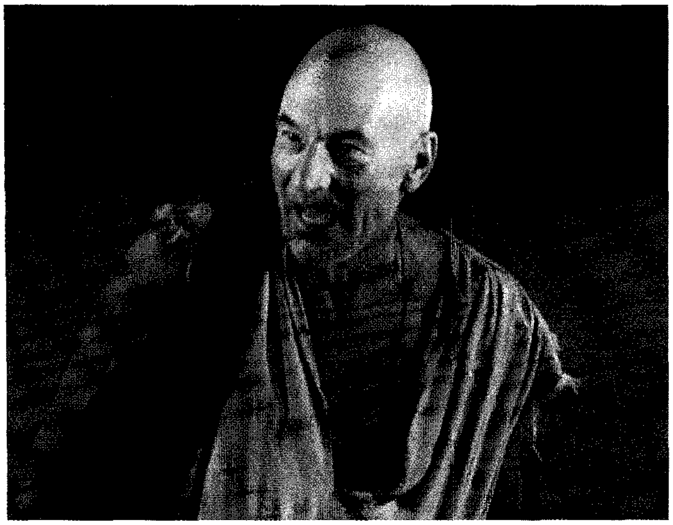
**Despite A “DESIRE TO**
**SOMETHING IN**

Photographs by Michal Daniel (2).

it: “I don’t know what the hell that is. I cannot imagine what it would be. It just sounds scary, three steps away from fascism.”

Wolfe can be surprisingly stingy when it comes to complimenting other artists. Asked which theater-makers he admires as role models, he’s hard-pressed to name anyone since Brecht.

**STARS’ TREK: *The Tempest,* with Patrick Stewart (below) as Prospero, moved to Broadway; *On the Town,* with Jesse Tyler Ferguson and Lea DeLaria (below left), may move.**



**ORT A WIDE RANGE OF TALENT, THERE’S THAT DOESN’T WANT TO SHARE THE SKY YET.”**

And he’s positively scathing about other directors. “Actors are kind of neurotic people. Writers are probably the most sensitive and the smartest of the group. And directors are, ‘Me, I, I, me, me, I, I, me me I I me me me me I I me.’ ”

He’s laughing as he says this, but you can’t help thinking he’s a bit, shall we say, competitive? One grumble that emerges from within the Public Theater’s walls is that if Wolfe’s tenure has been good for him and the artists he works closely with (Savion Glover, Thulani Davis, Tony Kushner), it hasn’t yet set anyone else’s career on fire. Although “he truly has a desire to nurture and support a wide range of talent,” a former employee says, “there’s something in him that doesn’t want to share the sky yet. The signals are sent throughout the organization that it’s all about him.”

When I ask about that, the famous George Wolfe motormouth hits a patch of turbulence. He starts a sentence six or eight or ten times, then comes to a full stop and sits in complete silence for half a minute. Nothing moves except his eyes, which tick around the periphery of the room like a clock spinning backward. Finally, a complete thought emerges, and he speaks again.

“If some people feel neglected by me, I would hope they don’t feel they’ve been neglected by the institution,” he says carefully, clearly a bit bruised by the observation. A minute later, he snaps back to a blunt, focused practicality. “I can’t be intimate on every single project. I would *die.*”

AS PRODUCER OF THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, WOLFE HAS TO constantly worry about the financial health of an institution with an annual budget of $12 million. Joe Papp was blessed with a steady string of commercial subsidies, and the Public benefited from his considerable skills as a fund-raiser. After the closing of *A Chorus Line,* the Shakespeare Festival’s endowment dropped from more than $24 million in 1986 to less than $11 million today. Only recently has the theater stopped spending down its endowment. The last two seasons ended with a balanced budget, which, Gail Papp assures me with a cackle, is “absolutely unprecedented” in the history of the festival.

Of course, one way Wolfe has accomplished that is by producing fewer shows and sharing the costs with other theaters. “When I first started at the Public, Joe was constantly producing plays,” says writer-director James Lapine. “The economics are harder now. You can only do a finite amount of work, and so much is resting on what you do.”

Aggravating the picture is Shakespeare in the Park. Papp adamantly refused to charge admission to the shows at the Delacorte, generating enormous good will but no income (though hit shows such as *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* and *The Pirates of Penzance* were staged there before moving to Broadway). For years, the Shakespeare Festival’s annual deficit routinely equaled the $2.5 million cost of the two shows at the Delacorte.

Wolfe is no more willing than his predecessors to give up Shakespeare, free or otherwise, as *Macbeth* (with Angela Bassett as Baldwin’s Lady Macbeth) is meant to attest. He’s also intent on nurturing young directors who want to tackle the classics—not just Shakespeare but Restoration drama, Molière, and the Greeks.

For both artistic and financial reasons, Wolfe has been weighing whether to produce *Macbeth* at the Public or at a Broadway house. After all, a big part of what put the Public back on its financial feet was the Broadway revenue from *Bring In ’Da Noise,* which has earned $3 million for the Shakespeare Festival so far and shows no sign of disappearing soon. A touring company, which opened in Detroit in October, is expected to bring in another $300,000 to $400,000 if it does well.

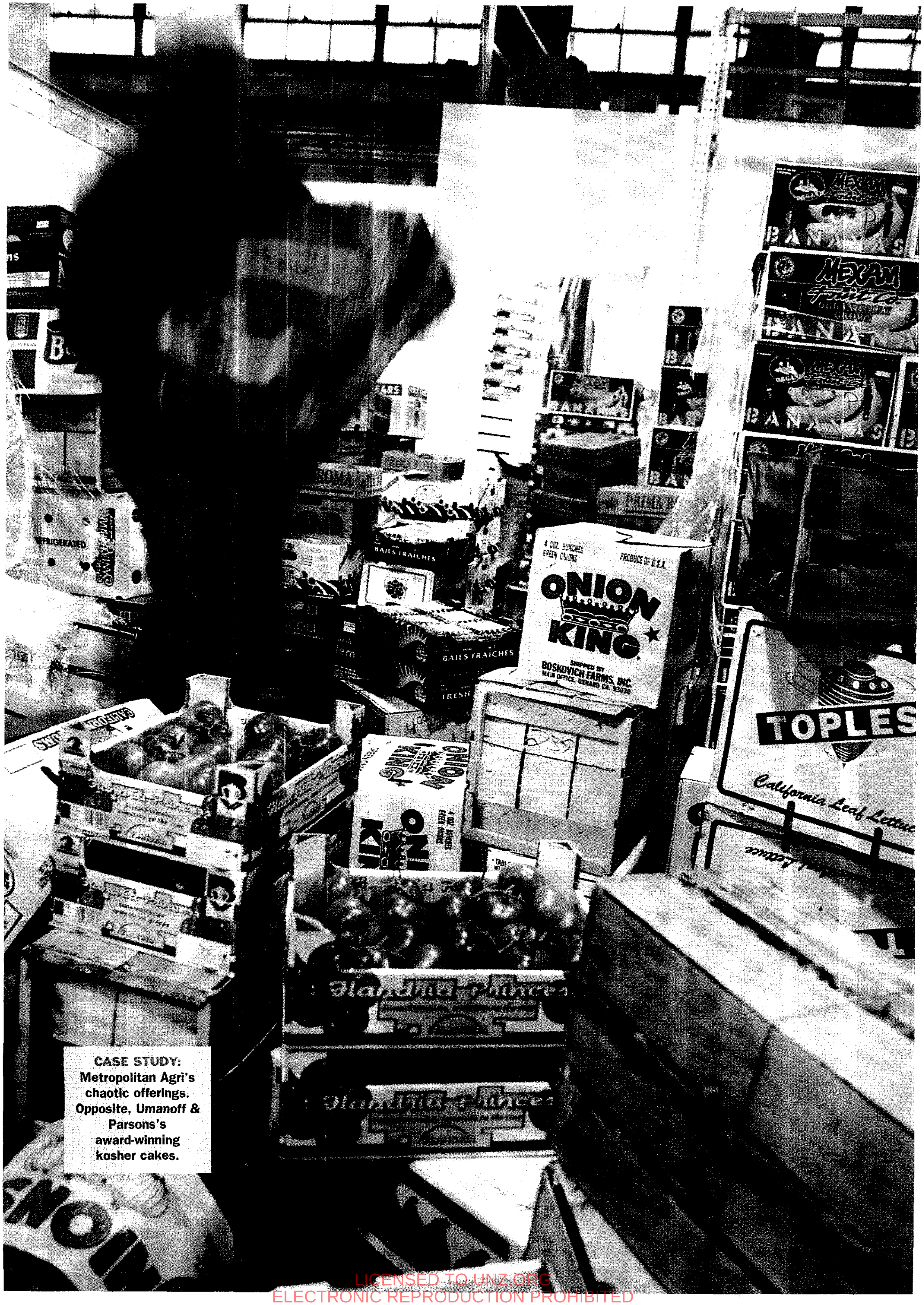
While board members stress that the theater doesn’t want to rely on hit shows to pay the bills, Wolfe surely must feel some pressure to produce more commercial successes. He didn’t accept “enhancement money” from a consortium of Broadway producers—including Margo Lion, Roger Berlind, and Jujamcyn Theaters—to mount *On the Town* in Central Park just for the fun of it. The show was, in effect, a Broadway tryout.

CAN WOLFE THE ARTIST COEXIST WITH WOLFE THE producer? Rumors persist that he will resign at the end of the season, to be replaced by either Michael Greif, the director of *Rent,* who runs the La Jolla Playhouse in San Diego, or James Nicola, artistic director of the New York Theater Workshop, which produced *Rent.*

“I miss sitting around and reading a book simply because I want to read a book,” Wolfe admits. “I miss the rhythm that would be my life as a director: I finish *On the Town;* I float for two or three months doing nothing and let things percolate, and then go back to work on a project. I deeply miss that rhythm. The unfortunate dynamic is that I come back to a building that has missed me because I’ve been away directing, and they need to be replenished as well. So when do you ever find the time to recharge yourself?”

Refurbishing his new house, Lincoln Kirstein’s old mansion on Gramercy Park, is one way Wolfe figures to recharge himself. But the larger question obviously lives pretty close to his heart.

“I’m always trying to negotiate the relationship between art, success, and self,” Wolfe says. “My ability to do that—not Hollywood or a movie or any of that crap—will determine how long I’m here.”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**CASE STUDY:** Metropolitan Agri's chaotic offerings. Opposite, Umanoff & Parsons's award-winning kosher cakes.

# bounty hunters

When your party won't stop growing, where do you get a case of shrimp? A keg of beer? A gross of brownies? A guide for when the supermarket isn't super enough. **By Gillian Duffy**

INVITATION TIME, AND YOU'VE DISCOVERED THAT YOUR LITtle holiday party has expanded to 100 of your very closest friends. And everyone seems to be RSVP-ing with a *yes*—and a guest. A couple of trips to the supermarket are *not* going to feed this crowd. ■ Fortunately, the unmatched retail-and-restaurant concentration of Manhattan means that this is the place for serious volume shopping. Though some suppliers sell exclusively to the trade (especially beverage dealers, who will give you a wholesale price only if you have a resale number), plenty are willing to sell to individuals. The catch is that most require a minimum order: a whole salmon, a wheel of Brie, eight dozen bagels. If your apartment can't hold enough guests to consume, say, a case of olive oil, think about splitting an order with a friend—preferably a friend with a car, to help lug it all home, as a number of these places don't deliver. ■ Wholesale Manhattan is focused in three centers. Chelsea Market, opened this year in the old Nabisco factory at 75 Ninth Avenue, houses high-end suppliers of everything from milk to cookies. It's the most retail-like of the wholesale centers, and by far the least intimidating to the amateur. ■ The meatpacking district, along Gansevoort Street, is less inviting, not to say bloodier. Minimum purchases are not small—40 pounds of chicken?—and you may have to do some sidewalk schmoozing to get someone to sell to you, but if you do, you'll likely pay half what you would uptown. ■ Fulton Fish Market is similarly forbidding, but the benefits are also worth the trip. Go early (before 8 A.M., though the 3 A.M.–to–6 A.M. peak is best avoided), bring cash, and expect to spend a minimum of about $50 and to buy at least ten pounds of any given item. Pick from what's there that day and looks fresh, instead of arriving with a preconceived menu. And don't expect much in the way of service, or even politeness. Try going on a Friday, when wholesalers want to clear out stock so it won't spoil over the weekend. And remember to wear rubber-soled shoes. Old ones. ■ Finally, note that all the prices listed here are accurate as of press time, but wholesale

PHOTOGRAPHED BY QUENTIN BACON

buying is flexible; prices change daily. And before you hit the more out-of-the way places, ask about volume pricing at your regular market. A bulk order at the Harlem Fairway, for example, will get you a discount, and many smaller businesses may also be willing to cut a deal.

## GREENS, ROOTS, AND FUNGI

DON'T EXPECT DEAN & DELUCA SERVICE AT **METROPOLITAN AGRI**—the wholesale business doesn't grind to a halt if you want something in this busy TriBeCa warehouse. (The Gourmet Garage stores are the retail side of Metro Agri.) Here, you buy by the case, from a selection of about 500 fruits, vegetables, mushrooms, and herbs. A 3-pound case of mesclun sells for $17; a 5-pound case of haricots verts is $24. Prices vary but are about 30 to 40 percent off retail. If you're placing an order over $100, call in advance and they'll have it ready for pickup; no delivery. *Metropolitan Agri, 412 Greenwich Street (431-3504); cash only.*

**BIG CHILL: Ciao Bella's walk-in freezer is the promised land for the gelatoholic.**

Wear a coat to **MANHATTAN FRUIT EXCHANGE**; everything is kept at 40 to 60 degrees. No minimum purchase here—you can buy one banana or 100 cases at the same rate. Prices vary by season, but the savings are usually 30 to 35 percent (more if you're used to gourmet shops). No delivery. *Manhattan Fruit Exchange, Chelsea Market, 75 Ninth Avenue, at 15th Street (989-2444); cash only.*

## MILK, ICE CREAM, AND OTHER THINGS DAIRY

**CIAO BELLA** SUPPLIES MORE THAN 700 restaurants, gourmet retailers, and caterers in Manhattan with gelato and sorbet. Save more than 40 percent off retail: At any given time, about 75 flavors are available in 5-quart containers ($24.50 to $34 each), and 18 flavors are available in 2½-quart containers ($13 to $18). Seasonal specials, too. Minimum for delivery: three large tubs or five small ones. *Ciao Bella Gelato Company, 262 Mott Street, second floor (226-7668); cash and checks.*

**RONNYBROOK FARM DAIRY** stocks all manner of products from the family farm in Ancramdale, New York. Case lots are at least 30 percent cheaper here than in gourmet stores. A 12-pint case of milk is about $15, excluding the $1-per-bottle deposit; a 12-quart case is about $18. Choose from milk, half-and-half, cream, chocolate milk, coffee-flavored milk, and eggnog. Also available: ice cream, salted and unsalted flavored butters, crème fraîche, and fromage blanc. No delivery. *Ronnybrook Farm Dairy, Chelsea Market, 75 Ninth Avenue, at 15th Street (741-6455); cash only.*

**LIONI BUFALA CORPORATION** is the largest importer in the country of genuine buffalo-milk mozzarella (10 ounces, $5.50) and ricotta (14 ounces, $4), and buffalo-ricotta cheesecakes (6-inch-diameter, $16). The company also makes fresh, dry, and naturally smoked cow's-milk mozzarella. Savings of 25 to 30 percent off retail. Call ahead; no delivery. *Lioni Bufala Corp., 7819 15th Avenue, Bensonhurst, Brooklyn (718-234-3373 or 800-5-BUFALA); cash and checks.*

## COOKIES, BROWNIES, CROISSANTS, AND BAGELS

EVERYTHING IS BAKED TO ORDER AT **LES DELICES TOUJOURS**, a wholesale French baker whose clients include the Waldorf-Astoria, the New York Palace, and Zabar's. Orders must be placed 24 hours ahead: French croissants, $6.60 a dozen (retail, about $12 to $15 a dozen); pain au chocolat, $7.80 a dozen; Danish pastries, $7.20 a dozen; assorted muffins, $4.60 a dozen. (These items are also made in half- and mini-sizes; prices vary.) Eight-inch plain, cheese, raisin, and cherry coffee cakes, $5 each. No minimum for pickup, $20 minimum for free delivery in Manhattan only. *Les Delices Toujours, Ltd., 9-09 36th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens (718-278-6222); cash and checks.*

For the past twenty years, **UMANOFF & PARSONS** has been supplying top retail shops (Balducci's, Fairway) and restaurants with all-natural kosher desserts. It's best known for its chocolate mud cake (10-inch, retail $40, here $22), fruit and pecan pies (10-inch apple crumb pie, retail $20, here $13), and cappuccino-mousse cake (retail $45, here $25). Order in advance for four or more. No minimum on cakes and larger pies, but some of the smaller items are sold by the case (for example, a dozen 3½-inch tarts are $18). Free delivery Monday through Thursday if you order five items or more. *Umanoff & Parsons, 467 Greenwich Street (219-2240); cash and checks.*

**CHARLES AND LAUREL DESSERTS** started in 1990 with one product—a killer semisweet-chocolate-walnut brownie. The company has exploded and now bakes more than 40 irresistible variations, all found in top gourmet stores and restaurants. Call ahead to order: The minimum is a half-sheet (24 brownies, $37.50 to $40, depending on flavor). Delivery in Manhattan is $5. *Charles and Laurel Desserts, Ltd., 537 Greenwich Street (229-9339); cash, checks, A.E.*

Owner Amy Scherber of **AMY'S BREAD** wholesales an imaginative selection of breads to top restaurants and fancy food stores. The daily-special loaves are sold here at 40 to 50 percent off (but even regular items are still a great bargain, at about 35 percent off retail). Some of the specials: Wednesday, a ½- or 1-pound semolina-with-golden-raisin-and-fennel loaf is $1.40 or $2.75. Friday, a ½- or 1-pound black-olive bread is $1.40 or $2.75. No delivery. *Amy's Bread, Chelsea Market, 75 Ninth Avenue, at 15th Street (462-4338); cash only.*

**DAMASCUS BAKERIES** is the East Coast's biggest manufacturer of Middle Eastern breads, including pita, wrap bread, and lavash. Call 24 hours ahead to ensure fresh products; prices are 30 to 40 percent off retail; minimum order of one assorted case containing 20 packages of 4 to 6 breads each. Call for delivery costs. *Damascus Bakeries, 56 Gold Street, Brooklyn (718-855-1456); cash only.*

At **RUTHY'S CHEESECAKE & RUGELACH BAKERY**, Ruthy Rutkevitz still makes rugalach the way her grandmother did. Thirteen different rugalach flavors sell for $9.95 for 1 pound, $15.95 for 2 pounds, and $19.95 for 3 pounds—a saving of about 50 percent over other retail outlets. Twenty-five different-flavored cheesecakes, ranging in size from 5 to 11 inches, are priced from $7.95 to $33. The most popular, a 10-inch plain cheesecake, sells for $27.95, elsewhere $39. No delivery. *Ruthy's Cheesecake and Rugelach Bakery, 75 Ninth Avenue, at 15th Street (463-8800); cash, checks, A.E., M.C., V.*

**NIGHT BAGEL**, also owned by Ruthy Rutkevitz—it's next door to Ruthy's Cheesecake—offers about twenty varieties of bagels, all baked here 24 hours a day. Wholesale and retail prices are the same—$2.75 per dozen for plain and 10 cents extra per bagel for flavors. It's the cheapest good bagel in town. *Night Bagel, 75 Ninth Avenue, at 15th Street (888-729-8800); cash only.*

**FISH SCALES:** Mazur & Jaffe, a block from the Fulton market's mayhem, is easier on the amateur buyer.

## TUNA, SALMON, AND ANYTHING ON THE HALF SHELL

ONE OF THE BIGGEST COMPANIES IN the Fulton Fish Market, supplying Bouley, Le Bernardin, and Jean Georges, **BLUE RIBBON** has at least 100 varieties of fish on any given day. Tables display a selection of fish offered in small quantities; otherwise, everything's sold by the case. The minimum is at least 10 pounds and often more—you have to buy a halibut whole, for example, and that can be much larger. (You do the cleaning.) No prices given, as they change daily, but you'll find savings of up to 50 percent off retail. *Blue Ribbon Fish Company, 1 Fulton Fish Market (233-0470); cash only.*

**WILD EDIBLES** owner Richard Martin started out buying exotic items like sea urchins, diver scallops in the shell, and Maine crabmeat for Jean-Georges Vongerichten. Whole fish only; Wild Edibles will clean and fillet it for you, though. A 6-pound Maine salmon is $3.75 per pound; fresh Alaskan-king-crab legs (2-pound minimum) are $22 per pound. Prices are about 20 percent less than retail, sometimes as much as 40 percent. Ordering ahead is recommended. *Wild Edibles, 255 Elizabeth Street (334-1801; ask for Eddie); cash only.*

At **B.G. LOBSTER & SHRIMP**, all shrimp is sold frozen in 5-pound boxes; prices are $3 to $12 per pound, depending on the size of the shrimp. Jumbo white shrimp are $10 per pound; salad shrimp are $3 per pound. Fresh lobsters, ordered a day ahead, sell for $4 to $9 apiece. Expect savings of 20 to 30 percent over supermarket prices. Other specialties: Frozen squid and a variety of crabs and shellfish. *B.G. Lobster & Shrimp, 95 South Street, Fulton Fish Market (925-6295); cash and checks.*

**DOWN EAST SEAFOOD** seems to offer every type of fresh fish imaginable: red snapper, tuna (No. 1 sushi grade, $9.85 per pound; No. 2, $7.25 per pound; 4-pound minimum), swordfish, monkfish, and much more. (And they'll clean it for you.) Shellfish include six to ten types of oysters, from 36 cents to 70 cents apiece. A whole 7-pound salmon is $3.25 per pound; 2-to-3-pound sides of smoked salmon, presliced, are $9.95 per pound. Down East will find almost anything for you, if you leave a deposit. Prices are generally about 30 to 40 percent off retail; free delivery in Manhattan of orders above $100. *Down East Seafood, 402 West 13th Street (243-5639); cash only.*

**MAZUR & JAFFE** is a block north of the Fulton Fish Market and offers a few more services than most wholesalers. Pay a little extra and M&J will clean and fillet your fish. They'll also sell smallish quantities, though there's a minimum of around 5 pounds. You'll pay about 30 percent less than retail. Chilean salmon fillets are $4 per pound; Canadian and Maine salmon are about $3 per pound for a whole fish, which you can have cut into steaks. Large and jumbo shrimp in 5-pound boxes are $8.50 to $11 per pound. Presliced Norwegian smoked salmon is $8 per pound. *Mazur & Jaffe Fish Company, 25–27 Peck Slip (962-6420); cash only.*

Since **FOUR WINDS** specializes in both exotic vegetables and top-quality fish, it just may save you some legwork. Sample prices: Canadian salmon, $3.50 per pound; West Coast oysters, $66 per bag of 120; chanterelle mushrooms, $9.45 per pound; 2-pound box Californian specialty greens, $14. Minimum purchases vary—usually a whole fish or a case of produce. *Four Winds Specialties, 58 Gansevoort Street (366-5270), after 2 P.M.; cash only.*

## STEAKS, CHOPS, RIBS, AND CHARCUTERIE

**SALUMERIA BIELLESE** SPECIALIZES in fresh and dry sausages, supplying Daniel and Le Cirque. The retail store is next door to the factory, but wholesale prices are available when you order at least 10 pounds of any one product. Fresh pork sausages, retail $3 to $4 per pound, are here $2.70; veal, lamb, and chicken sausages are about $5 per pound. (Savings overall are about 15 to 20 percent.) Also available is whole (9-to-10-pound) boneless prosciutto, $6.75 per pound unsliced. No delivery. *Salumeria Biellese, 378 Eighth Avenue, at 29th Street (736-7376); cash only.*

**DIAMOND MEAT PACKERS** buys wholesale in the meatpacking district and breaks up those vast quantities for resale, but still charges much less than a retailer. Quantities go as low as two 8-ounce shell steaks ($3 per pound) or one leg of lamb ($2.50 per pound). Pork and lamb chops are also sold by the pound. *Diamond Meat Packers, 37 Ninth Avenue (727-2067); cash or checks.*

## BOXES, CANS, AND STAPLES

THE THIRD GENERATION IS NOW RUNNING **HILLSIDE FOODS**, a purveyor of dairy products, frozen food, baking supplies, spices, and gourmet foods. Most items are sold by the case: Six 1-gallon cans of Puglia olive oil are $70; a 20-pound case of DeCecco pasta is $27.95. Minimum order $75; free delivery if you spend $150. *Hillside Foods, 545 Greenwich Street (989-0400); cash only.*

**WOOLCO**, Manhattan's largest distributor to top restaurants and hotels, offers more than 10,000 name-brand items at 30 to 80 percent off retail, including smoked salmon, cheese, fruit and vegetables, and meat. No dollar minimum, but pasta and items like canned tomatoes have to be purchased by the case. Sun-dried tomatoes and mozzarella can be bought by the pound. Free delivery of orders over $150. *Woolco, 36–40 Gansevoort Street (620-0090); cash, A.E.*

**BUONITALIA**, an importer and wholesaler run by Mimmo Magliulo, brother of restaurateur Tony May, offers prices 10 to 20 percent lower than at most gourmet stores; a pint of Mancianti olive oil, for example, is $8 here. Single items or split cases can be bought; if you do buy by the case, the prices drop by 10 percent, and if you place an extra-large order, you may get a further discount. Med-rim cooks take note: BuonItalia has the cheapest kalamata olives in town—$3 per pound. *BuonItalia, Chelsea Market, 75 Ninth Avenue, at 15th Street (633-9090); cash, M.C., V.*

The Bronx's **CHEF'S WAREHOUSE** specializes in dairy products and fancy groceries—anything a chef would use in a good restaurant. Most items are sold by the case, and some come in institutional sizes. Quarter-wheels (18 pounds) of Parmigiano-Reggiano are $8.90 to $9.90 per pound; Valrhona, El Rey, and Callebaut chocolate ranges from $3.50 to $9 per pound. Savings are from 20 to 50 percent off retail pricing. No delivery. *Chef's Warehouse, 1300 Viele Avenue, Bronx (718-842-8700); cash only.*

Supposedly, the Bruno behind **BRUNO THE KING OF RAVIOLI** was the first to bring ravioli to the U.S., in 1888. His grandson-in-law now runs the business, which sells wholesale at its Ninth Avenue location. A case of Bruno's ravioli contains a dozen 20-ounce packets, with a choice of eighteen varieties (no mixing, however). Cases range from $28.80 to $64.20, depending on filling, about 40 percent off retail. Four to six varieties of ravioli are made fresh each day. Also available are stuffed shells, cannelloni, cavatelli, tortellini, manicotti, cut pastas, and sauces. Free delivery if you spend $50. *Bruno the King of Ravioli, 653 Ninth Avenue, between 45th and 46th Streets (246-8456); cash, A.E., M.C., V.*

**DOUBLED IN BULK:** The daily specials take shape at Amy's Bread in the Chelsea Market.

## EXOTICA

It deals in only one product, but what a product: **BOSCOVIVO** came to New York from Italy three months ago, importing fresh white and black truffles throughout the year, along with truffle-related products and oils and vinegars. One-ounce perfect golf-ball fresh white truffles from Alba are about $90. (Truffle prices vary with quality, availability, and especially size.) Most products are 30 to 50 percent off retail; $50 minimum; free delivery. *Boscovivo, 13 East 37th Street, Suite 4F (448-1892); cash or checks.*

The pâté's the thing at **MICHEL'S MAGNIFIQUE**, manufacturer of seemingly every kind of all-natural terrines, mousses, and saucisson. Pâtés and mousses are sold in whole units only—a 5-pound country pâté is $5.25 per pound (often $10 elsewhere), and prices in general run 30 to 40 percent below retail. Mushroom pâté is $6.50 per pound; goose-liver mousse is $7.20 per pound. Sausages, too: A new low-fat chicken-and-turkey chorizo is $5.15 per pound in 7½-pound cases. Orders of $100 or more are delivered free. Cash or checks. *Michel's Magnifique, 34 North Moore Street (431-1070); cash or checks.*

**CHELSEA THAI** stocks more Asian ingredients than a Western chef will ever need, at about 15 percent off retail prices—twice that if you buy case lots. Coconut milk is 98 cents per 14-ounce can, or a case of 24 is $17; sweet chili sauce is $2.75 per 28-ounce can, $27 for a dozen; and rice-stick noodles are 80 cents per 7-ounce pack, $26.25 for a case of 40. *Chelsea Thai, Chelsea Market, 75 Ninth Avenue, at 15th Street (924-0145); cash only.*

## SODA, JUICE, AND BEER

**NEW YORK BEVERAGE** CLAIMS TO BE the largest and cheapest dealer in New York for 400 to 500 kinds of beer and 200 kinds by the keg. (It's across from the Vinegar Factory, for one-stop shopping.) A 24-bottle case of Pete's Wicked Ale, any style, is $24.99. Quarter-kegs from $38; half-kegs from $63, depending on brand. Soda is also way cheaper than retail; a dozen 25-ounce bottles of Perrier is $14.99. Call for delivery information. *New York Beverage, 428 East 91st Street (831-4000); cash, A.E., M.C., V.*

Much less forbidding than most wholesalers, **AMERICAN BEER DISTRIBUTING** displays its stock like a regular supermarket. Here you can mix and match a case of microbrews; Samuel Adams (several varieties, if you want) is $24.59 for 24; a mixed case of Saranac is $19.99. Twelve 1-liter bottles of White Rock seltzer costs $4.99. Delivery is $7.50, available only on orders of $75 or more. *American Beer Distributing Company, 256 Court Street, Cobble Hill, Brooklyn (718-875-0226); cash, A.E., M.C., V.* ■

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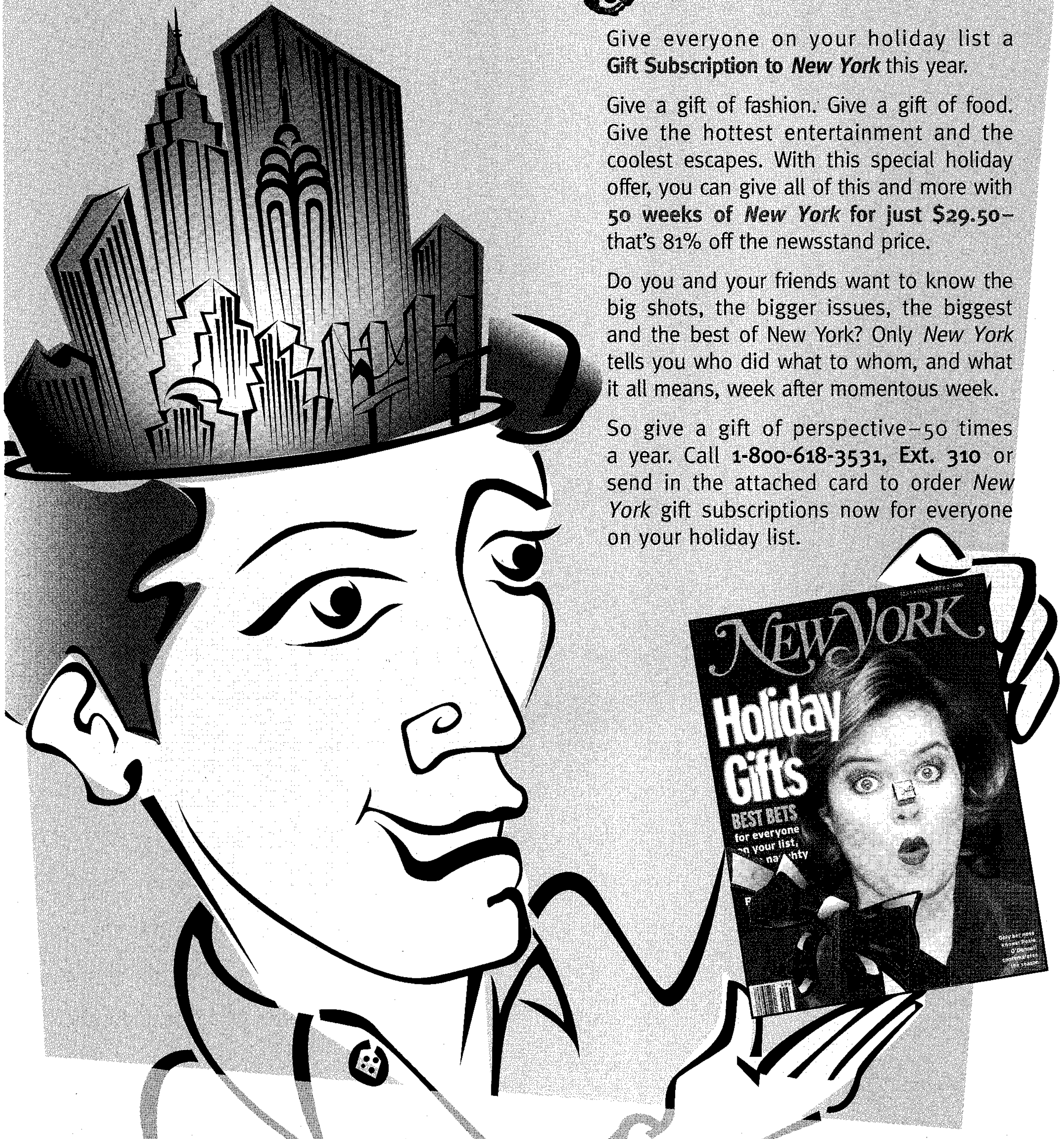

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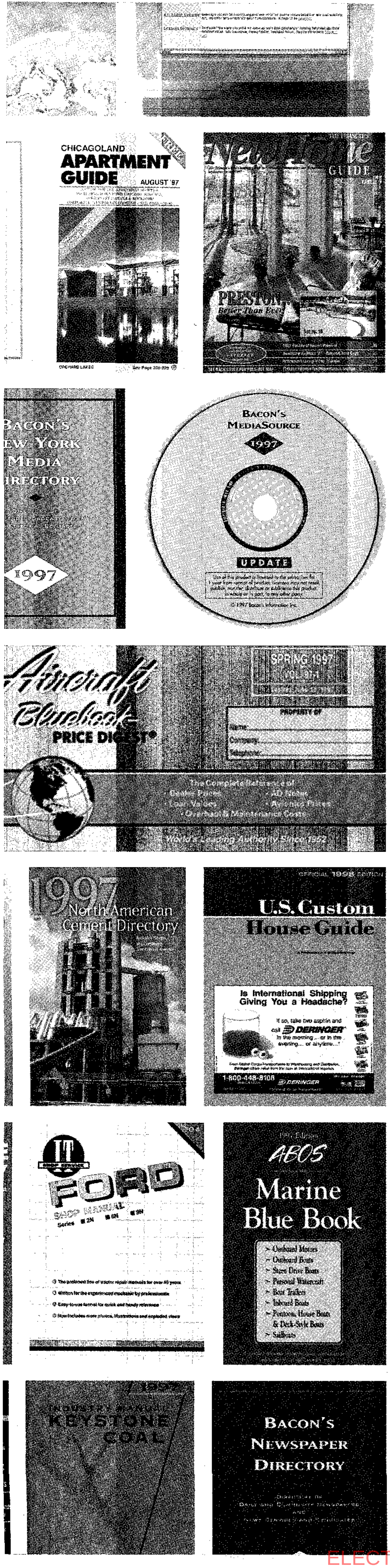
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# BEST BETS

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**BY CORKY POLLAN**

### Work Fare

**Working Class is an eminently successful ad agency (Martha Stewart is a client), but it's also a store. It all started when company head David Metcalf found great new digs for his agency in TriBeCa that had no reception area, only a storefront: So Metcalf opened a store. Mostly, his merch—like Metcalf himself—is English, and adapted from workers' garb (but classier). He has traditional laborers' donkey jackets (but his have leather trim), vintage jeans (but with leather back pockets), English schoolboy satchels, clog boots made by one of the oldest clog factories in England, and gloves and scarves hand-knit by his mum in Yorkshire. Everything is black or yellow or both and bears the motto CERRITI VERUM NON STUPIDI, meaning "crazy but not stupid," neither of which adjectives describes the owner (jacket, $225; leather pants, $450; wool scarf, $125).**

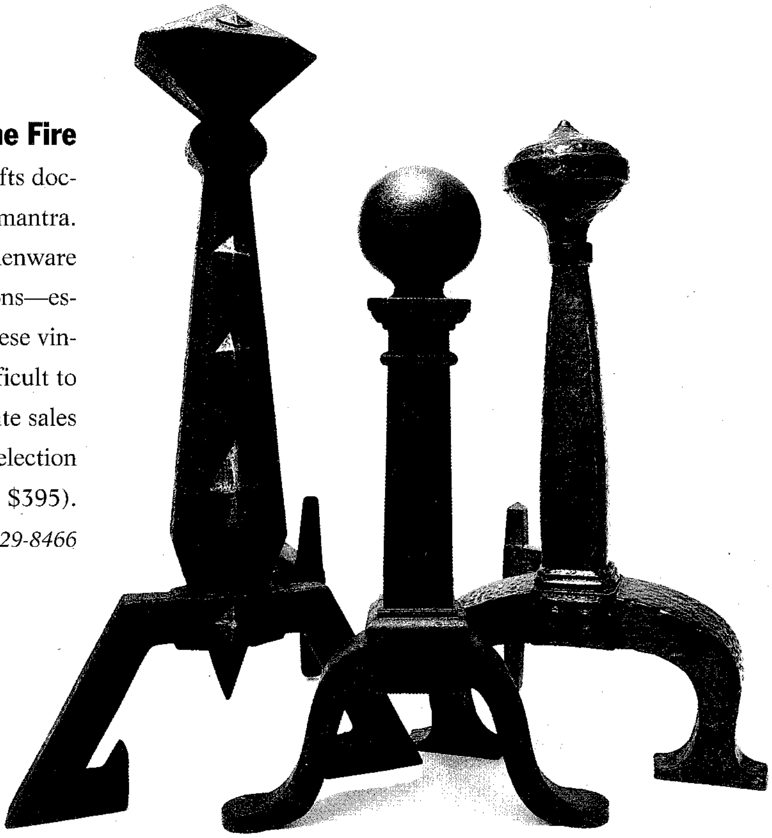
WORKING CLASS/*168 Duane Street/941-1199*

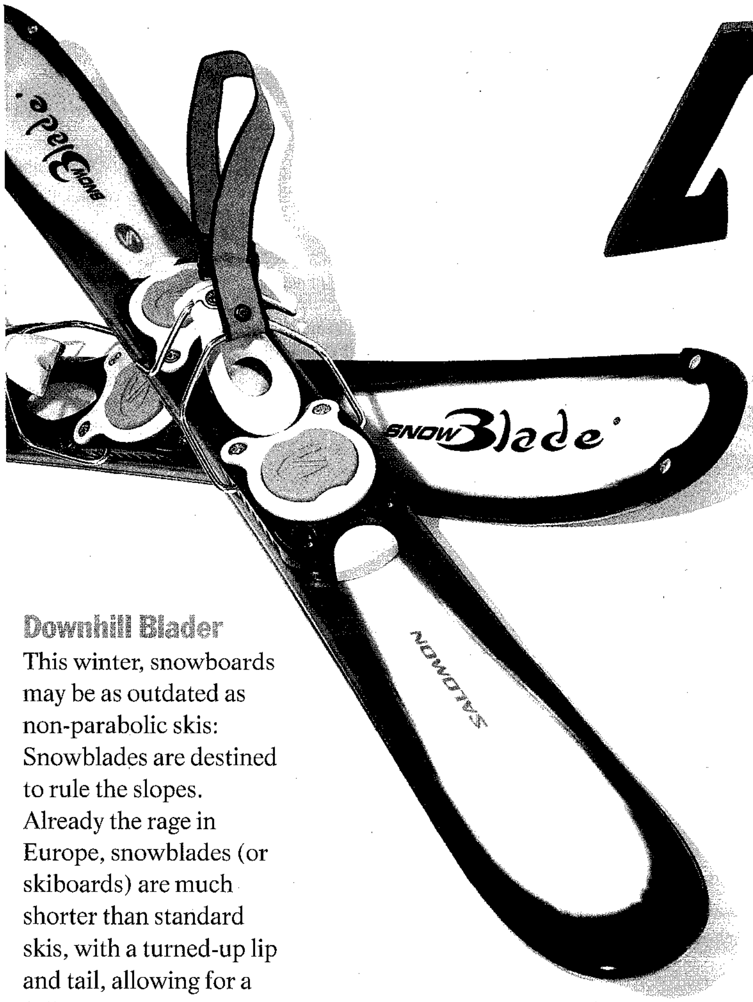
**PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES WORRELL**

## Irons Near the Fire

Hearth and home were central to Arts and Crafts doctrine, and the use of honest materials a kind of mantra. Right up there with handmade furniture, earthenware pottery, and hammered-copper vases were andirons—especially cast- or wrought-iron ones. Though these vintage Arts and Crafts fireplace relics are now difficult to find, Kimo Jung of Leo Design has scoured estate sales and auction houses and ferreted out a swell selection that dates from 1910 to 1925 ($245 to $395).

LEO DESIGN/*413 Bleecker Street/929-8466*

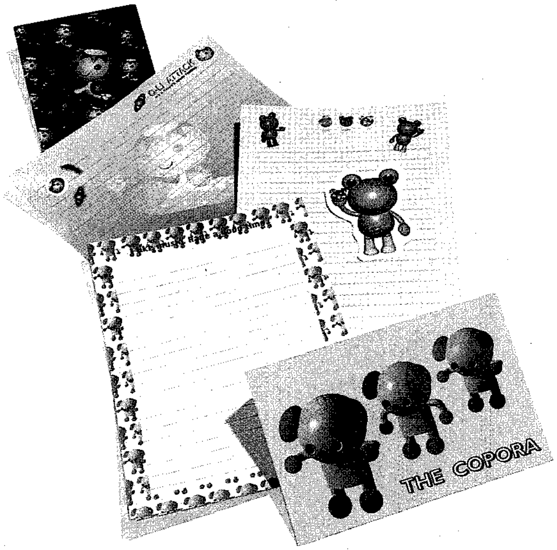




## Downhill Blader

This winter, snowboards may be as outdated as non-parabolic skis: Snowblades are destined to rule the slopes. Already the rage in Europe, snowblades (or skiboards) are much shorter than standard skis, with a turned-up lip and tail, allowing for a full range of freestyle skiing for the fearless ($239).

PARAGON SPORTING GOODS/*867 Broadway,*
*at 18th Street/255-8036*
PRINCETON SKI SHOPS/
*21 East 22nd Street/*
*228-4400*



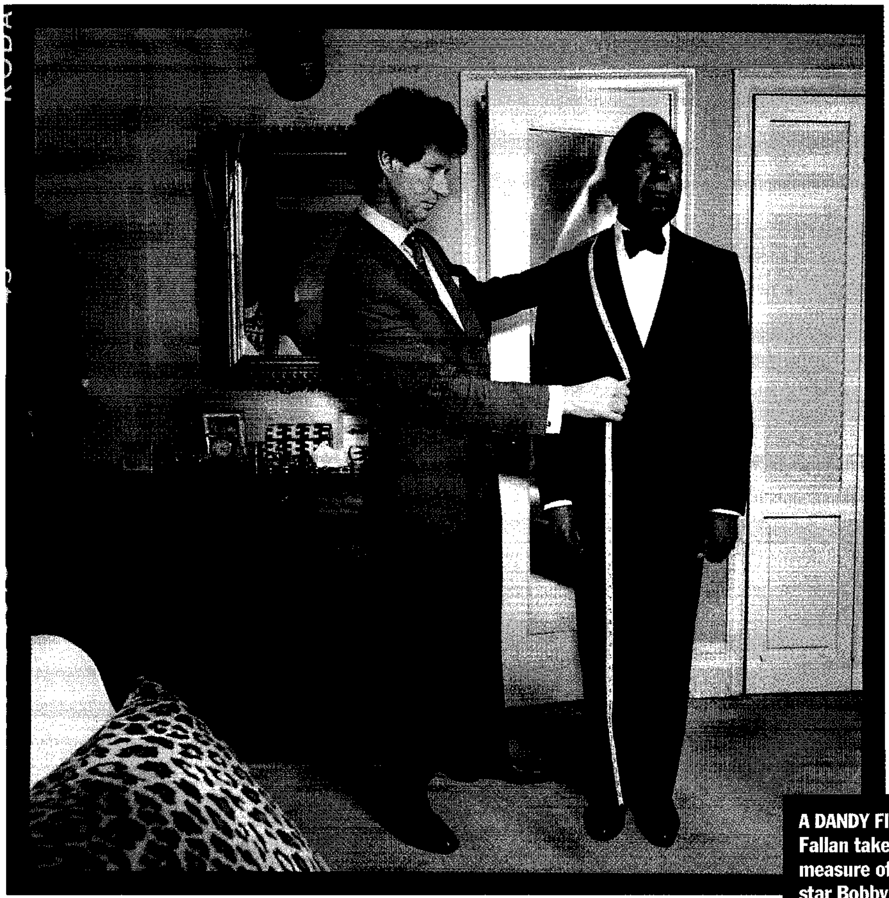
## Your Stationery Has Become Animated

**This stationery has no Tiffany aspirations. It was designed by Japanese companies, like Q-LIA and Crux, for Japanese school kids. But somehow the appeal has proved more universal. Certainly what it lacks in elegance it makes up for in terrific pop graphics and puzzling English messages: "Be cautious of humanity," "My mind has become animated," and such ($7 for 24 lined sheets, 12 envelopes, and assorted stickers).**

SEARS & ROBOT/*120 East 7th Street/253-8719*

# A Better Black Tie

*'Tis the season to twitch, if you're wearing a rented tuxedo. But a perfectly proportioned,* **handmade formal suit** *is the height of comfort.*



**A DANDY FIT: Keith Fallan takes the measure of cabaret star Bobby Short.**

BLACK TIE. TWO WORDS, ENgraved at the bottom of an invitation, can reduce men to their fidgety pre-prom selves. But there is a way to wear a tuxedo without feeling, sheepishly, as if it were wearing you. Consider having one custom-made. You may think there's something unseemly—a whiff of overweening dandyism—about grown men obsessing over swatches of woolly fabric, genuine English horn buttons, and cut-through buttonholes. But what better excuse to indulge than a big night out? What makes a bespoke tuxedo worth the effort is the exceptional comfort, give, and fit that hand stitching provides and the attention to detail that leaves an impression of style transcending trendiness. A custom tuxedo will undoubtedly cost more than the discount model you bought at Moe's or Mel's or Mr. Tony's, but not, surprisingly, much more than the latest Gucci or Prada ensemble. And unlike designer versions, which migrate to the corner of the closet after one fashionable season, a hand-stitched classic will wear beautifully for years. With their expert guidance and impeccable taste, the artisans listed below can banish black-tie bewilderment. While their work methods are essentially the same as those of the best Savile Row tailors, their demeanors are looser. They won't call you sir, or wince if you show up at their offices wearing Levi's.

**Keith Fallan,** on his most recent trip from London to New York, had every surface of his suite at the Hotel Intercontinental covered in fabric swatches. After two decades of outfitting a transatlantic clientele, Fallan may have more frequent-flyer miles than a U.N. peacekeeper. Popular among Wall Street bankers and brokers, who pass his name along like some bit of insider information, Fallan's very British, very correct evening clothes have a thirties–era–Savile Row elegance about them but a slimmer, more contemporary silhouette. "My customers don't want to be considered flashy," says Fallan, who dresses to inspire confidence in a gray nailhead suit, a boldly striped shirt with wide spread collar, and custom-made black monk-strap shoes. "They don't want anyone saying, 'Gee, that's a great dinner jacket.' "

Bobby Short, who can be seen at the Cafe Carlyle many nights in a Fallan tux, also prefers that the cut of his suit not take center stage. "The tuxedo was designed to serve as background, to make the ladies look marvelous," Short says. Not that Fallan neglects the men. "People want to look smaller in the waist than they do in the chest," he says, "so we nip the waist gradually."

The 54-year-old Fallan was indoctrinated in the English style during a Savile Row apprenticeship that followed a boisterous East End youth. He adopted his method of teamwork from the prestigious H. Huntsman shop, where garments are assembled piecemeal by a crew of experts, each versed in a specific phase of the suit-making process. Now he hops cross-country six times a year, lugging suitcases of fabric and unfinished suits.

A private appointment with Fallan is a relaxed but focused hour spent translating your vague ideas into an actual suit of clothes. You'll confer on everything from the shape, angle, and width of the lapels to the number of buttons on the sleeve. While you're mulling over a treasure trove of swatches in smooth Super 120s wool, mohair, velvet, silk, and silk-and-wool, Fallan will have finished taking your measurements, a generally demoralizing process that the tailor dryly manages to render painless. In London, he'll design and cut the paper pattern and the cloth. Then he'll fly to New York eight weeks later with a basted tux for a fitting. He'll

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KRISTINE LARSEN
FOR *NEW YORK*

chalk-mark the tux-in-progress and tote it back to London, where his workmen will reassemble it by hand in preparation for the momentous occasion, two months later, when man finally meets tux. The fee—$2,100—is roughly half the price of some similarly crafted New York suits.

The result can be as sublime as what Short demurely calls his uniform: a single-breasted peak-lapel jacket with silk grosgrain facing, matching bow tie, and a Turnbull & Asser custom shirt. The ensemble, like Short's insouciant act, appears effortless. But behind it are 40 finger-cramping, vision-blurring hours of hand stitching, beginning with the horsehair-lined scaffolding, which gives the jacket bounce, and ending with a loop of silk thread behind the lapel buttonhole that holds Short's red carnation.

> *"My customers don't want to be considered flashy.* **They don't want anyone saying,** *'Gee, that's a great dinner jacket.' "*

They may lack a Savile Row pedigree, but two Sicilians are among New York's best English-style tailors. Although they operate independently, **Nino Corvato** and **Vincent Nicolosi** share the same midtown business address, and both apprenticed in their native Palermo before perfecting their craft in Milan, then settling in New York. Both adhere to the rudiments of the English school while imbuing their exquisite formalwear with an Italian flair.

Corvato's evening suits manage to look conservative and fashionable at the same time, a canny marriage that appeals equally to straitlaced CEOs, rakish writers, and Hollywood film insiders. His work harks back to the days when vacationing Englishmen had tailors in Italian coastal towns create casual, comfortable suits that were lightly padded and loosely sculpted to fit the torso's contours. Corvato inherited this tradition when, at 7, he began his first apprenticeship. He was further indoctrinated in the cult of the natural shoulder by Brooks Brothers, where he served as head tailor for twenty years.

In his tidy showroom recently, Corvato brandished a three-button single-breasted dinner jacket, a nontraditional style now in vogue, cut from Super 120s wool and commissioned by the Nautica designer David Chu. Corvato's distinctive touches include virtually weightless construction, lapels cut in an unusual semi-peak shape, a silk-charmeuse lining, and pants designed with a silk-satin waistband to match the lapels, eliminating the need for a cummerbund.

Tuxedos start at $3,500. Expect to wait two to three months and to schedule at least three fittings.

If clothes make the man, then Vincent Nicolosi made Tom Wolfe. But by no means is Nicolosi constrained by the eccentric taste of his most famous client. His artistry extends to full-dress tailcoats for diplomats and simple, uncluttered suits in black Super 120s wool so stylish that many of his customers (author Peter Mayle and attorney Ed Hayes, for example) wear them in place of tuxedos to formal events. Nicolosi's stunning prescience about which particular style will best suit a client led painter Richard Merkin to call him "a telepathic poet." Most of his suits follow two traditional styles: English soft construction and natural shoulder, or Italian high-padded shoulder and sharper lines. Nicolosi stocks such exceptional fabrics as a richly textured black Mongolian cashmere-and-vicuna blend and a Super 100s–cashmere–mohair blend. While he wouldn't quote prices, he is competitive with other custom New York tailors. Suits take approximately a month, and three fittings, to complete.

For nontraditional customers, **Michele Savoia,** a studied presence with slicked-back hair and pencil mustache, creates formalwear that looks as sharp and idiosyncratic as he does. A 39-year-old East Village version of an L.A. swinger via Hoboken, Savoia works out of a purple-carpeted hipster boutique that houses a cocktail bar with vintage martini shakers. His bold designs combine thirties Hollywood style with a little zoot-suit subversiveness, a look that appeals to the young and artistic, or those who want to come off that way.

Savoia's jazzy hand-stitched tuxedos start at $2,400. Midnight blue, a shade he considers "richer than black," is making a big comeback, he says, especially when executed in a lavish weave like silk-and-barathea. Like his Madison Avenue cohorts, Savoia can spend hours discussing fabric and detailing with clients, some of whom have become so cozy after accepting martinis that they've fallen asleep in his vintage barber chair. That fixture might seem out of place in another haberdashery, but it fits perfectly here among his framed aged *Esquire* illustrations. One reads, "Clothes needn't be eccentric to be individual, nor need they be bizarre to be distinctive." Good formalwear advice, no? ■

# Details

- **For accessories, Keith Fallan (7 Sackville Street, London; 0171-437-8573; back at the Intercontinental January 19) suggests keeping it simple: no banded-collar shirts, Colonel Sanders–style string neckties, or creatively patterned vests. For formal shirts ($180), Fallan employs the in-house services of John Brian, a former head cutter at Turnbull & Asser. Fallan also makes ties to match the facing on the tuxedo's lapel ($65).**
- **Paris Custom Shirt Makers (38 West 32nd Street, Suite 603; 695-3563) serves such demanding clients as Tommy Tune (40-inch sleeves) with exclusive 220s two-ply fabric produced by an old, uncompromising mill in Como, Italy ($225).**
- **Borrelli (available at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street; 753-7300) produces made-to-measure formal shirts ($250) of Egyptian cotton, hand-sewn in Naples.**
- **Nino Corvato, 510 Madison Avenue, at 53rd Street Street (980-4980)**
- **Vincent Nicolosi, 510 Madison Avenue (486-6214)**
- **Michele Savoia, 125 East 7th Street (358-9182)**

**SALES & BARGAINS** **ONDINE COHANE**

# Assembly Lines

**High-end mix-and-match:** *Jill Stuart for the basic black dress, Vanessa Noel for strappy evening shoes, and Georgia Hughes for a hat to* **top it all off.**

IT TAKES A NEAR-CATASTROPHE TO GET us to set our alarm any earlier in the morning, but the news that Steven Alan and Scoop are co-hosting a sample sale will have us at their door the moment it starts. Mostly winter and some spring clothing by designers like Tocca, Daryl K, Rebecca Danenberg, Pixie Yates, Steven Alan, Built by Wendy, and Cake will be offered at wholesale prices and below. Which leaves only one question: How much to budget for such an affair? *Steven Alan Showroom, 118 Mercer St., second floor (343-0352); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Wed.–Fri. 9–8; 12/10–12/12.*

## Eastern Half

ATSURO TAYAMA—ONE of the host of hip designers to set up shop in SoHo this fall—is halving prices storewide and offering showroom samples at 70 percent off. Black peacock-design dress, was $959, now $479.50; twenties-inspired leather coat, was $3,882, now $1,941; coat with detachable *faux*-fur collar, was $1,276, now $638; ribbed turtleneck, was $85, now $42.50. *Atsuro Tayama, 120 Wooster St. (334-6002); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. noon–6; 12/13–12/31.*

## First Noel

FOR AN AMAZING PAIR OF SHOES that look much more expensive than they actually are, Vanessa Noel Couture's sale is absolutely not one to miss. Everything from her stilettos to boots to resort sandals to wedding shoes is up for grabs at about a quarter of what it retails for—even styles that are currently in glossy fashion-magazine spreads. *Vanessa Noel Couture, 12 W. 57th St., ninth floor (333-7882); Fri.–Tues. 9–5; 12/12–12/16.*

## Stuart Little

AT JILL STUART'S SAMPLE SALE, the word is *versatility.* Sequined camisoles and skirts, stretch-wool tailored pants, jackets and skirts, cut-velvet skirts and dresses, and jersey tops are just a few items that are usually $98–$950; here, they're $40–$500. *Jill Stuart, 275 W. 39th St., second floor (921-2600); Wed.–Fri. 11–6; 12/10–12/12.*

**DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.**

## Compassionate Pricing

THE PROCEEDS FROM FASHION FOR COMpassion (a designer sale featuring new and nearly new clothing by people like Armani, Carolina Herrera, Ralph Lauren, Donna Karan, Valentino, and Ungaro) go to support the Jewish Board of Family and Children's Services' Child Development Center, which operates a therapeutic nursery school and a variety of mental-health programs. With prices ranging from $1 to $1,500, all of the merchandise is significantly less than retail. Admission to the sale is $5. *Jewish Guild for the Blind, 15 W. 65th St. (632-4738); checks accepted; Sun. 11–4; 12/14.*

## Chic and Sleek

TRUSSARDI'S ITALIAN CLOTHING AND ACcessories seem to be hip and timeless all at once—a good combination indeed. At their sample sale: weekend bag, retail $450, here, $168; long velvet dress, retail $945, here $360; leather blazer, retail $1,895, here $720; classical leather wallet, retail $215, here $80. *Trussardi, 745 Fifth Ave., near 58th St. (906-9133); checks accepted; Wed.–Thurs. 9–6; 12/10–12/11.*

## Hats Off

PERFECT FOR A TRIP TO ASCOT OR A WINter wedding, Georgia Hughes's hats make it immediately apparent that painstaking attention is devoted to them—each one is handmade out of imported fabrics, with individual detailing. (They're usually sold at stores

**Straight from Sweden, Bumpé the red cow is just one of the items (from books to bicycles) on sale for Kids' Week at MOMA; was $45, now $36. *MOMA Design Store, 44 W. 53rd St. (767-1050); MOMA Book Store, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9700); A.E., M.C., V.; Sat.–Thurs. 10–7, Fri. till 9; 12/8–12/14.***

Photograph by Steve Freeman.

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like Henri Bendel and Barneys.) At her annual sale: Edwardian-style black crushed-silk-velvet hat, retail $350, here $185; black chenille derby with mink trim, retail $525, here $350; cream linen top hat with tulle, retail $300, here $175; navy straw hat with silk stripe bow, retail $325, here $180. *Georgia Hughes, 45 E. 89th St., twenty-first floor (enter on Madison Ave.; 996-5183); cash only; Mon.–Sun. noon–6; 12/8–12/14.*

## Triumphant Triumvirate

JOHN BARTLETT, GENNY, AND BYBLOS ARE teaming up for a sample sale that offers their Italian-made men's and women's ready-to-wear at wholesale prices and below. For example, Byblos pinstripe suits for women, retail $1,065, here $300–$500; John Bartlett men's sweaters, retail $200–$400, here $75–$200. *Genny U.S.A., 650 Fifth Ave., at 52nd St., eighteenth floor (245-4860); A.E.; Wed.–Fri. 10–4; 12/10–12/12.*

## Gorgeous Mosaics

ERCOLE, A MANUFACTURER OF LUXURY MOSAIC tabletops and accessories, will sell its picture frames, bowls, hurricane lanterns, and such at 50 to 70 percent off retail prices—just in time for the holidays. For example, small vases, were $50, now $25; large hurricane lanterns, were $140, now $65; *faux*-mosaic hand-painted table, was $2,000, now $1,000. *Ercole, 116 Franklin St. (941-6098); checks accepted; Wed.–Sat. noon–7; 12/10–12/13.*

## A Time to Heel

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY FOR shoe lovers—at Stuart Weitzman's fall sale, get 30 percent off the first pair of shoes you buy, 40 percent off the second, and 50 percent off the third. For example, mid-heel suede pumps, originally $195; low evening heels, originally $190; high-heel black suede calf boots, originally $280; velvet flats, originally $185; sling-back open-toe shoes with rhinestone, originally $195; crimson stretch velvet knee-length boots, originally $325. *Stuart Weitzman, 625 Madison Ave., near 59th St. (750-2555); Mon.–Fri. 10–6:30, Sat. till 6, Sun. noon–5; 12/8 until supplies run out.*

## Costume National

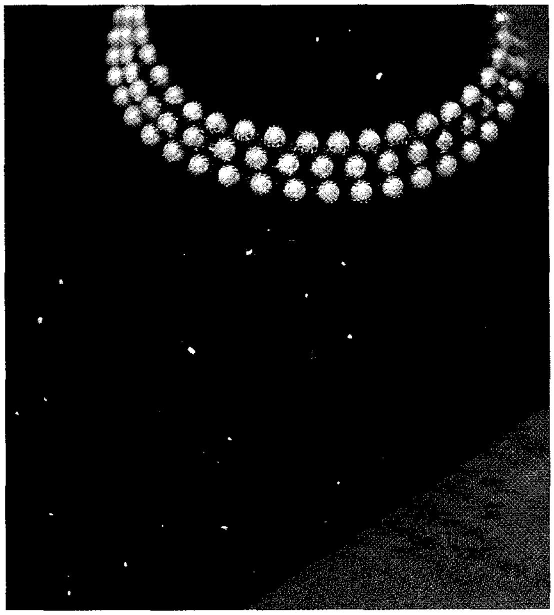
ONE OF THE REIGNING NAMES IN COSTUME-jewelry design, Miriam Haskell sells current and retro items at stores like Barneys, Saks, and Jaded. For this sale, items from her regular line that usually retail for $50 to $2,000 will sell for $15 to $500. *Miriam Haskell, 49 W. 37th St., seventh floor (764-3332); Wed.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. till 4; 12/10–12/13.*

## The Heisel Maneuver

SYLVIA HEISEL'S SAMPLE SALE INCLUDES both her designer sportswear and eveningwear at deep discounts. Purple-beaded sequined gown, retail $1,955, here $300; silk crêpe de chine pants, retail $450, here $75; long silk dress, retail $805, here $150. *Sylvia Heisel, 230 W. 39th St., third floor; A.E., M.C., V.; Thurs.–Fri. 9–7, Sat. 10–1; 12/11–12/13.*

## A Shoe-In

A MEN'S EVENT DEVOTED TO BOTH THE feet and the torso: Martegani's and Setball's sample sale. Calfskin shoes, retail $295, here $75; alligator lace-up shoes, retail $995, here $250; handmade wool sweater, retail $450, here $120; Australian-wool sweater, retail $245, here $65. *Martegani U.S.A., 30 W. 57th St., sixth floor (262-4455); M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 9:30–5:30; 12/8–12/19.* ▬



**Must-Have Bargains fit for a princess: At Andrea Renee's boutique, fanciful party accessories like this three-strand *faux*-pearl choker (was $84, now $67.20) don't cost a bundle but look perfect for a ball. *Andrea Renee/SoHo NYC, 119 Sullivan St. (343-2059); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Sun. noon–8; 12/9–12/14.***

Photograph by Matthew Salacuse.

**MOVIES DAVID DENBY**

# Cry Freedom

*Steven Spielberg brings to 'Amistad,' about a violent rebellion against slavery, the same unblinking eye for brutality that prevailed in 'Schindler's List.'*

SO MUCH OF THE VIOLENCE IN MOVIES is fashioned as cynical entertainment that violence intended seriously—violence that acquaints us with the worst people have endured—seems almost indecently demanding. Stunned, we can hardly believe our jaded eyes. Steven Spielberg has made a stiff but powerful film, **Amistad,** about an actual revolt aboard a slave ship in 1839 and the constitutional struggle that followed in its wake. The best thing in the movie is very violent indeed, though it's not the revolt itself, which appears right at the beginning of *Amistad.*

The Africans rise up after they've already been transported to the New World. They've come across the Atlantic (exactly how, we don't know at first). They've been sold in Cuba and transferred to a Spanish ship, the *Amistad.* At night, in a storm, Cinque (Djimon Hounsou), their informal leader, breaks his shackles and liberates the others. The Africans slaughter most of the crew, ordering the two Spanish survivors to take them back to Africa. But the Spaniards trick them and steer the *Amistad* north, and the ship is finally intercepted off the coast of Connecticut by the American Navy. Put on trial for murder and piracy, the Africans are defended by abolitionists, who hire a callow real-estate lawyer, Roger Baldwin (Matthew McConaughey), to try the case. The question arises: Were they born as slaves—on a plantation, say, in the West Indies—or as free men in Africa? If they were born free men, they were exercising their right, as far as a northern court is concerned, to overthrow illegal imprisonment. Silent until then, Cinque finally speaks (through a translator) and recounts the entire tale: The Africans, mostly from the Mende tribe, were kidnapped by rival tribesmen, kept in a slave fortress off the coast of Sierra Leone, and then taken across the ocean in an illegal Portuguese slaver, the *Tecora.*

As Cinque speaks, we see it at last—the voyage, the excruciating transit in the cargo hold known in accounts of the slave trade as "the middle passage." Spielberg stages these scenes with a power that perhaps he alone in film history is capable of. He works in brief flashes of terrifying physical action that burst the frame the way a flood bursts wooden dikes. Herded naked onboard the *Tecora,* the men and women are shackled stomach-down, side by side. Some are whipped, some are fed a revolting lumpy oatmeal, no more than a handful—the doling-out of punishments or rewards seems arbitrary. And the details are unnerving: As the Portuguese crew beats a man to death, a woman, calmly, almost smiling, with a baby in her arms, slips over the side and into the sea. Later, a whole group of men and women, naked and screaming and chained to heavy rocks, are pulled down an incline at the ship's edge and into the water. It seems the Portuguese couldn't feed everyone and decided to dump part of their cargo. As we watch, part of our dismay comes from having seen these men and women in a relative state of tranquillity in a Connecticut courtroom. Now we know that they may suffer all this again if they lose their case.

The high-contrast color cinematography (by Janusz Kaminski, who also did *Schindler's List*) causes the faces to glow in a supernal darkness. Kaminski has gone deep into the tonalities of black and near-black, as in a painting by Ad Reinhardt. We can't always see every corner of the ship's cargo hold, but we're enlisted in the panic of people, born free, who have no way of comprehending what is happening to them. The press notes say that the actors playing the Africans—recruited from West Africa, England, and the United States—wept on the set, and I believe it, for the middle-passage scenes are marked not just by degradation and suffering but by a purely unnecessary cruelty (a spectacle that links *Amistad* to *Schindler's List*). There are, I suppose, less sensational ways of doing this material: A director might have emphasized the maddening duration of the voyage, hopelessness gathering like a disease; or the relations among the African men and women. But Spielberg's way is astonishing, and the shock for us lies both in the images themselves and in the realization that we have never really *seen* this primal American story. By

**The defender: Matthew McConaughey plays a callow lawyer out of his element in *Amistad.***

Photograph by Andrew Cooper/Dreamworks.

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contrast, the comparable passages in *Roots* are no more than genteel.

There are other superb things in *Amistad*—the first meetings of black and white people, for instance. Spielberg, producer Debbie Allen (who initiated the project), and screenwriter David Franzoni have worked hard to create the sheer strangeness of it—the hubbub of voices, the mutual incomprehension (the movie uses subtitles for the Mende dialogue), as well as the sense of violation, the brutal comedy of alien dispositions butting against one another. In Cuba, the shackled black men, about to be sold, recoil in rage as Spaniards lather them with soap in order to clean them up and make them glow. In Connecticut, gazing at the pious abolitionists holding their little Bibles, these same Africans remark that their white benefactors look unhappy and sick—for why are they down on their knees? It is a good joke on the creepier side of abolitionist fervor.

Such scenes are charged by a furious or beatific sense of the elemental forces in life. The rest of the movie, however, is no more than intelligent and morally alert—and I say that with both regret and full recognition of how rare these virtues are in our cinema. *Amistad* is an inspirational story that mixes courtroom drama and theatricalized historical instruction. The filmmakers' point of view is that the *Amistad* incident was a central way station between the imperfectly executed Declaration of Independence (which insisted that "all men are created equal") and the inevitable Civil War. Many of the players are conscious of the significance of the moment. The opportunistic, cunning President Martin Van Buren (Nigel Hawthorne), afraid of losing the South in the coming election, wants the Africans returned as property to Queen Isabella of Spain. The abolitionists, both white (Stellan Skarsgård) and black (Morgan Freeman), see the *Amistad* affair as Armageddon in the New World—the trial of Christian faith, of humanity's right to be saved.

Only the real-estate lawyer seems unaware of history marching on, and this lack of consciousness feels right. For him, it's initially a property matter. But as Baldwin learns by degrees that his view is inadequate, Matthew McConaughey fusses and fumbles—he's not an actor but a man using his mouth, beard, and fingers to show us that he's acting—and the stages of Baldwin's enlightenment, ending in a fervent handshake with Cinque, are mostly banal. There are other inspirational moments that some may find exciting—Cinque, having mastered a little English, shouting in the courtroom "Give us free! Give us free!"—but I nearly choked on the lump in my throat. (Opera, I think, should always be performed on an opera stage.) And there's much of the familiar sawing back and forth of courtroom drama, with its lawyers' ploys and speeches and grandstanding moments. I realize that legal procedure is lodged like a canker in the American soul, even in the drama of slavery, but as a movie subject, courtroom drama has worn us out.

McConaughey, draped in thick coats as well as a wispy beard, hides his good looks. Djimon Hounsou flaunts his. A beautiful and powerful man with thick muscles in his back, neck, and arms, Hounsou was born in West Africa but moved to Paris when he was 13. He has appeared in music videos and worked (as a model, I assume) for designer Thierry Mugler. He knows how to present himself to the camera, and in *Amistad* there are moments when Hounsou looks like an idealized model of black pride. He is posed in sullen reserve, or angrily, against fire, or in lightning flashes, his face a sculpted mask. He's monumentalized to an almost intolerable degree as an exemplar of his race (by contrast, Spielberg chose Ben Kingsley to represent the Jews in *Schindler's List*).

Just when *Amistad* is about to perish from nobility, Anthony Hopkins, as John Quincy Adams, saves the day. The sixth president of the United States (from 1825 to 1828), and still at it, in the House of Representatives, at the age of 74, Adams, at first, doesn't want to be bothered by the *Amistad* affair. He is almost rude to the abolitionists who come to see him in Washington; he turns his back to them, plucking at little plants in the Capitol gardens. Setting the character, Hopkins is very funny: seemingly preoccupied, almost doddering, extremely vain, with a suggestion that he is offended by the abolitionists' insistent virtue. Those of us who have seen a lot of movies know that JQA is just bored, or possibly faking—that the hero will rise from his slumber. The voice is reedy, flat, New Englandish, with an added Hopkins specialty, that loving, drawn-out caress of the final syllable of a sentence. When the Africans win their Connecticut case, Van Buren appeals to the Supreme Court to have it overturned, and Adams, outraged, pulls himself together and joins the battle. His summation to the Supreme Court is a finely judged, exquisitely modulated piece of American rhetoric. It comes to an unexpected climax with the sudden, vicious ripping of a piece of paper—a symbolic version of the Declaration of Independence. For that is what will happen to that particular document, Adams says, if the Africans are ruled the property of Queen Isabella. And by extension, that is what will happen if slavery is never abolished. ▬

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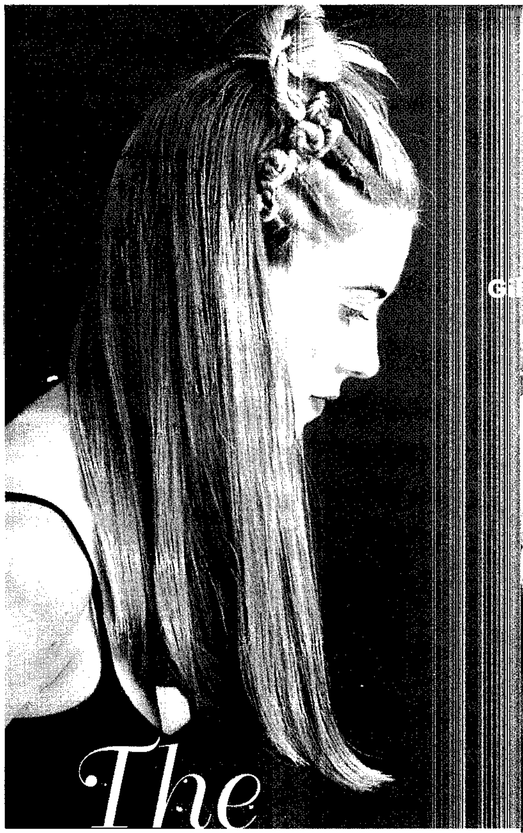
*David Denby's 1997 reviews are available at* **newyorkmag.com**, *along with movie news, a schedule of upcoming openings, and more.*



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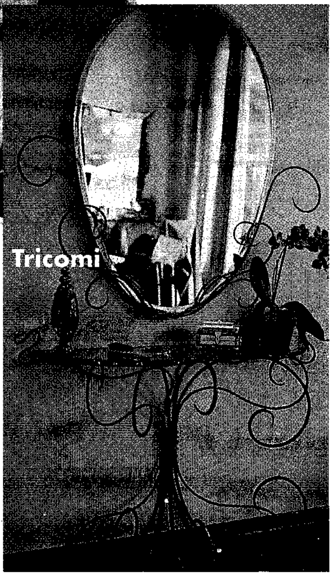

Warren Tricomi

# The Mane Event

**It's that time again. Holiday parties. A New Year.**

*Why settle for the same old hairdo with the little black dress when you can dazzle with a New Look for 1998? To give you an idea of the possibilities, we sent reporter Lillian Africano into top salons to pick the brains of renowned hair-styling artists, the experts who do make-overs for Sally Jessy and Oprah, who spruce up celebrity clients and glamorize fashion models—and who are celebrities in their own right. Here's what we learned.*

**BY LILLIAN AFRICANO**

Beverly Hood Allen
CREATIVE SERVICES DIRECTOR

Christy Casamassima
EDITOR

Niels Bolle
DESIGN DIRECTOR

Lory Conklin
RESEARCH

Warren Tricomi

## Hot Cuts

At the **Gil Ferrer Salon**, the look for 1998 is called Sizzling Coy. "It's sexy, yet shy and playful," says Ferrer, "a layered cut, but the layers are hidden. I was inspired by the sexy new fashions at the shows; you can see the body, but you can't.

"This cut can be styled according to the client's face and lifestyle, whether she's a lawyer or an artist. It can be blown straight or styled more playfully, with mousses and gels. It can be different lengths, from short to quite long, though we prefer it just below the earlobe for winter. It can be worn conservatively, dramatically, sensuously—whatever the client chooses."

You've seen them on CNN: the sleek space-age haircuts on the slinky models gliding down the runways of Milan, Paris and Rome. "Those asymmetrical cuts are very hot," says Edward Tricomi of **Warren Tricomi Salon.** "Bangs are cut into the eyes or shorter. One side may be longer than the other; you might have odd-shaped sections or sharp lines mixed with some softening elements.

Gil Ferrer Salon

"We get our inspiration from the fashion industry, from the American and European collections, from the futuristic and the romantic. I think of all those elements when I cut hair."

Moving in another direction, the stylists at the **Jon Megaris** salons are creating styles with a retro inspiration. "We're doing the styles of the sixties and the seventies, with the softness of the forties, but adapted for the nineties," says Megaris. "The cuts of the sixties were beautiful but too geometric; the seventies were too layered; the forties were too flat. We combine all the best of those elements and sculpt them for today."

> *"Hair is getting bigger again"*

"Hair is getting bigger again," says Scott J. of **Scott J. Salon & Spas**," not in height but in volume. It's freer, non-structured. Softness is a major factor, so is texture. I like hair that is soft and wearable, and I like the classic bob, which is a clean, classic look that will always be in. When I go to Europe, I look at the trends—and then I modify them for the real world."

"In another comeback, bangs are popular again," says Kim Lépine of the **Kim Lépine salon**. "They're heavier, less wispy, more defined, chunkier and cleaner—often straight across from eyebrow to eyebrow. Hair is short-long, with length on the top and a cropped nape."

A recurring theme is "softness." Megan Gordon of **TwoDo Salon and Day Spa** tells us that "soft layers are back, as opposed to choppy, disconnected layers. Everything is softened up, more blended."

At **Eiji**, hair is cut dry, so as to better complement its natural tendencies. "Every client's hair is different, so every haircut is different," Eiji explains. "But the hair should always have shape and movement that comes from the cut—and not from blow-drying or styling. For longer hair, I cut angles in around the face to create shape and fullness. I especially want fullness on the top, which is the most important part of the hair."

Franco Pulice of the **Gloria Cabrera Hair Salon and Spa** is cutting strong lines with with wisps rather than blunt ends. "We're taking the classic Sassoon cut of the sixties and giving it a nineties finish."

"softness"

"I'm seeing more and more curly hair," says Joe Cardona of **Melange at the Peninsula**,"and the straight hair has more volume, which makes it more interesting than hair that just hangs down. Instead of blow-drying straight, you can let the hair go natural, giving it much more fullness."

## Long Hair

"Styles may come and go, but long hair in good condition is classically beautiful," says **Avtress**' Vinnie Sofo, who specializes in the cutting and maintenance of long hair–and whose own very long hair is in superb condition. "Long hair needs a trim every two months," she explains, "and a deep conditioning treatment twice a year–four times if there are problems–to add moisture and nutrients."

Knowing that hair-proud Rapunzels are often reluctant to give up even an inch or two of their flowing tresses, Sofo cautions: "When long hair isn't trimmed, Nature will just break the ends off. Better to let us trim what's going to break. We cut dry, which allows more control and accuracy–so we can maintain fullness at exactly the length the client desires."

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In the beautiful ambience of his Madison Hair Salon, Gil Ferrer offers the finest in hair care. "Every client is treated like a star." This devotion to client service, complimented by technical expertise has produced a devoted client base and earned Gil the nickname, *'The Hairmaster'*. All services must be done to perfection. The very talented international Gil Ferrer team specializes in the philosophy of healthy beauty. The Gil Ferrer hair products try to imitate nature by using the finest botanical ingredients. When it comes to pampering oneself during the holiday season, nothing is overlooked at the Gil Ferrer Salon. The curtain rises on holiday hairstyles, color and make-up. A relaxing and revitalizing reflexology session is also offered to further reduce holiday stress.

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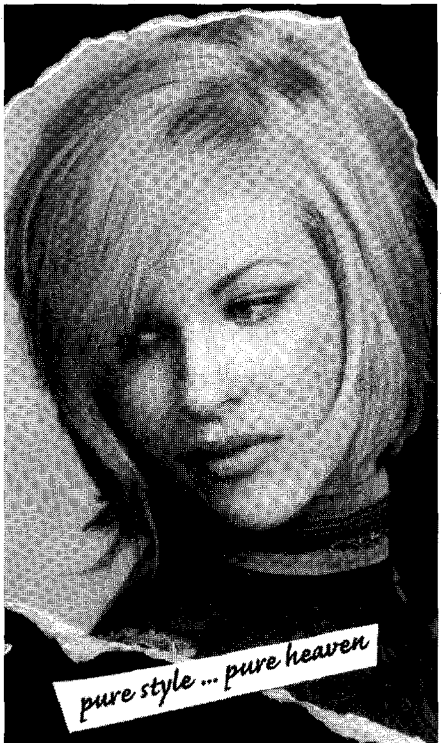

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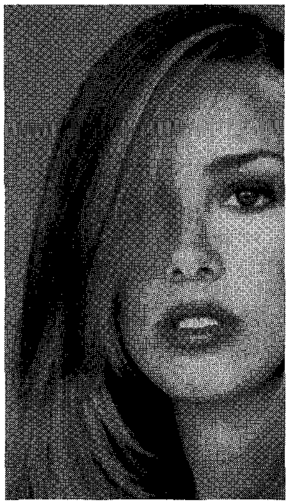

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## Hot Colors

"The keyword for winter is `dimension,'" says Joel Warren of Warren Tricomi. "Colors are no longer monotones; other colors are infused. For blondes, we might use different tones of wheat, cinnamon, cool platinum. For a brunette, we can add tones of amber and topaz. For reds, we use ruby. Or we might highlight with strawberry blonde and golden blonde.

Kim Lepine

"To create highlights, we use both classic foiling and baliage, a hair-painting technique. We can combine those methods to create dimension and movement—or block pieces of hair with stencils and shape the highlights. Our Schwarzkopf Royal highlights last even longer."

"The colors of today are very creative," says Scott J. "They accent, they make the hair soft, they condition. We use organic products because there's less scalp irritation; hair is shinier, more elastic, and has more bounce and movement. Our AVEDA blonde colors are 97% organic, and they leave the hair in beautiful condition." To keep his colors fresh and vibrant, Scott custom blends AVEDA shampoos and conditioners to match the client's shade.

*"colder weather makes people want warmer color"*

For Jon Megaris, beautiful hair color never seems "done." "The colors of today—like those made by Goldwell—are so creative; they accent, they make the hair soft. They make you look as if you've been to California or to the Hamptons. Highlighting must be natural, it must look as if it belongs. The result of good color should be: `I feel beautiful'—and not just `Oh, *that's a beautiful color.*'"

"Our Sizzling Coy Color imitates the colors of childhood," says Gil Ferrer. "Nature lightens the top layers, the front of the hair, leaving it darker in the back. To get this effect, we put different strengths of peroxide and bleach in spray bottles and mist—lightly and quickly and not too much. We also do Ponytail Color, where we section off 15 to 20 small tails and bleach the tips for a sun-kissed look. "For our more sophisticated clients, we do Tunnel Color, using three or four different shades. The front is very light and the back is darker. "

"The colder weather makes people want warmer colors," says Gloria Cabrera, "and there's a lot of softness in color as well as cutting."

"Hair color has been bolder over the past couple of years," Kim Lépine notes. "Now it's more refined, highlights are more delicate. We're seeing a return to brown hair, but I think that trend will last only through the winter of 1998."

*At the* **Borja Color Studio**, *the specialty is hair painting.* "This technique keeps the hair in better condition," Danka explains. "The highlights can be placed more artistically and more accurately. We work with natural products that are ammonia free and odor free. For our pregnant clients, we use a palette and spatula, so that all the color is away from the scalp. This is very important—because you don't want the chemicals to penetrate the skin."

"I never think of color as trendy," says William Scott of Melange. "Color is a serious commitment, so I create signature colors for my clients. I help them choose and then it becomes part of their identity."

## Short & Snappy

"Very short hair needs some color to soften it up, to make it a bit more feminine," advises *TwoDo's Megan Gordon. "It could be simply* a color rinse, a little highlighting on top—or something dramatic, like a dark, rich mahogany. "If you have curly hair, avoid dense, flat colors, which are are out in general. But using them on curly hair makes you look like you're wearing a wig."

"When you go natural and curly, the hair tends to flatten out overnight," says Melange's Joe Cardona, "so you may have to wash it every day to maintain the curl. Or, if you use styling products that don't have too much alcohol, you can rinse the hair thoroughly and then re-style."

## Blonde Ambition

When blonde-streaked Carolyn Bessette rode off into the sunset with John Kennedy, Jr., it did indeed seem as if blondes were having more fun. But lest you consider imitating the Bessette look, Megan Gordon says: "Those chunky blonde streaks are out. Also, they photograph well, but they don't always look so great in person."

### Fear of Commitment

Afraid to take the color plunge? "For the hesitant client, I like semi-permanent color," says Megan Gordan. "It will give her hair color and a lot of shine. If she changes her mind, it's gone in four to six weeks."

Borja recommends highlights as an introduction to color. "They aren't extreme and there are no roots. Highlights brighten the face. While the blonde tones are always popular, for winter, we're doing a lot of red and brunette shades with coppery highlights."

### Dyer's Regret

You've colored your hair. You hate it. Now what? "Color mistakes can be fixed, says Gloria Cabrera's Franco Pulice." Brassiness can be drabbed down, dark ends can be brought up into an ashier tone. Uneven color can be blended."

But don't try to make repairs yourself, cautions **Pure Maximus Spa/Salon**'s Richard Calcasola, or you could end up with such cartoonish disasters as green hair.

Better yet, avoid the problem of a bad color job by doing your homework. Heed the advice of Jon Megaris, "Never let someone touch your hair without a consultation."

### They're Baaack

Just when you thought they were passe, perms are once again hot, hot, hot, declares Edward Tricomi. "We're doing them with bigger rods for texture, leaving the bangs straight, and curling the rest."

With Gil Ferrer's La Petite Perm, the hair is waved very lightly at the ends. "It's very natural and lasts only six to eight weeks. That makes it ideal when straight hair and soft natural looking curls are desired."

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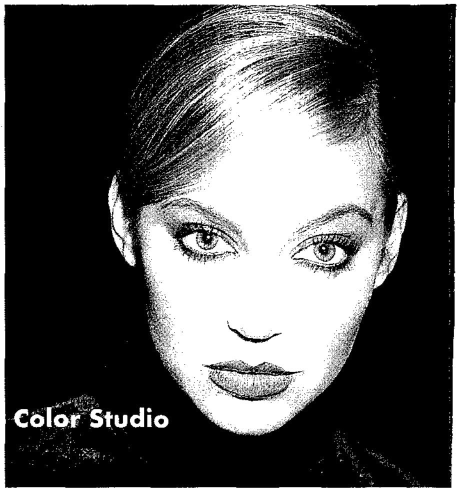


**Borja Color Studio**

## Thinning Tresses

Once upon a time, thinning hair had to be endured or camouflaged with wigs. No longer. Today's hair replacement technologies are so sophisticated and so subtle that they can be used not only to *fill out your own hair, but also to* create style, texture, and color.

Elline Surianello of **Le Metric** knows all too well how painful the problem of hair loss can be. "I've had to deal with it since I was 13," she says. "That's why I made it my mission to find a solution, to provide the best possible product and service."

At **Sequence**, it's all custom work, and it opens up a world of styling options. You're not a victim of your hair, you're not constantly struggling to camouflage the bald spot—which is emotionally draining," says Dino Dondiego. "We blend hair one at a time, which makes it indistinguishable from your own. We can make hair fuller and longer, we can alter texture or color, we can add highlights. If you want your hair to be straighter, curlier, or wavier, if you want it lighter or darker, we can blend in the appropriate hair to steer it in that direction. When we do highlights, we can balance them exactly to your preference. We can even create multi-highlights for a fade-off effect."

"There is no reason for anyone to live with fine, thin or damaged hair," says Stacy Costa of **DonCosa Images**. "With our newest invention, the Hair-On-Hair™ technique, we take points of fixation with human donor hair. This allows natural distribution of hair while achieving undetectible results with unlimited styling abililty"

## Hair Removal

A ragged hairline—or a low one—can detract from even the most gorgeous head of hair. Fret not. "Many people have low-growing or irregular hairlines," says Lucy Peters of **Lucy Peters® International, Ltd.** "We correct them with our Integrated System® of electrolysis. But since the results are permanent, there is no room for error. The reshaping must be done very carefully. First we feather, cutting the shape with a scissor—so the client can see it, live with the change for a day or so, get comments from

## Party Time

"The holidays present an opportunity to be daring," says Richard Calcasola, "a chance to be glamorous, to step beyond the routine and say 'anything goes.' Up-dos are great for the holidays, so are hair pieces and ornamentation. We use everything from chopsticks to pearls, rhinestones and 'emeralds.' We might take a needle and gold or silver thread and lace it through the hair. It's a time when the client and the stylist can get creative and have fun."

The Gil Ferrer salon has designed a festive, versatile style called the Drape or the Noisette (hazelnut), because of its shape and color. To duplicate it at home, follow these easy steps:

1. Make a pony tail on top of the head and secure it with an elastic.
2. Comb the tail smooth
3. Make a knot (create a loop and stick the end through)
4. Hide the ends in the center of the roll and secure with pins
5. Separate out the top half of the bangs and smooth them to the side, to create the look of a curtain pulled to one side. Smooth the rest of the bangs straight down
6. Spray with Gil Ferrer Film Gloss to make the hair shiny

## Care & Feeding

Says hair care expert William Scott: "I can make hair beautiful, but what the client does day in and day out is more important." Some tips from the pros:

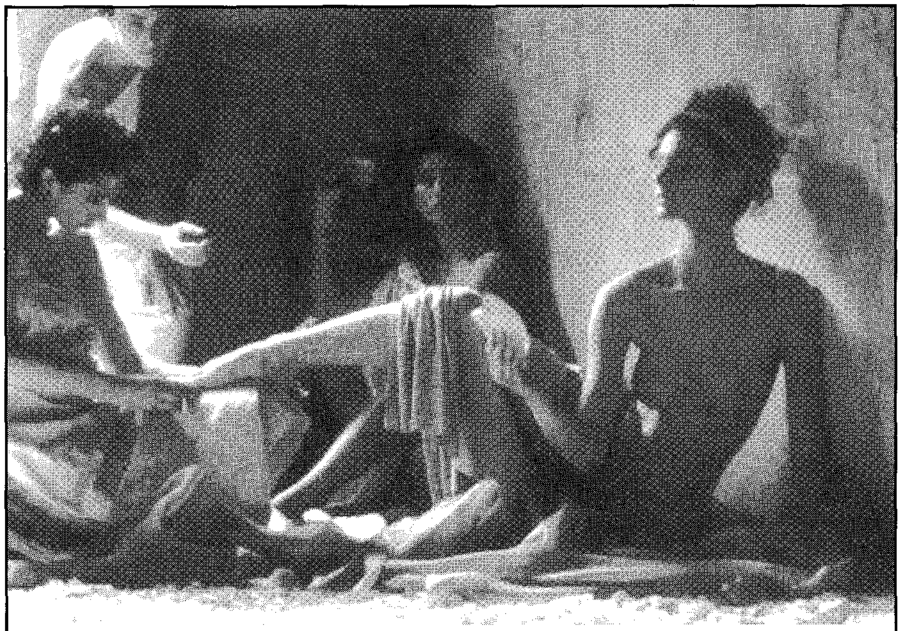
- Have a stylist assess the condition of the scalp and hair and choose the right products and design a hair care program for your needs
- Read labels. Select products that don't contain alcohol.
- Try leave-in moisturizers, especially when you blow dry your hair
- If you have curly hair, experiment to find the right products. When you find them, you'll know: they will give you gorgeous soft curls.
- Brush hair often to distribute oil to the ends—but never brush wet hair. And massage, rather than brush, curly hair

friends and family. Then we initiate treatment. We always try to stay with what fits the face. Everything must be proportioned.

"It requires training and technique—a good aesthetic sense—as well as technology. When you reshape a hairline, you don't want a straight hard line. You want it clean and neat, but feathered. And when it's not possible to raise the hairline, we create an illusion; for example, we might remove hair from the temple to create an openness."

At **The Beauty Enhancement Center**, hair removal is done with laser technology, under the direction of Board Certified plastic surgeon, Dr. Fredrick A. Valauri. Says Dr. Valauri: "I'm particularly excited about the Softlight™ 2.0 Laser because microscope slide studies show that it causes damage to the hair follicle that is equivalent to or more than that caused by electrolysis. Because of the Softlight Laser™, hair removal no longer has the pain and sanitary concerns associated with waxing or electrolysis."

"Removal of unwanted hair is a priority for both men and women today," says



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Alice P. Abernathy, owner of the **Allana Day Spa and Laser Institute**. "The Chromos 694 long-pulse ruby laser (Nu-Trolysis) offers a new and dramatic method of long-term hair removal—the fastest and most comfortable treatment with the least skin sensation. We guarantees our treatments. Our services also include electrolysis and French waxing as alternatives for hair removal."

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**Allana Day Spa and Laser Institute**, 160 E. 56th St., 980-0216. A full menu for health, beauty, and pampering. Permanent and temporary hair removal are available through laser, electrolysis, and French waxing. Face and body treatments include oxygen therapy facials, micro-dermabrasion (painless skin resurfacing), exfoliations, and peels, European facials, masks, manicures, pedicures, reflexology, sports and medical massages.

**Avtresse Inc.**, 29 E. 61st St., 644-6655. This fabulous hair salon, which specializes in long hair for women and men and helps clients to grow their hair to one length, offers expert coloring, beautiful natural highlighting, and corrective coloring. Self-styling video available.

**The Beauty Enhancement Center**, 3 E. 76th St., 439-0080. The Beauty Enhancement Center, under the direction of Board Certified plastic surgeon Dr. Fredrick A. Valauri, features the Softlight 2.0 Laser Hair Removal™ system. Licensed estheticians and massage therapists perform other body and skin care services, including facials, aromatherapy massage, and body treatments and wraps to improve your skin's health and your overall well-being.

**Borja Color Studio**, 118 E. 57th St., 2nd fl., 308-3232. Borja and her staff are on a personal crusade to improve the hair color of each individual client. The salon is known for painting highlights onto the hair with ammonia-free products (no foil). A full range of beauty services are available.

**DonCosa Images**, 475 Grand Ave., Englewood, NJ 800-IMAGES-3. The Microdot™ Process is Doncosa Images' non-surgical approach to hair enhancement that blends 100% human donor hair with your own, creating fullness and length in just hours, without damage to your existing hair.

**Eiji**, 768 Madison Ave., 2nd fl., 570-1151. With a charming brownstone location on prestigious Madison Avenue, this salon is devoted to hair and only hair. Cutting and sculpting—the cutting is done on dry hair—takes an hour and a half. Consult with an expert colorist for color to complement your cut.

**Gil Ferrer**, 21 E. 74th St., 535-3543. A favorite of beauty editors, this flower-filled oasis pampers clients with cappuccino while the talented international staff cuts, styles, and colors hair to perfection. Services also include deep-conditioning treatments, manicures and pedicures, waxing, makeup, and reflexology; a full line of botanical-based Gil Ferrer products is available.

**Gloria Cabrera Hair Salon and Spa**, 605 Fifth Ave. (between 48th and 49th Sts.), 750-0808. A full-service hair salon and spa staffed by a friendly team of international beauty experts. Known for the best in hair color, highlights, lowlights, and the latest in haircutting advances, the salon has a Fifth Avenue location without Fifth Avenue prices.

**Jon Mageris**, 77 Fifth Ave., 243-0068; 503 Jericho Tpke., Syosset, NY, 516-921-3777. The progressive artistic team at Jon Megaris incorporates downtown trends with uptown chic. Both salons feature styling, coloring, scalp, and hair treatments, manicures and pedicures, waxing, and skin care in upbeat, fashionable settings.

**Kim Lépine**, 673 Madison Ave., corner 61st St., 355-HAIR (4247). "The cut has to work as a look...and the look lives a life," has been Kim's motto for over 25 years. From Kim's styling to L'OREAL® Coiffure haircolor and the best in skin, nail and hair care, her full service salon is a favorite with New York's most demanding professionals who want custom cuts, styles, and haircolor.

## Stop!

Before you choose a new cut or a new color, be sure it fits your body, your face and your lifestyle. If you're not a "bob" type, don't insist on one. If you have a brunette's skin tone, you probably shouldn't be a blonde. If you're not sure what your type is, work out it with your stylist.

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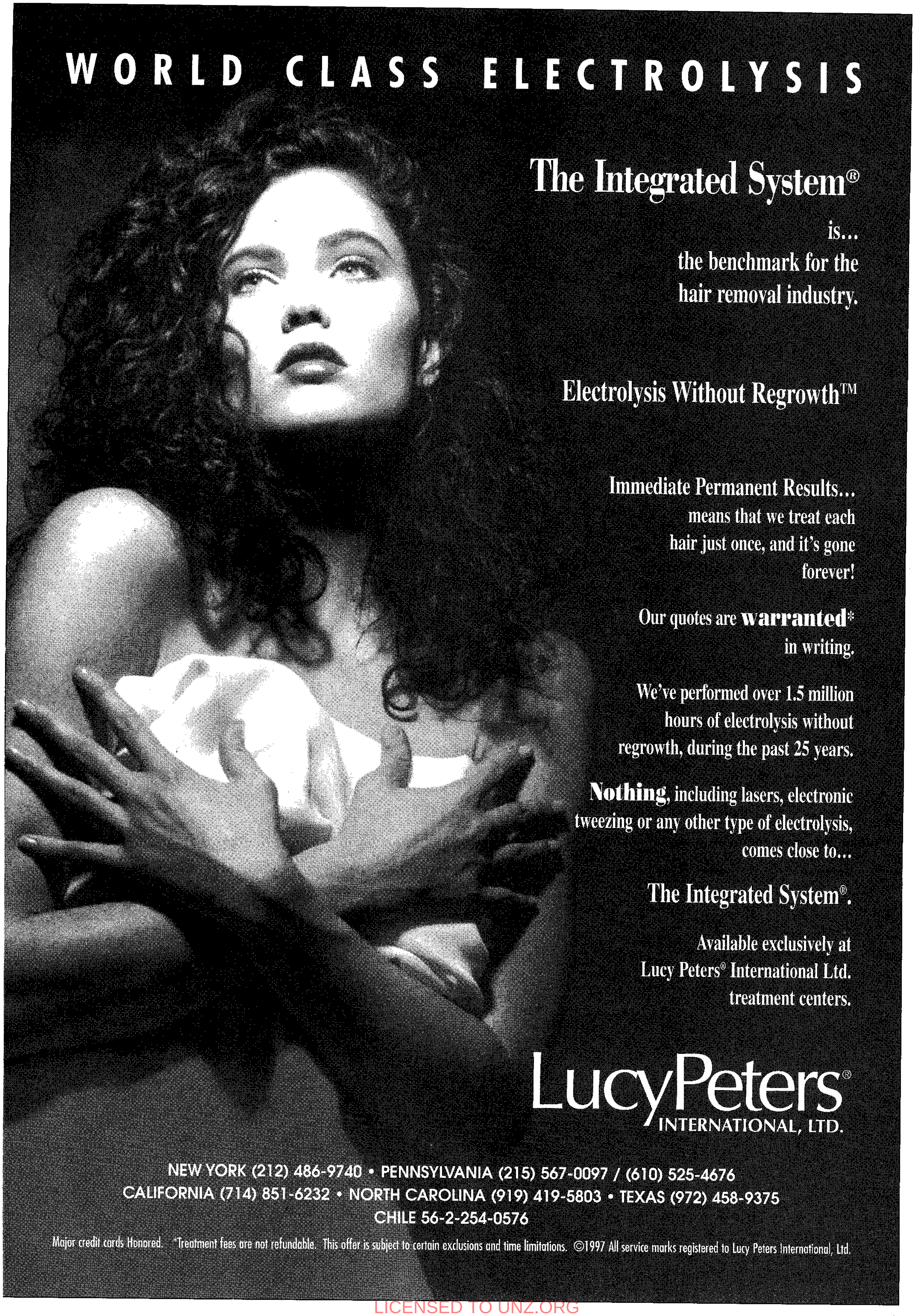

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**Melange at the Peninsula**, 700 Fifth Ave., 21st floor mezz., 247-9300. A private European-style salon at the Peninsula Spa in the heart of Manhattan, Melange provides a full range of hair care and beauty services for men and women. Services include haircuts, coloring, corrective coloring, aromatherapy scalp treatments, aromatherapy manicures and pedicures, and makeup. Gift certificates make fine holiday presents.

**Richard Calcasola's Pure Maximus Spa/Salon**, At The Source, 1504 Old Country Road, Suite 226, Westbury, NY, 516-222-8880. The most important detail necessary to create the striking look of the 90's is quality...quality cut...quality color...quality makeup. The creative Team Maximus delivers all three.

**Scott J. Salon & Spas**, AVEDA Lifestyle Store, 257 Columbus Ave., at 72nd Street, 769-0107; 2929 Broadway, bet. 114th and 115th St., 2nd fl., 666-6429. Two convenient locations offer a full line of AVEDA products as well as expert hair styling and coloring services. With the expansion of the 72nd Street location, Scott J. has added exciting new AVEDA treatments to his already luxurious spa services, including private steam rooms, Himalayan Rejuvenating Treatments and

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**Sequence**, 106 Grand Ave., Englewood, NJ, 888-BLEND-88. Hair Blending™ makes your hair fuller and longer with outstanding flexibility. By blending one real hair at a time with your own hair, you'll enjoy a return to natural beauty.

**TwoDo Salon and Day Spa**, 210 W. 82nd St., 787-1277. An antique, flower-strewn haven offering a full range of beauty services including total expert hair styling, chemical and coloring services, relaxing aromatherapy, manicures and pedicures, rejuvenating facials, skin care treatments, waxing, and massage therapy. Indulge yourself and be transformed.

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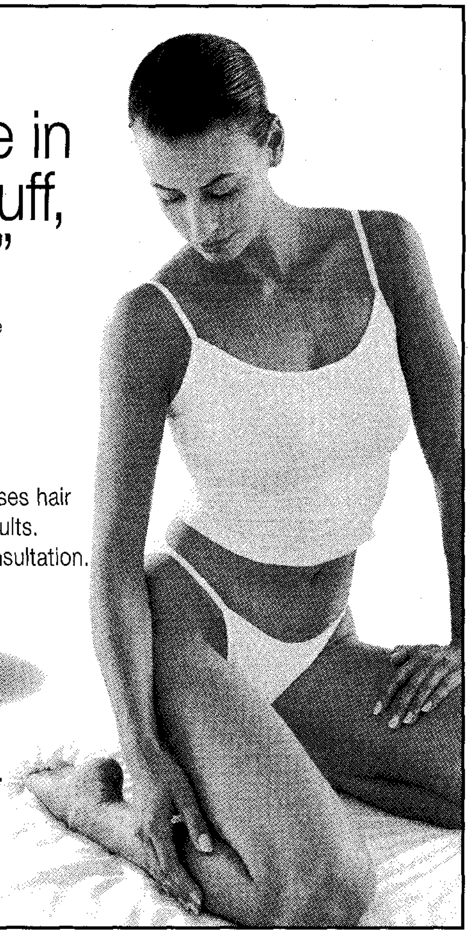

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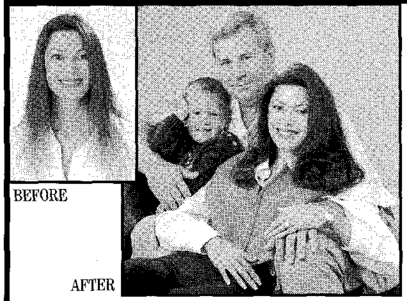

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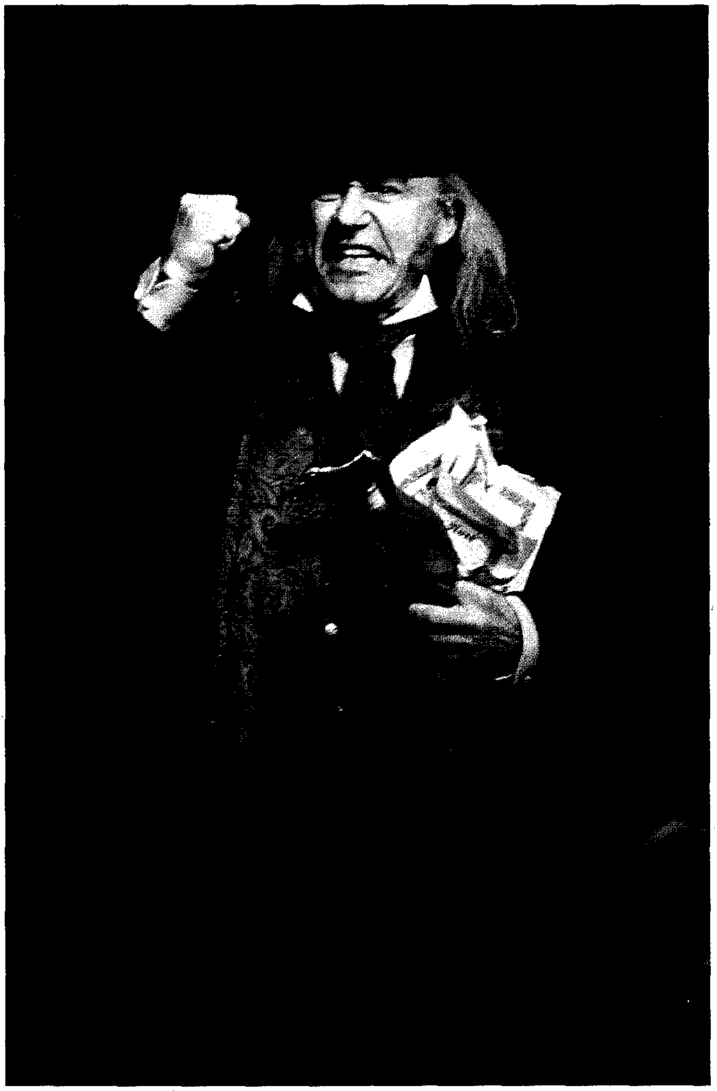
THEATER JOHN SIMON

# Miracle on 33rd Street

*Madison Square Garden's production of 'A Christmas Carol' pumps up the intimate holiday tale to 'Jurassic Park' dimensions.*

IF YOU CAN'T TAKE THE KIDDIES, TICKETS BEING HARD to get, to *The Lion King*, why not try making it up to them with **A Christmas Carol**? Here, too, there is spectacle unlimited and good cheer galore as the grouchy old skinflint Scrooge becomes humanized by the triple whammy of the Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, and Future, not to mention their handler, the Ghost of Jacob Marley, his deceased partner. It is a wish-fulfillment fairy tale—I know people who catch it every year without being saved—but what the dickens, it works in the short run. (If New York's panhandlers knew their Dickens, they would fight for begging space outside the Theater at Madison Square Garden.)



**Ape of wrath: Roddy McDowall stars as Scrooge in *A Christmas Carol*.**

Inside, there is plenty to gape at. Tony Walton, Julie Taymor's chief rival in magic, has conjured up a goodly section of Mayhew's London. Not only the enormous stage but also large portions of the auditorium walls are acting areas where the Victorian capital fizzes away without fizzle. Study the fine details of this re-creation and you will experience décor that is both F.A.O. Schwarz to the nth degree and vividly believable Victoriana.

Now add to this the costumes of William Ivey Long, which seamlessly blend high-flying fancy and Savile Row elegance. I wish the gifted Alan Menken (music) and Lynn Ahrens (lyrics) could have come up with a score to match; even so, their second-best is still well ahead of any pimpernel, however scarlet. Similarly, the talented Susan Stroman has allowed her choreography to go a bit Las Vegas, but perhaps that was deemed desirable for a mass spectacle in a vast auditorium. Jules Fisher and Peggy Eisenhauer have lit up the show brighter and gaudier than the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree, and the production values include sound by Tony Meola, projections by Wendall K. Harrington, and—of course—flying by Foy. The directorial savvy of Mike Ockrent, who also co-wrote the book, keeps it all in an orderly swirl.

I caught Roddy McDowall, who alternates in the role of Scrooge with Hal Linden. English-born and a former child star, this sterling actor is eminently suited to the part. He sounds authentic and enacts exactly what kids require from their villains: rascally gall artfully blended with disarming charm. No mere star turn, this is a performance. A huge supporting cast manages to be not only delightful but also reasonably British. From worthies too numerous to mention, I must, however, single out Christine Dunham for her wildfire-like dancing as the Ghost of Christmas Future, and two accomplished child actors. I would name them if I knew which out of four young Scrooges and a brace of Tiny Tims they were.

My chief misgivings concern the puny print to which one name is reduced: that of the not entirely undeserving Charles Dickens. Ah, well, he is only one of those Dead White European Men whom p.c. has buried deeper than Jacob Marley.

THERE IS A DECENT AMOUNT OF MERRIMENT to be had from the revue **Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know** at the Triad. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide,

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan, from *Private Lives* with its ex-spouses honeymooning with new partners on adjoining Riviera terraces to Montezuma's revenge on unsuspecting gringo bowels. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute.

If you don't want to jeopardize three laughs out of many, skip immediately to the next paragraph. But those of you who need free samples, consider the Air India captain who announces that tourist-class passengers receive no dinner but "will each be given a small wooden bowl, and you're invited to go to first class and beg." Those headed for the Salzburg Festival are warned about Mozart: "You'll hear every bloody note / the man ever wrote" and then some. And after Elyot informs Amanda that his latest bride is a groom, then proceeds to toast his stunned ex with "Bottoms up!" she snarls back, "I do not wish to hear the sordid details."

The show is a bit slow to get under way but, at full altitude, gathers momentum fairly promptly. Even the weaker songs and skits have something to recommend them, and the good ones truly soar. Especially as delivered by the adept and amiable cast comprising James Darrah, Kathy Fitzgerald, Liz McConahay, and John Sloman, the actors. But here everybody acts, and so here are really welcome song contributions rom the pianist-arranger-songwriter Stan Freeman and the poker-faced bassist-auhor Jay Leonhart. The identities of the ten other creators you will have to glean from he program; long lists of names make for istless reading. Patrick Quinn has directed much more fluently than Americans broad manage the native tongues.

I have often wondered why cabaret in America falls rather short of what emerged rom such cities as Berlin, Munich, Vienna, nd Budapest, the cradles, along with Paris, of that art form. The best answer I can proide is that Americans are too nice to go for the jugular. Luckily, there are honorble exceptions, for which the *Secrets* gang ualifies with (mostly) flying colors.

MARTIN SHERMAN'S **A Madhouse in Goa** WAS some years ago a vehicle for Vanessa Redrave, and was recently revived as one for Judith Ivey. The play is really two plays, one madcap farce, the other a comedy ending in apocalyptic melodrama. It was nicely roduced by the Second Stage Theatre and soundly directed by Nicholas Martin, with good cast that included the ever-reliable Daniel Gerroll and some interesting newomers. But Judith Ivey, almost always excellent, overacted ferociously. ■

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DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

# Lasting Tangos

*A diverse and delightful tango revue at the City Center; Australian aimlessness at the Joyce; a distinguished ballerina bows out.*

**It takes two: Gachi Fernández and Sergio Cortazzo.**

THIS YEAR'S PRIZE FOR DISPENSING SHEER PLEASURE must go to **Tango x 2,** headed by Miguel Angel Zotto and Milena Plebs, recently at the City Center with its new revue *Una Noche de Tango*. Expert tango dancing in a variety of styles, coupled with tango music played and sung onstage, is set (Part I) in a downscale cabaret-bar and then (Part II) in a swank nightclub. The performers are so individual in personality and dancing style and the situations so ingeniously devised and fluently linked, you succumb to the "reality" of the charged love duets, the communal affability, the brief confrontational flare-ups, the lazy just-hanging-out—until you realize that so much charisma in circumscribed space and time can exist only in art, not in life.

The directors have deft devices, besides this setting, for avoiding the revue form's common pitfall—monotony. Compensating for the tango's limited vocabulary, they display it in its many moods: the slinky and seductive, the aggressive, the tender, the fiercely virtuosic. They've also assembled a cast that represents several generations, a move that not only adds variety but reminds the spectator that the tango belongs to the people, not just the pros. At the center of the action are artists, probably in their thirties and forties, at the peak of their career; this moment of perfect ripeness is offset by an adolescent-looking pair shown getting over their sexual shyness (she, as in life, in the lead) and two senior-citizen couples. The latter—long may they flourish!—show how basics of dancing such as rhythm and understanding the shape of a phrase come to the fore once swiftness, flexibility, and rampant energy ebb.

The dance team that meant the most to me was Carlos and Alicia (*milongueros* often forsake surnames). This pair has a corner on swoops to the floor that end in swan-dive position, which the person in the submissive stance can top with an air of erotic challenge. Alicia and her Carlos can be swift and furious, too, legs flicking like snakes' tongues, feet striking the floor like artillery-fire aimed at hell. I also loved Gachi Fernández, delectably plump, with a face like a flower and a tender manner to match. Though Fernández's partner, Sergio Cortazzo, seemed more of an enabler than a star, he should not be underestimated. In socia dance, as in classical ballet, the male cavalier is frequently the engine that drives the machine.

The clothes for the production, designed by Jorge Ferrari, are beyond-belief ravishing evoking glamorous fashion eras past with a good dollop of *noir* menace to cut the nostalgia. You know you're in costume heaven when every guy looks more so because of his sui and the *backs* of the ladies' dresses lovingly continue the vision expressed up front.

THE AUSTRALIAN CHOREOGRAPHER **Graeme Murphy** HAS AN enviable job situation. For the past eighteen years, he' been head of what's now called the Sydney Dance Com pany, resident at the Sydney Opera House, where, ac cording to report, it's wildly popular. Murphy supplies a major chunk of the group's repertory, collaborating with his dancers to explore what can be done when you shake off the shackles of classical ballet (as Murphy himself cheerfully did). SDC tours extensively, and Murphy enjoys freelance commissions from the likes o Mikhail Baryshnikov and the Metropolitan Opera From what I saw at the Joyce, a 90-minute extravagan za called *Free Radicals,* Murphy's only problem is a de cided lack of talent for dance-making.

The choreography, which interacts with onstage mu sicians' playing exotic percussion instruments, has an anything-goes vocabulary. As for the work's structure, it ostensible mathematical base is evident only in the pro gram note. What's actually visible appears aimless. It

Photograph by Jack Vartoogia

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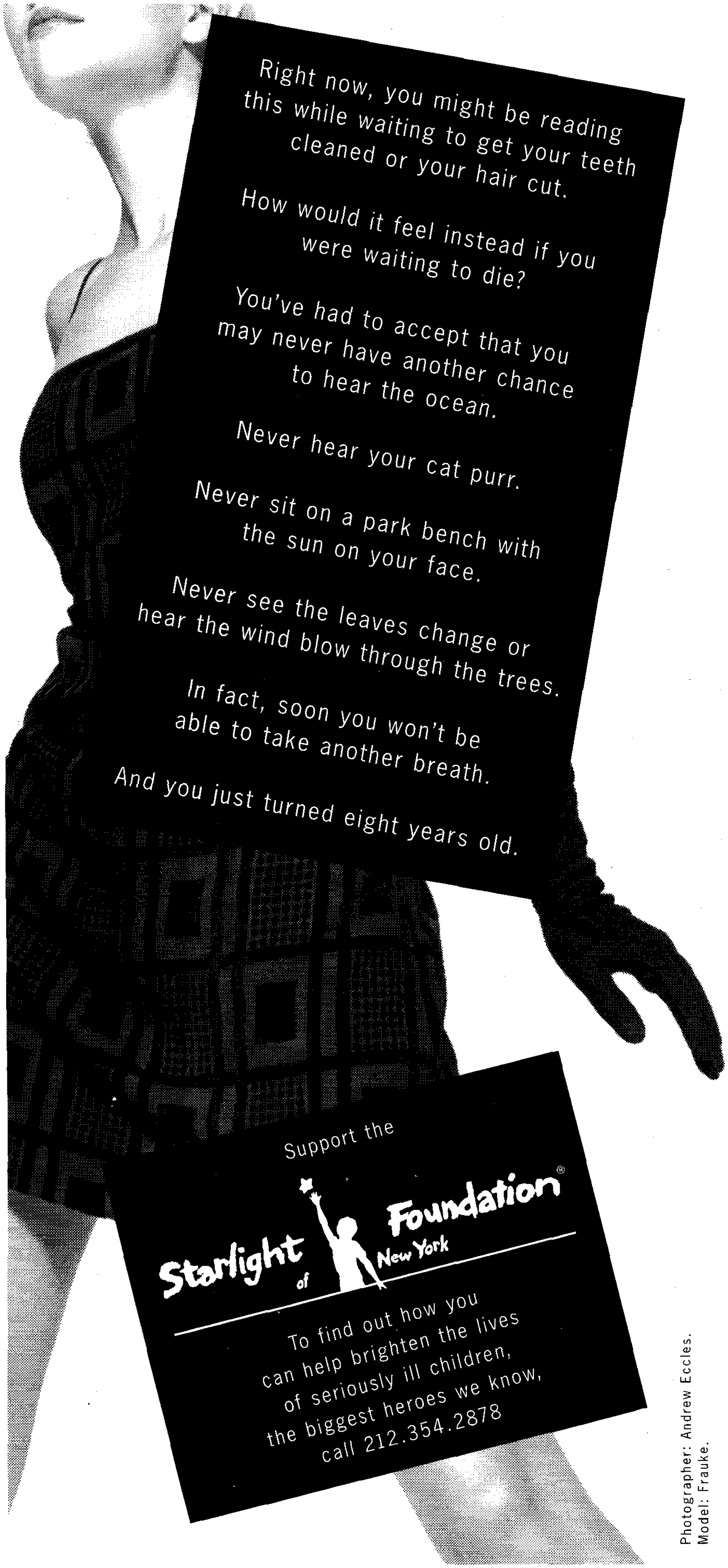

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awful enough that the goings-on are undistinguished; the worst of it is that they seem insincere, cheaply canny. Everything that happens looks designed for surface effect: the fog machine beclouding the already murky stage; the wannabe-sexy costuming with its inky monk's robes opening to reveal tight gilt Spandex; the proposition that dancers and musicians have interchangeable talents ("You sort of move around, Yo-Yo, while Misha here doodles on the cello"); the inscrutable activities; the coupling of gymnastics with ballet bravura and just about everything else in Terpsichore's warehouse; the references to the oh-so-mysterious East.

I fully understand the decision to run *Free Radicals* without intermission: Murphy must have been afraid the audience would escape.

**DANCE**

EXACTITUDE SINGULARLY COUPLED WITH AN unaffected, fresh-air quality is how I'll remember **Merrill Ashley,** who danced her last performance with the New York City Ballet on the opening night of its winter season at the New York State Theater. In her three decades with the company, Ashley made her mark as a straitlaced ballerina whose technical accuracy was as thrilling as any star turn. Her specialties were the clear articulation of steps at full-throttle pace and the ability to suggest the breeziness and exhilaration of flight even with steps that hovered close to the ground. Her dazzling precision came across without pedantry because she tackled the tough stuff exuberantly, as if its challenges were the keys to delight—and perhaps, too, because even in her maturity she retained a trace of the angularity and gawkiness that are part of an idealized American image of adolescence.

Though she had little erotic allure, she could, on occasion, express dark passions, as seen most recently in her scintillating portrayal of the vengeful fairy Carabosse in Peter Martins's version of *The Sleeping Beauty* and, earlier, in the stormy duet of quarrel and reconciliation that's a focal point of Jerome Robbins's *Dances at a Gathering.* The roles with which Ashley is most closely identified, though, remain the female leads in Balanchine's *Square Dance* and *Ballo della Regina,* which revealed her doing what she could do best and in which she seems irreplaceable.

Maintaining her exemplary modesty through the last moment of her performing career, Ashley stood alone on the immense stage of the New York State Theater behind a field of multicolored flowers rained upon her by colleagues and admirers, wearing the virginal white dress and unbound hair that constitute the costume for the performance she'd just danced, and bent those purebred-racehorse legs in her signature bow—slightly awkward and utterly disarming. ■

## TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

# Form Over Function

*Taking the long cultural view of figure enhancement, HBO's mock documentary, 'Breast Men,' is effective, at least until it goes porno.*

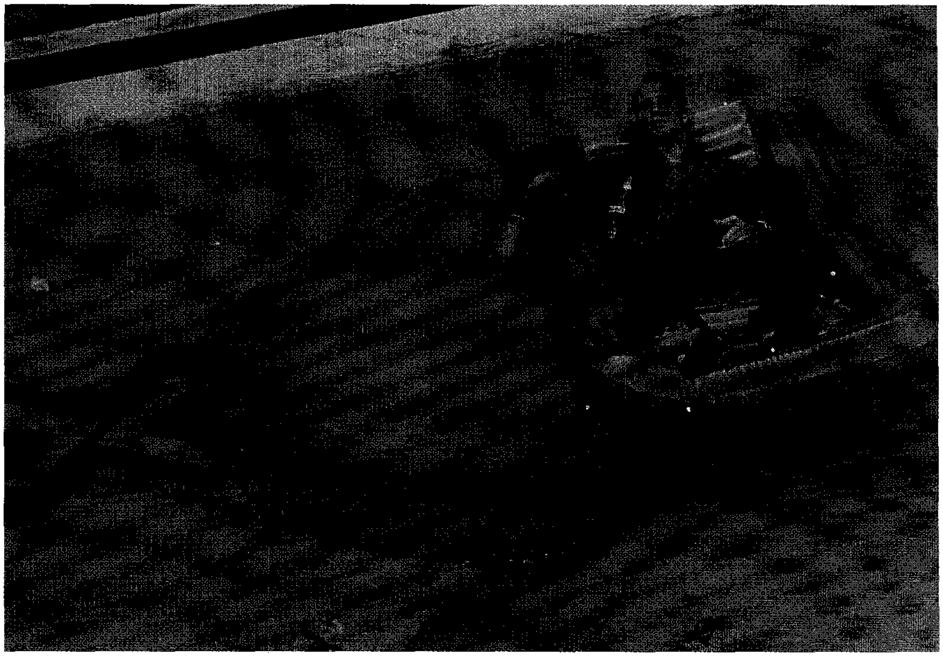
NOT ONLY SMUTTY-MINDED LITTLE BOYS, advertising, and cable television but all of Western culture is obsessed with female breasts—from Plato's Amazons, who were rumored to have cut off the breast that got in the way of their bow-and-arrow business, to Renaissance painters with their peek-a-boo Madonnas, to the novel by Philip Roth, our kinky Kafka, in which a man turns into a mammary gland instead of a bedbug, to what Elizabeth Haiken, in *Venus Envy: A History of Plastic Surgery* (Johns Hopkins), calls "the medicalization of ugliness." Germaine Greer in *The Female Eunuch* complained that "the degree of attention which breasts receive, combined with the confusion about what the breast fetishists actually want, makes women unduly anxious about them. They can never be just right; they must always be too small, too big, the wrong shape, too flabby. . . . Reality is either gross or scrawny." Colette in *Journey for Myself* was more ferocious: "How do you like them? Like a pear, a lemon, à la Montgolfiere, half an apple, or a cantaloupe? Go on, choose, don't be embarrassed. You thought they didn't exist any longer, that they were all over with, absolutely done for. . . . If you don't mind, Madame, let's bring things up to date. They exist, and persist, however criticized and persecuted they may be."

This is the compost that explains a cultural production like **Breast Men** (Saturday, December 13; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; HBO). Based loosely on actual events in the early sixties in Houston, where NASA sought to send men to the moon and Michael DeBakey transplanted hearts, it stars Chris Cooper (*Lone Star*) and David Schwimmer (*Friends*) as composite plastic surgeons who experiment with, market, and cash in on silicone implants for "a better bosom." No more pads, pumps, paraffin, enhancement creams, or a sponge: Instead, from a dental alginate mold that looks like oatmeal, the perfect cup, into which a fluid, resinous, or rubbery polymeric compound is poured, a gel with the same viscosity as breast tissue. These crazy cutups, with the help of Dow-Corning's Matt Frewer, will make a fortune, until the first leak. And then they will make another fortune, from removing the silicone and substituting salt water or soybean oil.

*Breast Men* is intended, of course, to be satirical. HBO would like us to think of *Barbarians at the Gate,* Larry Gelbart's send-up of RJR Nabisco and vulture capitalism, or of *The Positively True Adventures of the Alleged Texas Cheerleader-Murdering Mom,* Michael Ritchie's wonderfully pomo country-and-western operetta about football and the media. Thus, Schwimmer is the misunderstood nerd with a dream of friendly technology, and Cooper a sort of Elmer Gantry of bigger boobs through modern chemistry, and Texas one big medicine show, and why not throw in Fausts and Golems? John Stockwell's intermittently witty script and Lawrence O'Neil's glitzy frenetic direction also parody both documentaries and docudramas, like Warren Beatty's *Reds,* with sales presentations ("Victoria's real secret"), talk-show snippets, patient mix-and-match accessorizing (melon? teardrop? nipples pointing up?), and sound bites from interviews of satisfied customers ("They do help me to swim a lot better") as well as outraged feminists ("psychiatrists with knives!"). Not so incidentally, these interviews are also prurient, since all of the women are shown as naked, headless torsos.

There is even a suggestion that *Breast Men* may be aiming at a more exalted target. When Dow-Corning is sued, the lawyer for the disappointed plaintiffs, Terry O'Quinn of *Millennium,* shakes his fist at "the same people who brought you Agent Orange." On the other hand, O'Quinn himself knows how to merchandise—soliciting more of the aggrieved to join in his class-action suit with a hot-line TV commercial: "1-800-RUPTURE." But *Breast Men* isn't about nose jobs, collagen injections, liposuction, or, holiest of holies, penile implants. Nor is it about the American pathologizing of our perceived bodily inadequacies, as in the recent redefinition of upper-arm flabby tissue as "bat wing deformity." It's about man han-

*(continued on page 84)*



**In the schwim: David Schwimmer as a plastic surgeon who hits pay dirt with silicone.**

hotograph by Kimberly Wright/HBO.

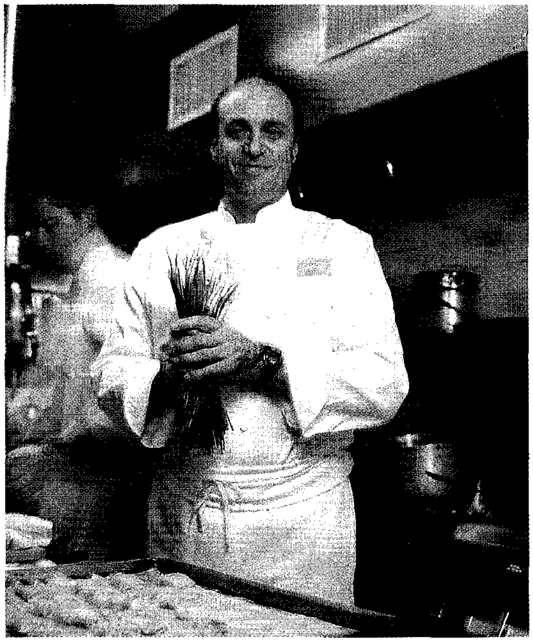
THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

# Greenhouse Affect

*Compassionate chefs fancify pungent sprouts, tubers, and roots for diet faddists, Zen munchers, artery plumbers, and the McCartneys.*

MY LONGTIME RECURRING NIGHTMARE IS THAT I wake up one morning to discover the vegans have taken over Congress. Mayonnaise is illegal. Or it turns out the scaremongers were right about fat, and I've got gridlock in a crucial artery. Butter is off-limits forever. Or it's death if I don't give up red wine or sugar. I can no longer do my job. I have to persuade David Denby to trade lives with me.

Now the nightmare has a haunting reality. After decades of diving into dinner willy-nilly and eating everything from tête de veau to toe of frog, I find myself struggling to please the family of rotating tasters that joins me on my rounds. Lately, almost everyone I eat with has a growing list of taboos. A few are born-again protein-firsters. Or lactose abstainers. Some are saving the world by not eating lamb shanks. Protecting their hearts. Preserving their livers. No red meat or grease. And don't forget kosher—no cloven-hoofed animals, please. Though my housemate has sworn off birds, meat, and dairy to cure his arthritis, he's free to eat fish. That includes crisp-fried calamari. The fat-phobes won't eat anything that's been near a fryer, sneering at the strict vegetarians' tempura platter. A few, like me, are obsessed with pumping up the intake of vegetables as a prophylactic against all bodily evil. If I weren't determined to keep dinner a garden of sensuous delight, it could so easily turn into last year at Marienbad.



**Veg-a-might: Stephen Kalt at Spartina gets a grip on his scallions.**

That's why I can't help noticing who's doing magic with vegetables. The great chefs, rallying humble roots, esoteric grains, and unborn sprouts to culinary transcendence, get the food world's attention with heretofore-unheard-of high prices. Possibly it was Chicago's Charlie Trotter, in the meat locker of the world, who first dared the haute veggie tasting menu. That seemed cranky and pretentious back in 1988. With Swiss clockwork, Far East accents, and couturier flourishes, chef Gray Kunz brought his "Vegetarian Degustation" to **Lespinasse** (St. Regis Hotel, 2 East 55th Street; 339-6719) in 1991. White-truffled risotto or linguine in tiny cassolettes might be paired on a silver platter with some exotic Japanese root under a flutter of black truffle. Purées of celery root, spinach, and artichoke fondue are swirled in an olive-oil broth. Kunz finds more sources for new vegetables every year. And vegetable fans seem more open to changes on the menu than the stodgier meat lovers, he observes.

In his latest four-course menu, "Herbs, Broths and Vegetables," pasta with Oriental greens and mustard oil in calamansi broth leads the autumn lineup, followed by a gratin of corn alongside a corn tamale. Then honey-glazed butternut squash with curry emulsion is designed to distract the senses so you don't miss the venison. For dessert, Kunz dispatches a flanlike Concord-grape dariole with Muscat gelée, chestnuts, and port. At $78, it's hardly a bargain. But as Marie Antoinette once said, "Let them eat turnips."

When Paul and Linda McCartney agreed to be $10,000 angels at a lunch raising money to feed the elderly only if the menu could be vegetarian, Rainbow Room chef Waldy Malouf didn't mind at all. He already does an $85 veggie tasting there on Sunday nights. Few of the lunchers even noticed that their root-vegetable terrine and truffled carrot-juice risotto were pristinely free of flesh and fin.

As the flashier maestros of our city's kitchens erect their leafy architectural constructs of costly sprouts and pedigreed miniatures from boutique greenhouses, some of their peers and wannabes are thinking about vegetables, too. Living with the Road Food Warrior's creaking knees and his anti-arthritis regimen, I now read menus with his eyes. And I am amazed tonight at **Spartina** (355 Greenwich Street; 274-9310) that only four of the fifteen appetizers (counting the sensational grilled pizzas) use meat or poultry. Chef-owner Stephen Kalt is quick to substitute asparagus thins for the Serrano ham frou-frou on an exquisite new appetizer—stewed vegetables in an olive-oil-scented green-pea puddle that reminds me of Alain Ducasse in his best days at Louis XV in Monte Carlo. To sustain us while deciding what to eat, we always order a pizza here. Tonight, it's the ricotta-fontina-Parmesan pie, crisply unbending and wreathed in fumes of truffle oil.

Our companions, jet-hopping Euros blissfully immune to America's food paranoia, choose by craving

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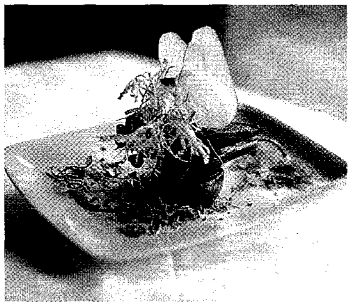
and manage to get mostly vegetables anyway. We're sharing roasted oyster mushrooms in a powerful oloroso sauce that makes them taste very meaty. A weaving of beet-and-onion ribbons is deliciously transformed by roasting; the sharpness of arugula and the bite of balsamic vinegar temper the root-vegetable sweetness. Spartina's chopped salad—a toss of cucumber, feta, chickpeas, scallion, kalamata olives, and mint in a caper dressing—is another fast-disappearing act. For pasta, there is a choice of ravioli stuffed with artichoke, ricotta, and thyme, or rigatoni laced with asparagus cuts, pesto, and toasted pine nuts. Nothing here is headed for a pedestal at the Whitney or the Guggenheim, but everything resonates with Kalt's bold flavoring and savvy acid staccato. And with its new designer duds, the room is warmer and more intimate.

The Road Food Warrior and a vegetarian guest find instant compatibility at **Tapika** (950 Eighth Avenue, at 56th Street; 397-3737), where executive chef David Walzog has reserved a core of his menu for abstainers since opening day. Though buttermilk dressing bars the romaine salad from my dairy-forswearing mate, it's easy enough to avoid the crumbled cheese scattered around our guest's ground-vegetable chile relleno with smoked-tomato salsa—and I wish the anti-deep-fat-frying zealots could see the green of this rare unbattered chile pepper. Roasted-pumpkin risotto comes in a baby pumpkin with herb salad and fried shallots. Split garbanzos and chervil lurk in Yukon-gold-potato soup. The vegetarian vows, "I'm coming back one cold winter night for this root-vegetable potpie"—so homey and puddinglike under its ground-tortilla crust. Tasting sides like the green-chile corn fries and buttered spinach, I can also see making dinner a collection of vegetable accessories from the menu if fat isn't an issue. Brussels sprouts, steamed turnips, roasted-pumpkin purée, pinto-bean-and-corn-studded rice, and roasted-garlic flatbread, perhaps.



**Au pears: A Cascabel salad.**

Restaurateurs who think they can keep vegetable lovers pacified with listless steamed roots and squash and a few sun-dried tomatoes can learn from chef Mark Spangenthal at the **Screening Room** (54 Varick Street; 334-2100), where it doesn't have to be Mom's macaroni and cheese to score. It can be maccheroni in a toss of spinach, leeks, tomatoes, and Parmesan. And something as unassuming as a fricassee of greenmarket vegetables with quinoa, sweet corn, and basil dances with flavor. Cilantro-lime vinaigrette, avocado, and jícama pep up the chopped salad served in a tortilla crisp (with grilled shrimp for vegetarians who don't scorn shellfish). The chef still does his signature panfried artichokes on greens with shards of Parmesan. And there are three other salad options as well.

Anne Rosensweig likes to play with the menu at her **Lobster Club** (24 East 80th Street; 249-6500). "Sexy grits with woodland mushrooms" and "the most voluptuous cauliflower" are typical hyperbole in the vegetable department. But no exaggeration is needed for the fabulous provençal fries with garlic and parsley or the all-white grilled pizza—potatoes, white cheese, white-onion confit, and white truffle oil.

Chef Sam Hazen changes the vegetarian tasting ($42) at **Cascabel** (218 Lafayette Street; 431-7300) every day. Though I find it difficult to come this far and not have the big gutsy raviolo of braised short ribs—an excess of rich meat tucked under a tablecloth of pasta—all of tonight's unrepentant meat eaters are impressed with the veggie offerings. The mushroom soup is intoxicatingly intense. Indeed, I never heard my meat-loving mate carry on this way over a mere steak. His is served without the drift of steamed milk that, frankly, only distracts from the marvelous earthiness, boosted by the freshly grated slices of white truffle floating on top. Though the pears are brilliantly cooked and caramelized with a fan of pear crisps alongside, they taste too much like dessert, even with the garland of peppercress and frisée. Owner John Zaccaro's ravioli shop on Sullivan Street gets a showcase here: Tonight, potato-and-chervil-plumped ravioli are center stage, and they're good enough. But the spice-laced risotto with pumpkin seeds and toasted almonds wrapped in leeks is sensational, and colorful, too, with crisp carrot sails.

I was the outlaw in a family of meat-eaters. Mom struggled to get Dad and her more finicky kids to eat carrots, canned peas, string beans, and squash purée (from a stash in the freezer, of course). Smug and competitive, slightly obnoxious, I probably ate vegetables as a way to get attention and love. Then I went to France and discovered turnips, eggplant, and Swiss chard. One day, there was an epiphany of beets. As long as I'm not forced to eat veggies, and these crazed creatives keep reinventing the rutabaga, I'm happy keeping my pals company. Pass the lima beans. ■

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**Leonard** *continued from page 81*

dles and mutilation. In an exuberance meant to be Rabelaisian, it crosses the line from peep show into pornography. This happens in surgery. We see the breasts. We see the scalpels. We see the blood. We ought to be nauseated.

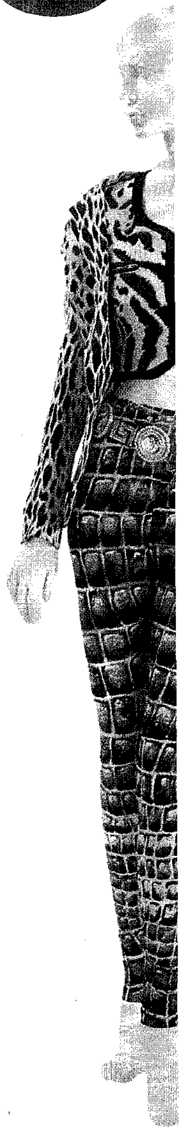
WHAT HAPPENS TO HAPPY HACKER BILL Campbell in **Menno's Mind** (Saturday, December 13; 9 to 10:35 P.M.; TMC) is the abrupt downloading of someone else's neural circuitry into his otherwise blameless brain. There he was, fiddling at his keyboard with the "giant subliminal simulator" at a futuristic resort where clients pay for virtual sex and spanking games and other lurid thrills, when the dying leader of the underground guerrilla movement (Bruce Campbell) somehow managed a meat-machine convergence of his memory bank and the computer's. This means that Bill has both a headache and a mission, which is to stop Corbin Bernsen from becoming the president of a fascist United States, over the dead bodies of Robert Vaughn, Robert Picardo, and Michael Dorn. It also means keeping ambivalent company with Stephanie Romanov, the Woman Warrior of the Resistance, who will not scruple in her ninja leather from cutting off a thumb to get a security clearance. Vaughn hasn't changed a slick hair since *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* Picardo enjoys his night off from holography in reruns of *Star Trek: The Next Generation,* and Bernsen has more fun here than he ever did divorcing people on *L.A. Law,* as if he had a built-in spanking program.

WHEREAS WHAT HAPPENS TO MIMI ROGERS in **Tricks** (Sunday, December 14; 9 to 10:35 P.M.; Showtime) is that she annoys mob-connected high roller Kevin McNulty in seedy Reno, where she moved with her diabetic young son, David Kaye, after she got too old to strut her stuff as a chorus-line showgirl in Las Vegas. There Mimi was, making ends meet with a casino job and part-time prostitution, while taking computer classes at college, when this trick turned mean on her, beat her to a pulp and left her in an alley, where the cabbie who picked her up, Callum Keith Rennie, turned out to be a college classmate. The trick blackballed her all over town. Can "Big Sam" (Ray Walston) help? Not any more than Mimi's alcoholic nanny (Tyne Daly!). There are almost as many bare breasts in *Tricks,* with its nostalgic flashbacks to Vegas, as there are in *Breast Men.* But the surgery is entirely psychological. As she was in both *The Rapture* and *The Doors,* Rogers is more interesting than the material she is sentenced to work with. A mind behind those clouded eyes is downloading some changes in the violent program. ■

Photograph by Matthew Salacuse

# C u e

*A Weekly Guide to Entertainm* *n New York*



# The Dream Weaver

Gianni Versace, fashion's late, audacious genius, gets a Metropolitan Museum retrospective (page 97)

art 94
bars 112
concerts 113
dance 113
kids 117
the mix 114
movies 86
nightlife 110
online 116
radio 114
restaurants 103
sports 116
television 114
theater 98
the written word 114

# movies

**New Dutch Cinema...Hazelle Goodman...*Scream 2***

## Opening In the Swim

***Who's the Boss?*'s Alyssa Milano eases back into the limelight as a Los Angeles pool cleaner in Robert Downey Sr.'s *Hugo Pool.* Trying to service 44 customers in a single day, Milano crosses paths with her heroin-addicted father (Malcolm McDowell), her gambling mother (Cathy Moriarty), several menacing home owners (including Richard Lewis, below), and Sean Penn, who plays a local leprechaun. The absurdist comedy opens December 12.**

## New Films

**Alien Resurrection**—Sigourney Weaver is back in the gunk again as Ripley, the indefatigable fighter against the dastardly Other. Dead 200 years, Ripley is reconstructed by scientists from her DNA, and when she is full-grown, the alien she was carrying inside her when she died in the last movie (remember?) is also ready for life. Scientists extract the creature, which is what they really want—Ripley, it turns out, was only a "carrier." The men in white coats mutter something about getting "vaccines" from the resurrected alien, but apart from that, we never really know why they bring back an animal that enjoys chewing on the human race. There is some visual excitement early on—steamy corridors in a black spaceship, an exciting underwater sequence. But a franchise becomes a franchise because it delivers certain staple pleasures or shocks, and payoff time comes soon enough in the usual form of dripping, fanged, death's-head creatures with iron teeth ripping through bodies. The movie is fueled by a powerful disgust, but disgust at what? Made-up creatures? Welcome to the movies of the late nineties: rage without purpose, threat without meaning, horror without relief. (Denby; 12/1/97) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza.*

**Anastasia**—The animated adventures of the Romanov princess. Voices by Meg Ryan, John Cusack, and Angela Lansbury. (1 hr. 36 mins.; G) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Ziegfeld; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

**Bang**—When an out-of-work actress is assaulted by an L.A.P.D. motorcycle cop, she puts on his uniform and spends the day dispensing her own kind of justice. Directed by Ash. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

**Bean**—Bean (Rowan Atkinson) is a sleepy, inept guard at the National Gallery in London. When a pretentious California museum buys Whistler's Mother from the gallery, the Brits send him to the Americans as an alleged expert on the painting. Bean—or Dr. Bean, as everyone calls him—never clears up the confusion and of course wreaks havoc on the nervous, hapless Yanks. There are a couple of classic bits, but Bean isn't a rich enough character for a full-length movie. (Denby; 11/24/97) (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Kingsway.*

**Bent**—Ian McKellen, Clive Owen, and Mick Jagger star in the screen version of Martin Sherman's play about gay Berlin during Hitler's rise to power. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NC-17) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

**★Boogie Nights**—A kind of ragamuffin epic about the San Fernando Valley porn industry. Much of the film is funny and touching, and even rather sweet. The movie stretches from 1977 to 1984—the disco-and-cocaine period of bell-bottom L.A.—and covers the varying fortunes of a small group of porn actors, filmmakers, and hangers-on gathered under the wing of Jack Horner (Burt Reynolds), an avuncular producer who likes to have people hang out at his house. Horner takes one look at Eddie Adams (Mark Wahlberg), a busboy in a Valley club, and decides that Eddie has got the stuff. What Wahlberg does best is convey Eddie's desperation. His Eddie wants success and money, but he doesn't desire anyone; he wants other people to desire him. In Wahlberg's scenes with Julianne Moore—who plays Amber Waves, a female porn star—Moore does most of the work. Moore, a great actress, has red, red lips and lambent flesh, yet her eyes are anxious; she's a kind of neurotic siren, always available but frantically unhappy. *Boogie Nights* is made up of many vignettes, and while Anderson is a good observer, he hasn't really shaped the screenplay. The vignettes don't comment on one another. The movie has its giddy moments, but in the end it is peculiarly depressing. Anderson reports on the porn industry, but he doesn't satisfy our curiosity about this pleasure-driven but pleasureless, fascinating but wan way of life. (Denby; 10/20/97) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld.*

**★Devil's Advocate**—Al Pacino stars as John Milton, the head of an international law firm in New York. Milton recruits a hotshot lawyer from small-town Florida who has never lost a case—Kevin Lomax (Keanu Reeves), who arrives in the dazzling big city with his beautiful wife, Mary Ann (Charlize Theron), and receives the best of everything. Kevin takes on the case of a big-deal real-estate developer (Craig T. Nelson) who may have killed his wife, but as he becomes absorbed in the case he neglects Mary Ann, who gets set upon by Satan and his minions. Hellfires burn, bodies writhe, and the movie goes up in flames. But *The Devil's Advocate* is fun for a while. (Denby; 10/27/97) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *19th Street East; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Plaza Twin.*

**Eve's Bayou**—A little girl in Louisiana discovers the mix of fact, fiction, and fantasy in her family's lives. Starring Samuel L. Jackson, Lynn Whitfield, Diahann Carroll, Branford Marsalis, and Kasi Lemmons. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 86th Street; 84th Street.*

**Fairytale—A True Story**—Peter O'Toole and Harvey Keitel star as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Harry Houdini in this story of two young girls who claim they've photographed fairies in England during World War I. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG) *Main Street Cinemas.*

**Fast, Cheap & Out of Control**—The stories of four obsessives—a lion tamer, a topiary gardener, a rat specialist, and a robot designer—are documented by Errol Morris (*The Thin Blue Line*). (1 hr. 22 mins.; PG) *Film Forum.*

**Flubber**—Robin Williams stars in an update of 1961's *The Absent Minded Professor.* (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea West; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

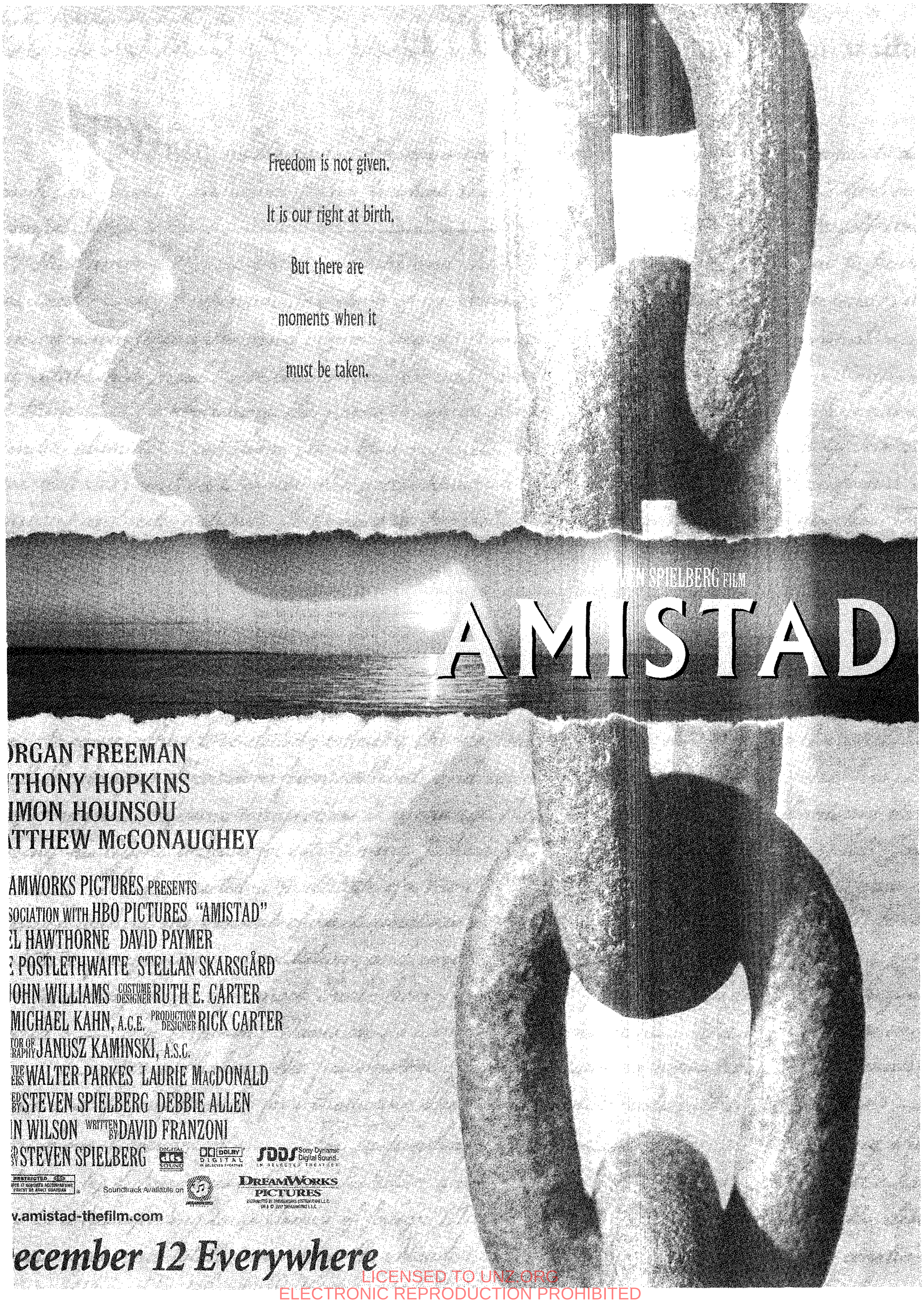
**The Full Monty**—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and persuades them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**★Gattaca**—The first feature by writer-director Andrew Niccol is about a genetic tyranny of the future in which society is rigidly divided into humans perfectly engineered and those known as faith babies. Ethan Hawke is one of the latter, who nevertheless penetrates to the inner sanctum o the perfect ones. Always on the verge of being discovered, he meets a kind of mate in the elongated and smirking Uma Thurman, who, like him, ha an ailing heart. Gattaca is not pop science fiction in the *Star Wars* mold but a serious and intelligen movie, with an inexpensive but handsome design good music by Michael Nyman, and perceptive observations of such all-too-human elements a friendship and rivalries between brothers. (Denby

### Ground Rules:

**These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.**

Photograph courtesy of BMG Independents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It is our right at birth.
But there are
moments when it
must be taken.
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*ecember 12 Everywhere*

11/10/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) *Embassy 2–4.*

★**Good Will Hunting**—Mopping up at M.I.T., Will Hunting (Matt Damon) casually solves problems left on the blackboards, problems intended to stump the best mathematical minds in America. The formidable Professor Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgard), recognizing Will's uncanny talent, takes the boy under his wing, keeping him out of jail by agreeing to get him into therapy. Will lands in the office of Lambeau's old friend and rival Sean McGuire (Robin Williams), a bit of a screw-up himself but perhaps the one shrink in Boston who can understand Will. The boy doesn't want to be "saved." He wants to be left alone. At night, Will and his buddy Chuckie (Ben Affleck) drink with a couple of friends at a neighborhood pub, and the four of them drive around in an old car, egging one another on to brilliant flights of profanity. This movie has wit and temperament to burn—there isn't a dead scene in it anywhere. In the end, however, the script takes a disastrous turn toward conventionality. What I will always remember is an edge of temper. *Good Will Hunting* persuades us that genius is of incalculable worth but utter hell to live with. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea West; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

**Habit**—A grungy guy gets involved with a modern-day Vampira who bites him during their amorous encounters and pulls his already muddled life into a scruffy downward spiral. Written and directed by Larry Fessenden, who also stars. (1 hr. 52 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

**Happy Together**—Cannes winner about two Hong Kong expats working on their relationship while stuck in Buenos Aires. Directed by Wong Kar-Wai. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**The House of Yes**—In the eighties, young Marty Pascal (Josh Hamilton) returns home to his mother's house in Washington, D.C., with his innocent fiancée (Tori Spelling) in tow. It's a Tennessee Williams house, a big bad house with a Secret. Marty's dad died—was shot, perhaps—the same day that JFK was shot, and Marty's sister, who calls herself Jackie-O (Parker Posey), has become obsessed with both deaths and lives in a mad dream world in which she is Jackie. Her mother (Genevieve Bujold) makes malicious and ironic jokes, sometimes at her own expense; her younger brother (Freddie Prinze Jr.) is some sort of school dropout who puts the moves on Marty's fiancée as quickly as he can. There's something weird and sexual going on between Marty and Jackie-O, which isn't very hard to figure out, and there's a gun that is part of a repeated ritual and that goes off the way guns in plays are supposed to go off (at the end). The movie is fun precisely because the director, Mark Waters (it's his first film), embraces the gamesmanship, the posing and teasing theatricality. *The House of Yes* is a hothouse plant and only of limited interest, but it's the kind of small demonstration piece that could open up a variety of careers. (Denby; 10/27/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *62nd and Broadway.*

**I Know What You Did Last Summer**—The past comes back to torment four teenagers a year after they accidentally kill someone and dispose of the body. Jennifer Love Hewitt stars in this horror film written by *Scream's* Kevin Williamson. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

**The Ice Storm**—In *The Ice Storm*, the normally protected reaches of New Canaan, Connecticut, are violated by a sinister snapping noise—the sound of frozen power lines falling in a shower of sparks. Where are we, at the bottom circle of Dante's Inferno, where tears turn to ice? No, only in the land of rich, suburban Wasps, where everything is a little weird. The movie is set in the early seventies and two families are falling apart. The husband and father (Kevin Kline) in one of these families, the Hoods, is having a tepid affair with Janey Carver, the wife and mother (Sigourney Weaver) in the other. At the same time, Hood's 14-year-old daughter, Wendy (Christina Ricci), who likes to expose herself, is fooling around with Janey's two sons (Elijah Wood and Adam Hann-Byrd). Paul Hood, Ben's 16-year-old son, is the narrator. Paul's bemused face and hapless attempts to bed a prep-school girl are, in the performance by Tobey Maguire, about the movie's liveliest elements. For a while, we hope the film will be funny. The Hoods, the Carvers, and their friends would be swingers if only they knew how. At a wife-swapping party, husbands and wives exchange partners without much excitement, the scene acutely observed and unutterably depressing. *The Ice Storm,* perceptive as it is, feels pained and embarrassed. These people are just pathetic; they behave badly, and they don't even get any fun out of it. The actors are a talented group, but they look haltered. One wants to embrace Kline's Ben Hood, but one loses patience with the character, just as one loses patience with his wife, Elena (a masklike Joan Allen), who knows that Ben is straying and expresses her anger in bouts of shoplifting. Why doesn't any of them do something? Or at least say something? Director Ang Lee's touch is very delicate, and the movie's perfection of bleakness offers a refined pleasure (of a sort). But the material doesn't quite play. If, at one end of the spectrum, *The Ice Storm* is like Mazursky without the laughs, at the other it's like Bergman without the anguished brilliance. (Denby; 10/6/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre.*

**The Jackal**—Bruce Willis is a killer for hire and Richard Gere an Irish terrorist with a good heart who tries to stop him from shooting someone very, very important. A master of disguises, Willis wears a variety of bizarre outfits and mustaches, and in one sequence, eager to pick up a gay man in a bar, he dons a blondined wig that makes him look rather cute. These sudden shifts in apparel—Willis might be a guest on an old TV variety show—are about the only amusement in a pedestrian thriller that does everything by rote. (Denby; 11/24/97) (1 hr. 23 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Coronet; National Theatre; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

**Kiss or Kill**—Two drifting grifters (Frances O'Connor and Matt Day) take to the Australian road and leave a trail of bodies behind them. Directed by Bill Bennett. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**The Man Who Knew Too Little**—Bill Murray is an Iowa video-store clerk let loose in London with a ticket to a participatory theater experience that unwittingly becomes the real thing. With Peter Gallagher and Joanne Whalley (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG) *19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini.*

★**Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil**—Kevin Spacey plays Jim Williams, the real-life Savannah plutocrat and antiques dealer who empties a gun into his nasty young lover (Jude Law) and goes on trial for murder. The movie, adapted from John Berendt's best-seller by screenwriter John Lee Hancock and directed by Clint Eastwood, preserves Berendt's portrait of Savannah as an odd but vibrant moss-hung backwater of the old South. Berendt's autobiographical writer figure has been given a name, John Kelso (John Cusack charming as always), given a love interest (Alison Eastwood, Clint's appealing daughter), and made more active than the author's modest, recording "I." Kelso arrives with a specific magazine assignment—to write about Jim Williams's famous parties—and once the trial begins he makes it clear that he's staying to write a book; he even enters into an ethically dubious arrangement with Williams and his lawyer (Jack Thompson) to share hi information about the case and even hel the defense, in return for access. Lad Chablis grabs at her moment of cinemat ic glory with upraised talons: Eastwoo may have been to amused (or intimidated by her to shut her off. I the end, *Midnight* is meditation on the un knowability of the truth (Denby; 12/1/97) (2 hrs 35 mins.; R) *Village The atre VII; Chelsea; 72nd S East; Orpheum 7; Lincol Square; Kingsway; Pavilio Theatre; Main Street Cine mas; Movieworld.*

**Mortal Kombat: Annihila tion**—A group of heroe fight off a warlord tryin to take over the earth Starring model-actresse Talisa Soto and Irina Pan taeva. This sequel to *Mo tal Kombat* is directed b John Leonetti. (1 hr. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Villag East; 19th Street East; Ast Plaza; Crown Gotham*

## Talent

## Career Girl

Hazelle Goodman is the first to admit that, before landing the role of Cookie—the larger-than-life prostitute in *Deconstructing Harry* (opening Friday)—she wasn't your typical Woody Allen fan. In fact, she'd seen only one of his films, *Mighty Aphrodite.* But, she says, "as an artist, as an actress, I had heard of him and had respected him." It's an image to savor: an aspiring actress auditioning for the master of neurotic comedy armed only with her talent and last-minute advice from friends—and walking away with the part. "I had been warned not to be disappointed if he didn't speak," she recalls. "But he was very receptive, very warm." Goodman's first major screen role (she appears briefly in 1995's *Heat* and in the upcoming *Chinese Coffee,* both with Al Pacino) is also, as it happens, the first real part Allen has written for an African-American. It's a milestone of sorts, but Goodman's not interested in exploring what it means ("So what?" she told *W* magazine. "He's an artist. He gets to share *his* vision"). The 35-year-old actress has been planning on fame since she arrived in New York from Trinidad as a little girl. After graduating from City College, Goodman spent seven years writing a one-woman show in which she plays a series of characters based on people she's come across in life. The result, *Hazelle,* has been staged around the country and in 1995 was shown on HBO (a revised stage version is in the works for next year). These days, she also appears on TV's *Homicide.* Her more recent success has her dining with stars like Sharon Stone, but, Goodman says, "I've had my tears and the lonely dark times and all of that stuff. I've just always *believed*—you know what I mean? You either do that or you give up and say, 'Let me go get married and have a couple kids.' "

Patricia Falvo

*86th Street East; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Centre Sunnyside; Plaza.*

★**Mrs. Brown**—Director John Madden successfully captures the immense weight of the imperial state as it awkwardly follows in the wake of Victoria's sorrow. At his wit's end, the queen's secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby (the baleful Geoffrey Palmer), hits on the idea of calling back into royal service Prince Albert's groom, John Brown (Billy Connolly), a Highlands Scot whom the prince had been fond of. Brown shows up and tells the queen, to the court's shocked dismay, that she looks awful. The queen suffers Brown's impertinence, and they become friends, at which point the London scandal sheets begin referring to her as "Mrs. Brown." *Mrs. Brown,* with its misty highlands and severely luxurious royal rooms, is very handsome, but the dim light of rectitude rules the court, and I was highly grateful for the presence of Antony Sher, who plays Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli. Sher's Disraeli is the only one shrewd enough to know that Brown, Victoria's half-mad imaginary lover, is the man to bring Victoria back into the public's eye, which is finally the only place she belongs. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Eastside Playhouse; 86th Street East.*

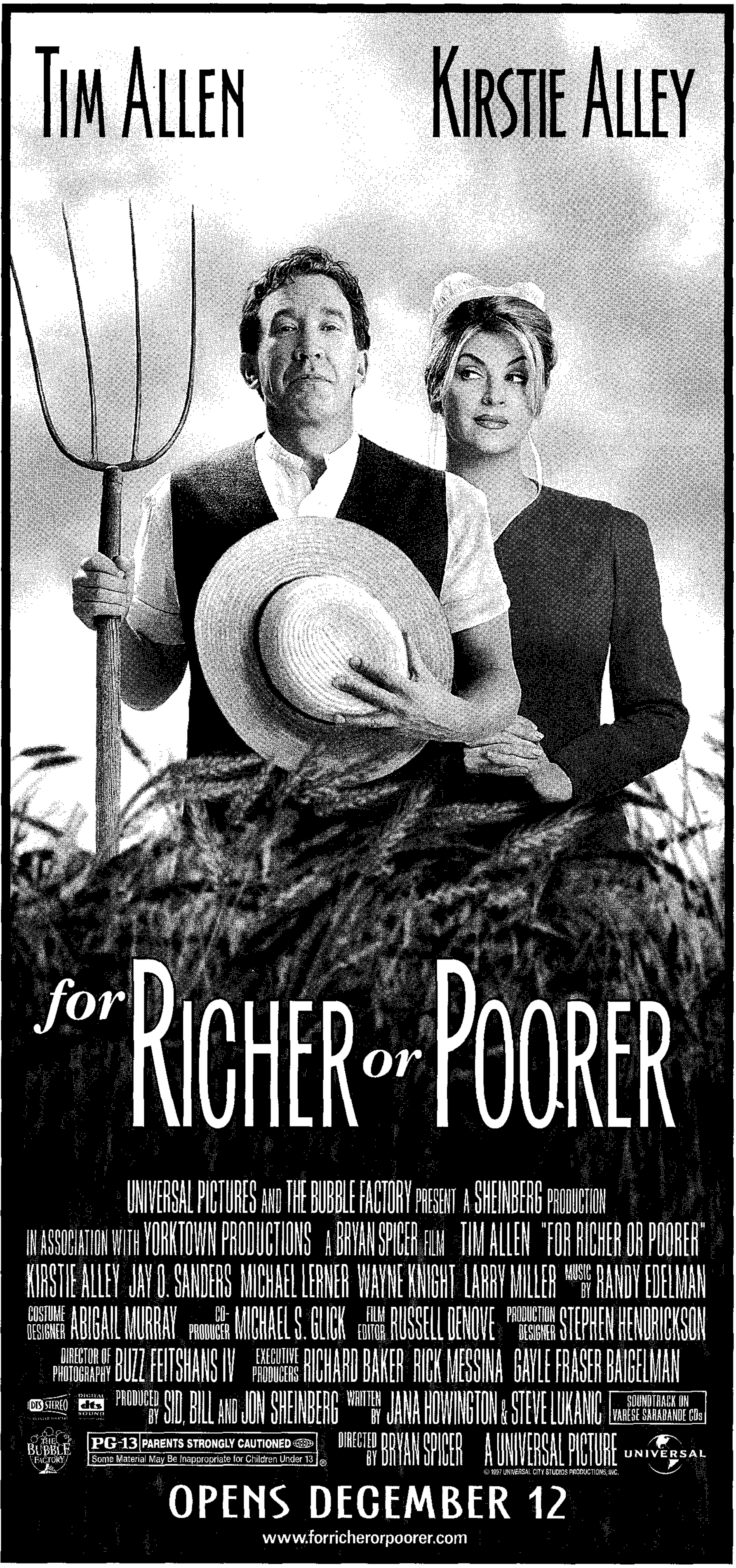
**Office Killer**—A magazine copy-editor loses her cool and starts murdering her dismissive coworkers. Cindy Sherman's directorial debut. (1 hr. 21 mins; NR) *Film Forum.*

**One Night Stand**—A successful Los Angeles advertising director, Max (Wesley Snipes), visits an old friend in New York who has AIDS (Robert Downey Jr.), misses his plane home, and spends a night with a lovely woman he meets in the city (Nastassja Kinski). Max goes back to Los Angeles, but now he's dissatisfied with his high-powered job and his snappish, sexually demanding wife (Ming-Na Wen). Poor Max! When he returns to New York a year later to see his friend, now dying, he runs into his one-night stand, and the flame, as they say, is relit. The situations are so obvious that the audience giggles, but like everything else director Mike Figgis has done, they have style and more than a little flavor. (Denby; 12/8/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 59th Street East; Criterion Center.*

**Other Voices, Other Rooms**—Truman Capote's first novel is adapted by Brit David Rocksavage and novelist Sara Flanigan. Opens Friday at Village East and Cinema 3rd Ave. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

★**The Rainmaker**—Matt Damon is Rudy Baylor, a just-out-of-law-school southern boy, gallant by instinct, with a streak of natural piety. Rudy is also a lawyer, and therefore it's his business to consort with crooks and sellouts, and in general to work within a corrupt system that favors the wealthy and the powerful. Adapted and directed by Francis Ford Coppola, the film is the essentially a David-and-Goliath tale. In Memphis, Rudy and his scapegrace helper, Deck (Danny DeVito)—a true lover of the law who never passed the bar—take on a huge insurance company, a crooked outfit that won't pay the claims made by a family with a boy dying of leukemia. It's not exactly a moving target, and unfortunately the picture falls into caricature now and then. The company's CEO is a desiccated moron (Roy Scheider), its chief lawyer (Jon Voight) a beautifully coiffed, contemptuous swine who gives himself away at every turn. Rudy's first employer is a cuff-linked gangster played by a bearded Mickey Rourke with his early modesty and precision. Despite its moral simplicities, the movie is highly watchable. It's richly cast from top to bottom (Mary Kay Place, Teresa Wright, and Virginia Madsen show up in small roles), and Damon holds it together. We can even believe that this young Galahad takes care of a battered young housewife (Claire Danes) without having any initial sexual interest in her. Purity is one of the hardest things to bring off with conviction. Damon brings it off. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

**ted Corner**—Richard Gere stars as an entertainment lawyer imprisoned in China for a murder he did-



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for RICHER or POORER

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n't commit. With Bai Ling. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *National Theatre.*

**Scream 2**—The sequel to last year's famously clever *Scream.* Starring Neve Campbell and Courtney Cox. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *Opens Friday at Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street.*

★**Shall We Dance?**—The hero, Shohei Suhiyama (Koji Yakusho), a fortyish accountant, with a wife and daughter tucked away in a suburban house, sneaks off to a dancing school as if indulging a hidden vice. There he meets the other guilty men, all of whom, overcoming hideous shyness, stumble through beginner's agonies in the waltz, tango, and rumba. The teachers, accomplished woman dancers, do what they can with this recalcitrant material, and Shohei falls in love with one of them, Mai (Tamiyo Kusakari), a tall, lovely girl who has her own guilty secret. At times, the movie (written and directed by Masayuki Suo) comes close to embarrassment: For us, all this exquisite Japanese tact seems so nuttily beside the point. Yet it's hard not to be touched when the men speak of their pleasure in movement, and when Shohei, though not a natural, dons a beautiful tux and achieves a proud competency in a ballroom competition. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**She's So Lovely**—Sean Penn and Robin Wright Penn play heavy-drinking lovebirds in this John Cassavetes story directed by his son, Nick. With John Travolta. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Screening Room.*

**Starship Troopers**—At the repulsive climax of the film, which is about endless war between earthlings and giant outerplanetary spiders, a human captive is dragged forward and made to face an enormous "brain bug." At last! We're about to get an answer to the question tormenting us. Throughout the war, it's been understood that the bugs have been too stupid to win. But recently, arachnid intelligence has been improving. After all, they have managed to wipe out Buenos Aires (or is it all of South America? Anyway, they kill a lot of people). Where does the new intellectual prowess come from? Finally, we find out: The brain bug plunges a tubelike tentacle into the captive's head and sucks out his gray matter. So that's how they do it. But we wonder: Is there also a hidden metaphor here? Director Paul Verhoeven seems to have undergone, in Hollywood, a draining operation of his own. The spirit of *Starship Troopers* is grim and sanguinary. We spend most of our time watching men and women pump bullets into disgusting creatures that seem to be all sexual organs—waving green tentacles and devouring vulvas. Even though the special effects are spectacular (the creatures fly in, hop over rocks by the hundreds, erupt from underground), *Starship Troopers* is fatally lacking in lightness, play, invention. Human bodies are gutted and eviscerated, the limbs pulled off, the heads drilled. Are children supposed to enjoy this literal-minded, grisly bloodbath? As you watch the endless carnage, you become sure that Hollywood has gone completely, utterly mad. Verhoeven may have had his brains removed, but it's the audience that winds up with a hole in the head. (Denby; 11/17/97) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Kingsway; The Movies at Bayside.*

**The Tango Lesson**—Sally Potter writes, directs, and stars in this way-cerebral story of tango dancing and one woman's obsession with it. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG) *Village East; Regency.*

**Tar**—The story of two former high school sweethearts who cross paths and discover that one is now a cop, the other a criminal. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Embassy 2–4.*

**The Mother and the Whore**—A re-release of the 1973 post-New Wave epic by Jean Eustache. Starring Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun. (3 hrs. 35 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**The Sweet Hereafter**—Atom Egoyan's film is a rarity. Adapted from Russell Banks's 1991 novel devoted to the aftermath of a devastating school-bus accident, the film appears to be a kind of detective story. A big-city lawyer, Mitchell Stephens (Ian Holm), enters a snowy, forlorn town in British Columbia after fourteen children have died and travels about interviewing the parents and survivors, desperate to enlist everyone, including the teenage survivor, Nicole (Sarah Polley), in a grievance suit. As Stephens investigates, we see what led up to the accident—the family life of the town, with its fissures and its secrets, including adultery and a suggestion of incest—and eventually we see the accident itself. The film cuts backward and forward in time, and we expect that Stephens will uncover some amazing circumstance that will explain everything. We experience the accident through the eyes of Billy (Bruce Greenwood), who is driving behind the bus and is the father of two of the children. Billy sees; he's the hero of the movie, an unillusioned man, rejecting avenging lawyers and bad-luck omens in favor of the most bitter reality. His adulterous scenes with Alberta Watson (the mother in David O. Russell's *Spanking the Monkey*) have an acrid intimacy. The actors are all excellent in a plain style that avoids irony, pose, perversity. By the end of the movie, everything comes together—the answer to the detective inquiry is all that is most difficult to face in life. If there were many movies as reality-bound as this one, I think I would go mad. That this one exists, however, is almost a blessing. (Denby; 11/24/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**Twisted**—A loosely adapted version of *Oliver Twist,* set in a gay underworld of New York. Starring the late William Hickey. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Washington Square**—A plain, awkward girl who happens to be an heiress, Catherine Sloper (Jennifer Jason Leigh), meets a handsome young man, Morris Townsend (Ben Chaplin), at an elaborate garden party. No man of comparable beauty, or any beauty at all, has paid her much attention in her life, which has been led entirely under the gaze of her father, Dr. Sloper (Albert Finney), a widower of sardonic speech and dictatorial temperament. Morris is not only good-looking but also charming, ardent, and, as far as Catherine can tell, entirely taken with her. Is he serious? A mere opportunist? Catherine's father is sure that he is after her fortune. Director Agnieszka Holland gives every emotion its full stop. If the results aren't in line with James's tone—one of suavity yielding to outbursts of candor—the movie often works on its own terms as emotional drama. Jason Leigh is about half the size of Ben Chaplin, whose Morris Townsend nearly devours Catherine, and she's ready to be devoured. Albert Finney, however, is something of a brute. He seems to have wandered in from another set, where Dickens was being adapted. But Chaplin and Jason Leigh keep the movie on track. Henry James gave Catherine dignity in withdrawal; Holland, in a series of final radiant close-ups, makes her a force. It's a feminist reading of the text but not a vulgarization of it. (Denby; 10/13/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Paris Theatre.*

★**Welcome to Sarajevo**—This film, which follows the adventures of some Western journalists during the siege of Sarajevo in 1992, is a noble try, but it's a thing of shreds and patches—a mix of documentary footage, acted-out scenes based on true stories, and a general atmosphere of suffering, bravado, and endurance. Written by Frank Cottrell Boyce and directed by Michael Winterbottom (both Brits), it doesn't really work as a movie—there are too many powerful fragments, too many scenes only half developed—but I'm still very glad I saw it. Woody Harrelson is the prime peacock here, a flippant, often drunk, but secretly brave and caring star reporter. Woody and his colleagues—female as well as male—find it hard to leave Sarajevo. Many months go by, and they are still hunkering down at night in the dark hotel, drinking and making mock passes at one another. They have become attached to the city as a cause as well as addicted to their own courage in covering it; they combine daring and egotism in ways that aren't easy to judge. The documentary scenes of massacre and destruction are a lot more powerful on the big screen than they ever were on TV, where they could easily be ignored. In the movie, the journalists covering the story appear to know that, particularly the British TV reporter played by Michael Henderson (based on ITN's Michael Nicholson), a man who wanders through the ravaged city in a bleak, unappeasable rage. Henderson centers his anxieties on some children in an orphanage, covering their story again and again, and when relief help shows up (in the unconvincing presence of Marisa Tomei), he tries to sneak one 9-year-old girl out as his adopted daughter. In general, the shifts back and forth between documentary and acted scenes aren't very successful Some of us may find it hard to put up with actors striking resolute poses right after scenes of people lying on the street with their legs blown off. Inevitably, the "upbeat" story of a reporter taking a girl out of hell and relocating her to a sunny, idyllic garden in England strikes us as a sentimentalization of what the documentary camera, in the rest of the movie, can't help seeing—the fabric o life ripped, torn, and almost obliterated. (Denby 12/1/97) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center Lincoln Square.*

★**The Wings of the Dove**—The movie differs from Henry James's novel in a hundred particulars, bu the great point is that it works on its own terms which is all one can ask. At the center, there are two young people who love each other but need money. Kate Croy (Helena Bonham Carter) clever, beautiful, and distinguished, lives in London with her wealthy aunt (Charlotte Rampling), who is determined to marry her off to rich man and who does what she can to break up Kate's relationship with the charming but penurious young journalist Merton Densher (Linu Roache). We are drawn to Bonham Carter's intelligence, even though her Kate is not brav enough to live with Densher in poverty. Kat plays for the largest stakes; she wants her hand some young man and she wants to be rich, too By degrees, and without his quite understandin it, Densher gets pulled into a conspiracy tha Kate engineers. For there is another young person in their social circle, the fabulously wealth American heiress Millie Theale (Alison Elliott) who is sweet, generous, and wasting away from some nameless disease. Millie needs a lover; sh

## Revival

## Sex, Lies & Conversation

**In 1973's *The Mother and The Whore,* an existential love triangle between an unemployed Parisian layabout, his benefactor, and a trampy nurse (Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun, pictured) melds into a whole lot of hurt feelings and, ultimately, a rant against the period's recently acquired sexual freedom. Opens Friday at Film Forum.**

Photograph courtesy of Artificial Eye Film Company, In

Festival

## Holland Days

*Eight recent hits from Holland—many still looking for a U.S. distributor—are showcased in Dutch Treats, a festival that hopes to introduce the country's next Oscar winner to America (following last year's 'Antonia's Line'). One hopeful: the Rotterdam drama 'Character,' (pictured). Starts Friday at Cinema Village. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.*

needs to live. Kate, who genuinely likes her, wants Millie to be happy and to know love—with Densher, who would then inherit the money, after Millie's death, that would allow Kate to marry him. Kate's motives are mixed, both selfless and selfish, benevolent and sinister, and she corrupts Densher with her provocative ambivalence. Because he's such a splendid fellow, Densher's puzzlement as Kate pushes him into Millie's arms is painful; his anger and sexual aggression as he realizes how he is being used become the dramatic high point of the movie. The complicating factor—Henry James always has a complicating factor—is that Densher falls for Millie; or rather, he falls for her desire to experience everything she can before dying. The filmmakers have aggressively bumped the period ahead from 1902 to 1910; the characters take the subway, smoke cigarettes furiously and attend a gallery exhibit of Klimt's decadent nudes. We get the point: Kate Croy and Merton Densher are modern personalities, rebels against the constrictions of their time. Rebellion is certainly not something that Henry James had in mind, but it's a minor vulgarization. (Denby; 11/10/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

## Manhattan

*Below 14th Street*

**ngelika Film Center**—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Bent; Good Will Hunting; Gummo; The Ice Storm; The Sweet Hereafter; Welcome to Sarajevo; The Wings of the Dove.*

**rt Greenwich Twin**—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Anastasia; The Jackal.*

**inema Village 12th St**—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Habit.*

**ilm Forum**—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Cremaster 5; Fast, Cheap & Out of Control; Office Killer.* Opening 12/12: *The Mother and the Whore.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

**uad Cinema**—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Bang; The Full Monty; Happy Together; Kiss or Kill; Twisted.*

**creening Room**—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Chasing Amy; Cop Land; She's So Lovely.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

**illage East**—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Alien Resurrection; Boogie Nights; Flubber; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; Other Voices, Other Rooms; The Tango Lesson; The Rocky Horror Picture Show.*

hotograph courtesy of First Floor Features.

CAROLINE AARON
WOODY ALLEN
KIRSTIE ALLEY
BOB BALABAN
RICHARD BENJAMIN
ERIC BOGOSIAN
BILLY CRYSTAL
JUDY DAVIS
HAZELLE GOODMAN
MARIEL HEMINGWAY
AMY IRVING
JULIE KAVNER
ERIC LLOYD
JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS
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DEMI MOORE
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**Village Theatre VII**—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *L. A. Confidential; Bean; Eve's Bayou; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; One Night Stand; Starship Troopers.* Opening 12/12: *Scream 2.*

**Waverly**—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *The Rainmaker.*

### 14th–41st Streets

**19th Street East**—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; Eve's Bayou; The Man Who Knew Too Little; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Rainmaker.*

**34th Street Showplace**—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Alien Resurrection; The Rainmaker; Starship Troopers.*

**Chelsea**—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; The Ice Storm; The Jackal; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; Starship Troopers; The Wings of the Dove.* Opening 12/12: *Scream 2.*

**Chelsea West**—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Flubber; Good Will Hunting.*

**Murray Hill Cinemas**—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Anastasia; Boogie Nights; The Full Monty; The Ice Storm.*

### 42nd–60th Streets

**59th Street East**—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *One Night Stand.*

**Astor Plaza**—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Mortal Kombat: Annihilation.*

**Cinema I, II, Third Ave.**—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Boogie Nights; The Ice Storm; Other Voices, Other Rooms.*

**Coronet**—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Anastasia; The Jackal.*

**Criterion Center**—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Alien Resurrection; Bean; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Mad City; The Man Who Knew Too Little; One Night Stand; Starship Troopers.*

**Crown Gotham**—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Mortal Kombat: Annihilation.*

**Eastside Playhouse**—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Mrs. Brown.*

**Embassy 1**—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Full Monty.* Opening 12/12: *Scream 2.*

**Embassy 2–4**—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Boogie Nights; Gattaca; Tar.* Opening 12/12: *Scream 2.*

**Guild 50th Street**—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Flubber.*

**National Theatre**—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *The Jackal; Red Corner.*

**Paris Theatre**—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Washington Square.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

**State**—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Devil's Advocate; Eve's Bayou; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; The Rainmaker.* Opening 12/12: *Scream 2.*

**Sutton**—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Flubber.*

**Worldwide Cinemas**—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Air Force One; The Game; A Life Less Ordinary; Men in Black; The Peacemaker; Switchback.*

**Ziegfeld**—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Anastasia.*

### 61st Street and Above, East Side

**72nd St. East**—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil.*

**86th Street**—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Alien Resurrection; Bean; Eve's Bayou.*

**86th Street East**—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; Mrs. Brown.*

**Beekman**—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Wings of the Dove.*

**First & 62nd St. Cinema**—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Alien Resurrection; The Full Monty; The Rainmaker.* Opening 12/12: *Scream 2.*

**Gemini**—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Devil's Advocate; The Man Who Knew Too Little; Starship Troopers.*

**New York Twin**—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *L. A. Confidential; Good Will Hunting.*

**Orpheum 7**—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Anastasia; Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; Flubber; The Jackal; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; Starship Troopers.* Opening 12/12: *Scream 2.*

**UA East**—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Rainmaker.*

### 61st Street and Above, West Side

**62nd and Broadway**—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The House of Yes.*

**84th Street**—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Eve's Bayou; The Jackal; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation.* Opening 12/12: *Scream 2.*

**Lincoln Plaza Cinemas**—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Full Monty; The Ice Storm; Kiss or Kill; Shall We Dance?; The Sweet Hereafter.*

**Lincoln Square**—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *L. A. Confidential; Bean; Bent; Boogie Nights; Flubber; Good Will Hunting; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; The Rainmaker; Welcome to Sarajevo; The Wings of the Dove.* IMAX: *The Nutcracker; Across the Sea of Time; Good Will Hunting; Four Million House Guests; L5—First City in Space.*

**Metro Cinema**—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Flubber; The Jackal.*

**New Coliseum**—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *In Search of the Dream; Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Rainmaker.*

**Nova**—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *In Search of the Dream; Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Rainmaker.*

**Olympia Theatre**—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Anastasia; The Rainmaker.*

**Regency**—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Tango Lesson.*

## Bronx

*Area Code 718*

**Bay Plaza**—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Bean; Devil's Advocate; Eve's Bayou; Flubber; I Know What You Did Last Summer; The Jackal; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Rainmaker.*

**Concourse Plaza**—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Eve's Bayou; Flubber; I Know What You Did Last Summer; The Jackal; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; Nueba Yol 3.*

**Whitestone**—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Bean; Devil's Advocate; Eve's Bayou; Flubber; I Know What You Did Last Summer; The Jackal; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; Nueba Yol 3; The Rainmaker; Starship Troopers.*

## Brooklyn

*Area Code 718*

**Alpine**—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Anastasia; Bean; Eve's Bayou; Flubber; The Jackal; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; The Rainmaker.*

**Canarsie**—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation.*

**Cobble Hill**—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Anastasia; Eve's Bayou; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; The Rainmaker; The Wings of the Dove.*

**Fortway**—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Alien Resurrection; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; Starship Troopers.*

**Kenmore**—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Alien Resurrection; Eve's Bayou; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Rainmaker; Starship Troopers.*

**Kent Triplex**—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Rainmaker.*

**Kings Plaza**—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Eve's Bayou; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation.*

**Kingsway**—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Bean; Flubber; The Jackal; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; The Rainmaker; Starship Troopers.*

**Marboro**—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Alien Resurrection; Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation.*

**Pavilion Theatre**—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Flubber; The Ice Storm; The Jackal; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; The Rainmaker.*

**Ridgewood**—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Bean; Flubber; The Jackal; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation.*

**The Movies at Sheepshead Bay**—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Bean; Devil's Advocate; Flubber; The Jackal; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Rainmaker; Starship Troopers.*

## Queens

*Area Code 718*

**Astoria**—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Alien Resurrection; Devil's Advocate; The Jackal; The Man Who Knew Too Little; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Rainmaker; Starship Troopers.*

**Bay Terrace**—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Alien Resurrection; Bean; Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; Flubber; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; Red Corner.*

**Centre Sunnyside**—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Boogie Nights; Flubber; The Jackal; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation.*

**Cinema City**—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Alien Resurrection; Eve's Bayou; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; Starship Troopers.*

**Cinemart**—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Flubber; The Ice Storm; Kiss or Kill; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Rainmaker.*

**Continental**—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Alien Resurrection; The Jackal; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil.*

**Crossbay**—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven

### Opening
### Bloody Murders

*The clever horror of 'Scream' continue in 'Scream 2': Heroine Neve Campbel (above) is now a wildly popular colleg freshman with a) a new boyfriend, b the lead role in the school play, and c yet another knife-wielder after her. Fu fact: No one in the cast (which include Jada Pinkett and Tori Spelling) knew which character would turn out to b the killer until the final scenes wer filmed. Opens Friday.*

Photograph by Kimberly Wright/Dimension Film

Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Alien Resurrection; The Jackal.*

**Crossbay II**—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Anastasia; Eve's Bayou; Flubber; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Rainmaker; Starship Troopers; The Little Mermaid.*

**Elmwood**—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Bean; Flubber; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Rainmaker.*

**Forest Hills**—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Anastasia; Bean.*

**Fresh Meadows**—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Anastasia; Bean; Flubber; The Jackal; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; The Rainmaker.*

**Jackson Triplex**—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Alien Resurrection; Flubber; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Rainmaker.*

**Main Street Cinemas**—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Alien Resurrection; Fairytale—A True Story; Flubber; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; The Rainmaker; The Rocky Horror Picture Show.*

**Midway**—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for Renovations.*

**Movieworld**—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Boogie Nights; Flubber; The Jackal; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; The Rainmaker.*

**North Shore Towers**—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The House of Yes; The Jackal; One Night Stand.*

**Plaza**—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Alien Resurrection; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation.*

**Quartet**—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Alien Resurrection; Bean; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Little Mermaid.*

**The Movies at Bayside**—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Anastasia; The Jackal; The Rainmaker; Starship Troopers.*

**Trylon**—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *The Wings of the Dove.*

## Staten Island

*Area Code 718*

**Atrium**—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Bean; Boogie Nights; Flubber; The Jackal; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Rainmaker.*

**Hylan Plaza**—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Alien Resurrection; Flubber; The Jackal; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Rainmaker.*

**he Movies at Staten Island**—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Alien Resurrection; Anastasia; Bean; Devil's Advocate; Flubber; The Jackal; Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil; Mortal Kombat: Annihilation; The Rainmaker; Starship Troopers; The Little Mermaid.*

## Museums, Societies, Etc.

**merican Museum of the Moving Image**—"Jack Smith and his Secret Flix." 12/13: *No President* (1967–69), *Pink Flamingos* (1972), *Fellini Satyricon* (1970), and shorts. 12/14: *Respectable Creatures* (1966), *The Trap Door* (1980), and shorts. 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $12–$15 nonmembers; $8–$10 members; $4 ages 5–18.

**Anthology Film Archives**—Through 12/19: *I Magi Randagi (We Free Kings)* (1995). 12/10 and 12/12: *Chappaqua* (1967). 12/9–12/10: *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman* (1951). 12/11 and 12/18–12/19: *La Rencontre* (1996). 12/12: *Mechanics of the Brain* (1997). 12/12–12/13: *La Marseillaise* (1938) and *The Elusive Corporal* (1962). 12/13: *Zorns Lemma* (1970). 12/14: *The Forgotten Village* (1940). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

**Brooklyn Museum of Art**—"Films About Monet." 12/13: *Linea in Monet's Garden* (1992). 12/13–12/14: *Ceux de Chez Nous* (1952) and *Memories of Monet* (1984). 12/7: *I Shall Not Be Removed.* 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

**Contemporary African Diaspora Film Fest.**—"Contemporary African Diaspora Film Festival." Through 12/14: Contemporary films from Ethiopia, Brazil, Puerto Rico, Egypt, Senegal, and more are screened at Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); Harlem Victoria V, 125th St. (222-8900); and Columbia University's Miller Theater, 116th St. and Broadway (854-7799); $8 to $15. Call 749-6020 for information.

**Different Light**—12/14: *Valley of the Dolls* (1967). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

**Dutch Treats**—12/12–12/18: "New Films From Holland." Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8. Call 592-1743 for information.

**Film Forum**—"60's Verité." 12/10: *Eddie* (1963) and *Football (Mooney vs. Fowle)* (1961). 12/11: *Titticut Follies* (1967) and *Hospital* (1970). "Columbia Before the Code." 12/9: *The Night Club Lady* (1932) and *The Circus Queen Murder* (1933). 12/16: *Ann Carver's Profession* (1933) and *Air Hostess* (1933). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

**Film Society of Lincoln Center**—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Spanish Cinema Now." 12/9–12/10: *Asaltar Los Cielos (Storm the Skies)* (1996) and *La Celestina (The Matchmaker)* (1997). 12/11–12/12: *La Mirada Liquida* (1996) and *Niño Nadie* (1997). 12/13–12/15: *Love Can Seriously Damage Your Health* (1996) and *Blinded* (1997). 12/16–12/17: *Chevrolet* (1997) and *Comanche Territory* (1997). "Young Friends of Film." 12/16: *Angel at My Table* (1990). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50.

**French Institute**—"From Paris to Hollywood: Originals vs. Remakes." 12/9: *Les Compreres* (1983) and *Father's Day* (1997). 12/16: *La Cage aux folles* (1978) and *Birdcage* (1996). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, $10 double feature.

**Japan Society**—"Japanese Theatre on Film." 12/16: *Cherry Orchard* (1996). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

**Museum of Jewish Heritage**—12/10: *Green Fields* (1937), followed by Yiddish karaoke. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160). Free.

**Museum of Modern Art**—"FilmFest." 12/12: *Everything Around Is Covered With Snow* (1995) and *Father, Son and the Holy Torum* (1997). 12/12 and 12/15: *Cardiogram* (1996). 12/13: *Cemetery of Dreams* (1997) and *Time of a Dancer* (1997). 12/14: *Brigands: Chapter VII* (1996) and *Brother* (1997). 12/15: *Remorse/Penitence* (1996). 12/16: *Three Stories* (1997) and *The Fly* (1997). "New China." 12/12: *At Home in the World* (1995). 12/13: *Tiananmen Square, Part I—The Old City (1991), Part VII—On the Way* (1991), *Bumming in Beijing—The Last Dreamers* (1990), and shorts. 12/14: *1966, My Time in the Red Guards* (1993) and various shorts. "Luchino Visconti." 12/11: *The Damned* (1969), *The Innocent* (1976). "New Documentaries." 12/11–12/12: *Dear Carry* (1997) and *Diana's Looking Glass* (1996). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

**Museum of Television & Radio**—"TV Movies." Month of December: *Love Among the Ruins* (1972). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

**Screening Room**—Midnight showing: *Swingers* (1996) and *Pulp Fiction* (1995). Sunday brunch: *Casablanca* (1942) and *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

**YWCA Cine-Club**—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 12/13–12/14: *The Assassination (Ansatsu)* (1964). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $5 members, $6 nonmembers.

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## Solutions to last week's puzzles

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# art

**Burchfield and Anderson...Versace**

## Galleries

### Solos

*Madison Avenue and Vicinity*

**Mark Catesby**—Watercolors of the flora and fauna seen by the British naturalist-artist on his journeys to Carolina, Florida, and the Bahamas between 1722 and 1726; through 1/23. New York School of Interior Design, 170 E. 70th St. (472-1500), Mon.–Sat. 10–5.

**Steven Harvey**—Monochromatic blue paintings that depict a single nude female figure; through 1/10. Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. (734-3600).

**Franz Kline**—A survey of the Abstract Expressionist's works, from his earliest sketchbooks to his final painting; through 1/17. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

**Sol LeWitt**—Early working drawings, finished drawings, photographs, and structures ranging from *Objectivity,* a painted canvas wall structure from 1962, to a plotted and cut photograph of an aerial view of Manhattan from 1979, as well as a four-part, serial wall drawing from 1969 executed in color for the first time; through 1/3. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

**Markus Lüpertz**—New landscape paintings by the German artist; through 1/10. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

**Henri Matisse**—A selection of drawings, etchings, lithographs, linocuts, and aquatints; through 1/10. Horan, 35 E. 67th St. (517-9410).

**Saul Steinberg**—More than 40 drawings by the artist from the estate of Sigrid Spaeth, a graphic artist and designer who had a close relationship with Steinberg for more than 30 years; through 2/7. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

*57th Street Area*

**Douglas Argue**—Recent paintings and works on paper based on the artist's mural-size painting *Library of Babel,* which is in the collection of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts and depicts a monumental pile of books; through 1/3. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

**Jose Bedia**—Carved and painted wood objects, box works, and small-scale colored ink drawings; through 12/20. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5665).

**Vincent Desiderio/Karl Gerstner**—Recent paintings depicting narrative, fictional reconstructions of personal and public events/Works in acrylic on aluminum. Through 1/3. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

**Burgoyne Diller**—Sculptures, wall reliefs, and drawings for three-dimensional works spanning 1930 to 1965; through 1/17. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

**Jan Frank/Richard Fleishner**—Paintings/Works on paper. Through 1/4. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

**John Newsom**—Drawings of animals, women, and commonplace objects in allegorical vignettes; 12/11–1/31. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

**Richard Notkin**—Recent ceramic sculptures; through 1/3. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

**Ground Rules:**

***Galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.***

**Douglas Osa**—Realist landscape paintings; through 12/30. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

**Egon Schiele**—Drawings, watercolors, and prints on loan from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, the Pierpont Morgan Library, the Carnegie Museum of Art, and from private collectors in Europe and the United States; through 1/3. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

**Bob Trotman**—Freestanding and wall-mounted figurative sculptures; through 1/7. Franklin Parrasch. 20 W. 57th St. (246-5360).

**Trevor Winkfield/Stuart Shils**—Recent paintings that depict stylized figures in fantastic interiors/Landscape paintings produced during the Philadelphia artist's annual stay in Ballycastle, Ireland. Through 1/5. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

*SoHo and TriBeCa*

**Juan Abreu**—An installation dedicated to the artist's mother on themes of time and death; through 1/10. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

**Walter Anderson/Charles Burchfield**—An exhibit pairing the watercolors of these two American artists, both of whom replicated the patterning in nature and achieved a balance of abstraction and objective imagery; through 1/3. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

**Rachel Berwick/John Divola**—An installation featuring an aviary inhabited by two Amazon parrots that have been trained to speak an extinct Carib Indian language using documentation of that tribe by the eighteenth-century naturalist-explorer Alexander Von Humboldt/An installation of set stills between 1931 and 1934 that depict motion-picture sets. Through 1/17. Wooster Gardens, 39 Wooster St. (941-6210).

**Moe Brooker**—New abstract paintings; through 1/6. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

**Tomás Clusellas/Kevin Clarke**—Paintings of lip marks/"Vernal Passage," a series of photographs taken in and around Memorial Sloan Kettering Hospital at the time the artist's wife was dying of breast cancer. Through 1/17. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

**Bryan Crockett**—Sculptures made from inflated latex balloons, some of which are embalmed with an epoxy resin, and a video installation; through 1/3. Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway (431-1304).

**Virginia Cuppaidge/Joseph DiGiorgio**—Recent gestural abstract paintings/Paintings depicting views of Prospect Park. Through 1/10. Steele, 420 W. Broadway (941-8388).

**Howard Fried**—An early film, *Inside the Harlequin,* (1971) and early photo works; through 1/3. Apex, 291 Church St. (431-5270).

**Nancy Friese**—Paintings and watercolors of landscapes in Brittany created during the artist's residency in the city of Pont-Aven, France, in the summer of 1997; through 1/10. Moore, 594 Broadway (343-7016).

**Daniel Hauben**—Paintings of New York City views through 1/31. Ingbar, 568 Broadway (334-1100).

**Paula Hayes**—Recent gardening projects; throug 1/17. AC Project Room, 15 Renwick St. (219-8275).

**Ian Hornak/Valerie Von Betzen**—New still-life paintings/Nocturnal cityscapes in oil on panel. Throug 12/27. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

**Alan Johnston**—Recent minimal abstrac paintings by the Scottish artist; throug 1/3. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

**Kana & Olympios**—A collaborative exhibition of performance, installation work video projections, and photography through 1/17. Lehmann Maupin, 3 Greene St. (965-0753).

**Beatriz Milhazes**—New paintings that continue the artist's interest in constructin combinations of familiar elements such a medallions, rosettes, lace, flowers, and necklaces; through 1/10. Thorp, 103 Prince St (431-6880).

**Ray Rapp**—Video sculpture and installation from the past ten years by this artist wh disassembles and reconstructs television set and video monitors; through 1/8. TZ' Ar 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

**Walter Redinger**—New biomorphic fiber glass sculptures; through 1/10. Algus, 2 Thompson St. (966-1758).

**Philip Taaffe**—Recent drawings, painting and monotypes whose techniques and imagery draw on nature and natural history through 1/1. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343 0441).

*Chelsea*

**Franz Ackermann**—New paintings by Berlin-based artist; through 1/10. Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. (627-5258).

**Carl Andre**—Typewriter drawings and "Blu Cut Trials" from 1963; through 12/2 Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

**Photography**

## Shadow Play

*Students commonly take their cues from favorite professors, but photographer Marvin E. Newman, who was studying at Chicago's Institute of Design in 1951, had the good grace to dedicate his master's thesis, "The Series Form"—a group of black-and-white shadow compositions made on the streets of Chicago—to his mentor, Harry Callahan. At Keith de Lellis Gallery, 47 East 68th Street; through January 24.*

**Janet Cardiff and George Bures Miller**—A collaborative installation that transforms the gallery into a dimly lit room resembling an abandoned nineteenth-century laboratory; through 1/3. Morris-Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

**George Condo and William Burroughs**—Collaborative paintings, drawings, and a sculpture that were made at Burroughs's home in Lawrence, Kansas, over an eight-year period; through 1/17. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

**Judy Ledgerwood**—Recent abstract paintings; through 1/24. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

**Robert Longo**—A series of 366 small black-and-white drawings installed salon-style throughout the gallery that create a narrative using images ranging from the dramatic to the serene; through 1/10. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

**Joan Mitchell and John Chamberlain**—An exhibition pairing the works of these two Chicago-born artists, with gestural abstract paintings by the former and sculpture by the latter; through 1/10. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

**John Monti**—Organically shaped wood sculptures; through 1/24. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (463-9666).

**Erin Parish**—Meditative abstract paintings that evoke sea and sky; through 1/10. Coploff, 526 W. 26th St. (674-1024).

**Ernesto Pujol**—Works that combine found and sculpted objects to explore the social and political construction of gender identity; through 1/31. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

**Osvaldo Romberg**—A retrospective of works from the past 30 years, including the artist's analytical color scales—canvases covered with chromatic strokes of color—and his collage paintings that extract color schemes from reproductions of art-historical icons; through 1/10. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

**ames Siena/Lynn Aldrich**—Recent paintings on aluminum slabs/Sculptures made from found and purchased objects. Through 1/10. Cristinerose, 529 W. 20th St. (205-0297).

**Hugh Steers**—Figurative paintings; through 1/18. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (463-0970).

### *Other*

**ighiero e Boetti**—Postal travels, works on paper, embroideries, and documents, from 1965 to 1992; through 1/24. Esso, 191 Chrystie St. (714-8192), Wed.–Sat. 11–6.

## Group Shows

### *Madison Avenue and Vicinity*

**eacon Hill**—980 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (734-3636). Fifty paintings and drawings by Jervis McEntee (1828–1891), and additional seldom-seen works by Casilear, Colman, Gifford, Hart, Kensett, and others; through 1/17.

**raham**—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Abstract paintings by Karen Barth, David Mann, and Tom Martinelli; through 1/17.

**ray**—1018 Madison Ave. (472-8787). "Modern and Contemporary Masters," with paintings and sculptures by de Kooning, Fischl, Flanagan, Giacometti, Gober, and others; through 12/31.

**irschl & Adler Modern**—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). An exhibition entitled "Apprentice, Mentor, Friends" featuring the work of late sculptors Tony Smith and Christopher Wilmarth; through 1/24.

### *57th Street Area*

**oodman**—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). "20/20," with works by Baumgarten, Cragg, Dean, Horn, Richter, others; through 1/10.

**elman**—20 W. 57th St. (245-2888). "Notable Notes," a selection of drawings by writers and composers including Laurie Anderson, John Cage, Lewis Carroll, G. K. Chesterton, e. e. cummings, others; through 1/17.

**anierman**—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). "Great Things in Small Packages," an exhibition of 150 paintings, drawings, and watercolors—none larger than 8 x 10 inches—by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists; through 12/27.

otographs courtesy of Luise Ross Gallery.

### *SoHo and TriBeCa*

**Art in General**—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "Suspended Instants," featuring sculpture and site-specific works by emerging artists from Rio de Janeiro and New York City at this gallery and at the Sculpture Center; through 1/10.

**Artists Space**—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Lines of Loss," with works by five emerging Mexico City artists whose site-specific installations are linked not by style or medium but by their unorthodox action; through 1/10.

**Gibson**—568 Broadway (925-1192). "The Pleasure of Reading," an installation and sale of art books and catalogues; through 12/31.

**Golden**—39 Wooster St. (274-0080). "Strange Days," with works by seven artists investigating the odd and fantastic nature of the human form; through 1/10.

**Rosenberg & Kaufman**—115 Wooster St. (431-4838). "About Face," small-scale portraits and self-portraits ranging in style and material and featuring work by twelve internationally known artists, including Braes, Brown, Coffey, Hadad, Kuszek, others; through 1/3.

### *Chelsea*

**Marlborough Chelsea**—211 W. 19th St. (463-8634). "Icon/Iconoclast," with paintings by Bacon, Clemente, Katz, Kitaj, Reinhardt, others; through 12/27.

### *Other*

**White Columns**—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Blind Faith," an exhibition of conceptual photographs, drawings, sculpture that ask one to suspend disbelief, featuring works by Hanson, Jakob, Jennings, Larson, Lundberg, Monick, others; through 1/18.

## Photography

**Zeke Berman**—Recent black-and-white photographs and works from the seventies and early eighties, including found-object still lifes, and diptych, triptych, and quadriptych constructions depicting shoes, shirts, pants, and stacks of clothing; through 1/17. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

**Louis Brawley**—Pinhole photographs of buildings; through 1/10. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

**John Coplans**—Polaroid self-portraits dating from 1984–85; through 1/3. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

**Valdir Cruz**—Photographs of indigenous people in the Brazilian rain forest; through 1/10. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

**John Dugdale**—Recent photographs of Italian landscapes, cityscapes, and interiors; through 1/11. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

**Lee Friedlander**—Recent self-portraits; through 12/31. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

**Jane Gottlieb**—Hand-colored photographs that depict glimpses into cities and gardens of Europe and sculptures of female figures; through 1/3. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

**Andreas Gursky**—Large-scale color photographs of landscapes and interior views; through 12/24. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

**ICP**—1130 Fifth (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50. "Images From the Machine Age: Selections From the Daniel Collection." Photographs, drawings, and prints spanning the twenties through the fifties; through 2/22. . . . "Nelly, From Athens to New York—The Work of Elli Seraïdari"; through 2/22.

**ICP Midtown**—1133 Avenue of the Americas, at 43rd St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 seniors and students. "Weegee's World: Life, Death, and the Human Drama." A retrospective of more than 200 images by the legendary tabloid-news photographer; through 3/8.

**Robert Glenn Ketchum**—New photographs from his "Northwest Passage" series; through 12/27. De Pagano, 24 W. 57th St. (899-0721).

**Lowinsky**—578 Broadway (226-5440). Twentieth-century German photographs that were acquired from the Helene Anderson Collection and photographs produced by teachers and students at the New Bauhaus (1937–1938); through 12/27.

**Danny Lyon**—The first New York exhibition of photographs from Lyon's legendary book, *The Bikeriders* (1969), taken between 1962 and 1966 when he was a member of a midwestern outlaw motorcycle club; through 1/18. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

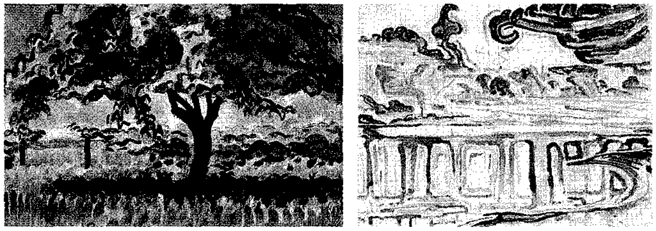
**Diana Michener**—Black-and-white self-portraits that depict the artist in a landscape, her nude body painted white; through 1/17. PaceWildenstein-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

**Morthland**—225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767). "Scene From Behind," with photographs depicting views of scenes and objects as seen from behind by Alvarez Bravo, Arbus, Callahan, Carter, Friedlander, Gibson, Levitt, Mann, others; through 1/10.

**Marvin E. Newman**—Early shadow compositions made on the streets of Chicago in the fifties by the Institute of Design photographer; through 1/24. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (327-1482).

**Richardson**—560 Broadway (343-1255). Photographs of Paris by Bruce Cratsley, André Kertész, and Todd Webb; through 1/3.

**Fred Stein**—Photographs taken in Paris and New York during the thirties and forties; through 1/3. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).



**On View** **The first exhibition to pair the watercolors of Charles Burchfield (1893–1967), an Ohioan, and Walter Anderson (1903-1965), of Mississippi, reveals the artists' remarkably similar perception of nature's patterns. At Luise Ross Gallery, 568 Broadway; through January 3.**

**Bert Stern**—A retrospective of the photographer's advertising and fashion work from the fifties to the present; through 1/10. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

**Kunié Sugiura**—Recent photograms of quotidian objects, flowers, crickets, and frogs by this photographer who is among four artists included in the Museum of Modern Art's current exhibition "New Photography 13"; through 1/10. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

**Nick Waplington**—Photographs from the series "Safety in Numbers," an exposé of young clubbers documented in four international cities, and from "Suicide Series"; through 12/27. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

## Museums

**Alternative Museum**—"Expansion Arts: Artists of Our Time II." Works by seven contemporary artists that incorporate technology; through 1/17 (museum is closed 12/22–1/1). 594 Broadway (966-4444), Wed.–Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

**American Craft Museum**—"Four Acts in Glass: Installations by Chihuly, Morris, Powers, and Vallien"; through 1/18. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

**American Museum of Natural History**—"The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through

4/26. . . . “Drawing Shadows to Stone: Photographing North Pacific Peoples, 1897–1902.” A commemoration of the American Museum of Natural History’s Jesup North Pacific Expedition of 1897–1902, including approximately 100 archival photographs of scenes from daily life; through 5/31. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

**Asia Society**—“Mandala: The Architecture of Enlightenment.” Mandalas from Tibet, Nepal, China, Japan, Bhutan, India, and Indonesia, and a Kalachakra sand mandala constructed by monks from the Namgyal monastery, the Dalai Lama’s personal monastery; through 1/4. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

**Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts**—“The Sèvres Porcelain Manufactory: Alexandre Brongniart and the Triumph of Art and Innovation, 1800–1847.” A survey of the achievements of the Sèvres porcelain manufactory when it was under the direction of the brilliant Alexandre Brongniart, featuring porcelain blanks and finished pieces and 110 working drawings and watercolors that have not been previously exhibited in the United States; through 2/1. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

**Bronx Museum of the Arts**—“Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996.” A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Studio Museum in Harlem; through 3/15. . . . “The Picnic: An Installation by Ernesto Pujol”; through 3/15. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

**Brooklyn Museum of Art**—“Monet and the Mediterranean: A Centennial Exhibition.” Sixty-five paintings executed by the Impressionist during his trips to the Italian Riviera, in 1884, the French Riviera, in 1888, and Venice, in 1908; through 1/4. . . . “The Furniture of George Hunziger: Invention and Innovation in Nineteenth-Century America.” Furniture designed by George Hunziger (1835–1898) from the museum’s collection; through 2/15. . . . “Graphic Alert: AIDS Posters From the Collection of Dr. Edward C. Atwater”; through 2/8. . . . “Working in Brooklyn: A Centennial Exhibition.” Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; through 1/25/98. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

**Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum**—“Design for Life: A Centennial Celebration.” An exhibition examining the role of objects in daily life through works from the museum’s collection, among them architectural drawings, graphics, textiles, ceramics, glass, jewelry, rare books, and industrial-design products; through 1/4. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8420), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

**Dia Center for the Arts**—“Tracey Moffatt: *Free-falling*.” A group of 25 photographs and a video installation by the Australian artist and filmmaker; through 6/14. . . . “Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses*.” Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14. . . . “Fred Sandback: Sculpture.” Sculptures created from yarn, including new works and earlier works from Dia’s collection; through 1/4. . . . “Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996.” Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

**El Museo del Barrio**—“Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean.” The first comprehensive survey of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas from about 1200 A.D. to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; through 3/29. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

**Frick Collection**—“From the Louvre to The Frick Collection: Poussin’s *The Arcadian Shepherds*.” An exhibition of one of the most celebrated icons of French art, Nicholas Poussin’s painting, *The Arcadian Shepherds,* on loan from the Musée du Louvre; through 1/25. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

**Grey Art Gallery**—“Desert Cliché: Israel Now.” Works that deconstruct stereotypes of Israeli culture, by eighteen contemporary Israeli artists; through 2/4. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Wed. 11–8, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**—“Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective.” The first full career retrospective of the artist’s work since 1976, including paintings, drawings, sculpture, and prints; through 1/7. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $15, $10 seniors and students (this is a special admission fee for the Rauschenberg exhibits and includes entrance to the Guggenheim Museum SoHo).

**Guggenheim Museum SoHo**—“Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective.” The first full career retrospective of the artist’s work since 1976, including paintings, sculpture, prints, drawings, and performance and technology-based pieces; through 1/4. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $15, $10 seniors and students (this is a special admission fee for the Rauschenberg exhibits and includes entrance to the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum).

**Jewish Museum**—“ASSIGNMENT: RESCUE, The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee.” The story behind the 1940–41 rescue mission undertaken by Varian Fry, a New York–based Frenchman who arranged safe passage out of France for many anti-Nazi artists, writers, scientists, and political refugees; through 3/29. . . . “Facing the New World: Jewish Portraits in Colonial and Federal America.” The first comprehensive survey of rare, early American Jewish portraits, by Charles Willson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, and other artists, dating from 1700 through the 1830s; through 1/11. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

**Metropolitan Museum of Art**—“Gianni Versace.” A tribute to the late designer that reveals the influence of art on his fashion and theater designs; through 3/22. . . . “Jackson Pollock: Early Sketchbooks and Drawings.” Fifty-five rarely or never-exhibited pages from the artist’s three earliest extant sketchbooks, and 27 independent drawings, all dating from 1937 to 1941; through 2/8. . . . “John La Farge.” A selection of paintings, drawings, watercolors, and stained-glass windows drawn from the museum’s collection of works by the nineteenth-century American artist; through 1/25. . . . “The Private Collection of Edgar Degas.” More than 250 works drawn from the collection of the nineteenth-century French artist, including paintings, pastels, watercolors, drawings, and prints by such masters as Ingres, Delacroix, Daumier, Manet, Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Degas himself; through 1/11. . . . “Richard Pousette-Dart, 1916–1992.” A survey of the American Abstract Expressionist’s paintings and works on paper; through 2/22. . . . “The Drawings of Filippino Lippi and His Circle.” Drawings by the fifteenth-century master, and by Fra Filippino Lippi, Raphael, Sandro Botticelli, and other artists in his circle in Florence; through 1/11. . . . “Flowers Underfoot: Indian Carpets of the Mughal Era”; through 3/1. . . . “King of the World: A Mughal Manuscript From the Royal Library, Windsor Castle”; through 2/8. . . . “Klee Landscapes.” Works in all media from the Berggruen Klee Collection; through 2/8. . . . “Master Hand: Individuality and Creativity Among Yoruba Sculptors.” Masks, free-standing figures, containers, and architectural posts by male and female Yoruba masters who were active from the mid-nineteenth through the first half of the twentieth century; through 3/1. . . . “Picasso the Engraver—Selections From the Musée Picasso, Paris.” Approximately 150 engravings, etchings, and woodcuts made by the artist between 1900 and 1942; through 12/21. . . . “Annual Christmas Tree and Neapolitan Baroque Crèche”; through 1/4. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

**Museum at F.I.T.**—“Fifty Years of Fashion: New Look to Now.” A selection of historically significan clothing from the museum’s own collection, beginning with Christian Dior’s controversial “New Look” of 1947 and ending with the contemporar fashion scene; through 1/10. . . . “The Saris o Princess Niloufer.” Nine saris from a collection o saris previously owned by Princess Niloufer, on of the last of the Imperial Ottoman princesses, an a selection of drawings; through 1/3. . . . “Bead and Sequins: Scintillating Fashion.” Sequine clothes and accessories from the twenties to th present; through 1/3. Seventh Ave. at 27th St (217-5966), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

**Museum for African Art**—“African Faces, African Fig ures: The Arman Collection.” African sculpture from the collection of the sculptor Armand P. Ar man; through 4/19. 593 Broadway, bet. Housto and Prince Sts. (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30 Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, an children.

**Museum of American Folk Art**—“The Image Business Shop and Cigar Store Figures in America.” A se lection of life-size, carved-wood shop and cigar store figures that were made by ship-carvers fro the 1840s to the 1890s; through 1/11. 2 Linco Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

**Museum of Jewish Heritage–A Living Memorial to th Holocaust**—Permanent exhibitions of more tha 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experienc from the1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 1 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800 Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. and eve of Jewis holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7 $5 students and seniors.

**Museum of Modern Art**—“Egon Schiele: The Leopol Collection, Vienna.” Paintings and works on pape by the Austrian Expressionist (1890–1918), man of which have not been previously exhibite through 1/4. . . . “On the Edge: Contemporar Art From the Werner and Elaine Dannheisse Collection.” Paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and video installations given to the museum by Elaine Dannheisser and the Dannheisse Foundation last year; through 1/20. . . . “Achil Castiglioni: Design!” A retrospective of works b the Italian architect and industrial designer know for his imaginative designs for such items as ashtrays, glassware, bathroom fixtures, and vacuu cleaners; through 1/6. . . . “New Concepts i Printmaking 1: Peter Halley.” Artworks created b Halley as digital files on computer disk, compri ing wallpaper and rub-down flowcharts that a fabricated by professional printers whenever site-specific installation is planned; through 2/ . . . “From Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec to An Warhol: Exploring Techniques.” An exhibition fo cusing on various printmaking techniques, featu ing more than 70 works from the museum’s co lection; through 2/8. . . . “New Photography 13 Recent works by Rineke Diijkstra, An-My Lê, V Muniz, and Kunié Sugiura; through 1/13. . . . “ Decade of Collecting: Recent Acquisitions Contemporary Drawing.” Installation-scale draw ings collected by the museum over the pa decade; through 1/13. . . . “Projects: Steve M Queen.” A new film/video, *Deadpan,* that is a pl on the Buster Keaton 1928 silent film *Steamb Bill, Jr.*; through 2/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-948 Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, F 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), clos

## Retrospective

# Walk on the Wild Side

**Ordinary people (like me, and maybe even you) ogle the extravagant clothes created by Gianni Versace and assume they were intended for an imaginary *femme* whose main thrills are power and adventurous sex. But Richard Martin, *the* authority on Versace, tells us different—or at least more. Following the sudden, violent death of the designer earlier this year, Martin, curator of the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has mounted an illuminating retrospective of Versace's work. "Gianni Versace," on view December 11 through March 22, will demonstrate the complexity of the couturier's particular genius.**

**Versace, Martin shows us, put into his work an abiding passion for the history of art and the history of his field—from the proud opulence of Renaissance costume to the discreetly elegant use of the bias cut early in this century. Characteristically, he operated with one foot in the glories of the past, the other on the turf of the daredevil avant-garde, with clothes in plastic and metal and a collection in which couturier met bondage. Since the more spectacular of Versace's costumes seem to be designed for a gaudy, audacious theater-of-life, it's only appropriate that his work for actual theater—from La Scala to Robert Wilson—is also represented. Martin even makes a case for Versace's concern for the comfort of the body wearing his outfits.**

**So don't think vulgar. Think of life lived on a bolder, more flamboyant scale. Think of a fantasy world in which—though sheer prettiness and sleek simplicity are occasionally allowed—"good taste" is a puny, pathetic thing, and erotically charged vitality carries the day. Tobi Tobias**

Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

**Museum of the City of New York**—"New York From Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; 12/13–6/14. . . . "Under the Big Top: Circuses in New York." Costumes, models, props, posters, and other circus paraphernalia and ephemera dating from equestrian John Bill Rickett's first circus on Broadway in 1793 to today's Big Apple Circus; through 2/22. . . . "Beyond the Grave: Cultures of Queens Cemeteries." Photographs of cemeteries in Queens taken by Dr. Ilana Harlow; through 3/8. . . . "A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

**National Academy Museum & School of the Fine Arts**—"Fair & Free: Images of Childhood, 1827–1992." Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures depicting children; through 3/8. . . . Art at the Edge: Framing Nineteenth-Century America." A selection of nineteenth-century frames from the collection of Eli Willner & Company; through 1/11. . . . "The Artist's Eye: Will Barnet Selects From the Permanent Collection." A selection of 40 portraits from the museum's collection, including works by Bellows, Eakins, Grossman, Lawrence, Rauschenberg, Sargent, and others; through 1/4. . . . "Barnet by Barnet: An Installation of Portraits." A selection of portraits from the fifties to the present by Will Barnet; through 1/4. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

**New Museum of Contemporary Art**—"Mona Hatoum." A survey of sculptures, video, installations, and photographic documentations of performances by the Palestinian London-based artist; through 2/22. . . . "Cardoso Flea Circus." A miniature flea circus created in numerous sites in the museum by the sculptor and installation artist Maria Fernanda Cardoso; through 1/18. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Fri., and Sun. 12–6, Fri. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs. and Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 years and under.

**New York Public Library**—"The Romanovs: Their Empire, Their Books." A selection of illustrated books that were originally in the collections of the Romanovs, the dynasty that ruled the Moscow Tsardom and the Russian Empire for 300 years until the Russian Revolution of 1917, and were acquired by the New York Public Library from the Soviet government in the twenties and thirties; through 2/28. . . . "A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Basement Publishing in New York City and Elsewhere." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications using the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties; through 5/30. . . . "Dry Drunk: The Culture of Tobacco in 17th- and 18th-Century Europe." An exhibition covering the history of tobacco in Europe through the library's own materials; through 1/3. . . . "Tobacco Leaves: Selections From the Collection of George Arents, Jr."; through 1/3. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

**New-York Historical Society**—"Signs and Wonders: The Spectacular Lights of Times Square." A look at the development of technology and imagery in Times Square's advertising signage; through 3/8. . . . "On the Nose: Eyeglasses in New York." An exhibition chronicling the history of eyewear in New York, from eighteenth-century spectacles to twentieth-century driving goggles; through 1/11. . . . "To Hell With Reform: The Race to Become Mayor of Greater New York." Illustrations and other materials from the 1897 campaign in which New Yorkers elected the first mayor of Greater New York; through 1/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

**Pierpont Morgan Library**—"Medieval Bestseller: The Book of Hours." 100 Books of Hours from the library's collection; through 1/4. . . . "Romanticism to Realism: Nineteenth-Century German Drawings." A survey of the Library's collection of nineteenth-century German drawings; through 1/4. . . . "Cultural Curios: Literary and Historical Witnesses." A selection of objects owned by famous literary figures from the Library's permanent collection; through 1/4. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

**P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center**—"Jack Smith: Flaming Creature"; through 3/1. . . . "John Coplans: A Self-Portrait"; through 3/29. . . . "Jackie Winsor: Sculpture"; through 3/1. . . . "Lynne Yamamoto: Selected Work"; through 3/1. . . . "Martin von Haselberg: New Works"; through 2/1. . . . "Some Young New Yorkers: Four Artists"; through 3/1. . . . "Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. . . . "Heaven: Public View, Private View"; through 2/1. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

**Studio Museum in Harlem**—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Bronx Museum of the Arts; through 3/15. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

**Whitney Museum of American Art**—"The Warhol Look/Glamour Style Fashion." An exhibition showing how Warhol merged the worlds of style, fashion, and contemporary art, comprising paintings, clothing, photographs, archival material, and reconstructed period window displays; through 1/18. . . . "Richard Diebenkorn." A retrospective of paintings by this California artist (1922–1993), who moved back and forth between abstraction and representation and is best known for his "Ocean Park" cycle of abstracted landscapes; through 1/11. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

**Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris**—"Pictures at an Exhibition: An Installation by Christian Marclay." An installation incorporating works from the Whitney's permanent collection; through 1/25. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

## Auctions

**Christie's**—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 12/10 at 10 and 2: "Important Jewels." On view from 12/5. 12/11 at 10, 2, and 5: "Toy Soldiers From the Forbes Museum of Military Miniatures." On view from 12/6. 12/12 at 10 and 2: "Important 20th-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 12/6.

**Christie's East**—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 12/10 at 10: "20th-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 12/6. 12/10 at 2: "Decorative Posters." On view from 12/6. 12/16 at 10 and 2: "European Decorative Arts." On view from 12/13.

**Phillips**—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 12/11 and 12/12 at 10:30: "Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 12/6.

**Sotheby's**—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 12/10 and 12/11 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Jewelry." On view from 12/5. 12/12 at 10:15 and 2: "Rugs." On view from 12/7. 12/16 at 10:15 and 2: "Coins." On view from 12/11. 12/17 at 10:15 and 2: "Antiquities." On view from 12/12.

**Swann Galleries**—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 12/11 at 10:30: "Photographic Literature and Photographs." On view from 12/6.

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# theater

**Langella...*The Sunshine Boys*...Sedgwick**

## Broadway

### *Previews and Openings*

**The Capeman**—Paul Simon's painstakingly crafted and vigorously ballyhooed new musical finally arrives. The score—a cross-fertilization of salsa, rock, doo-wop, and gospel tunes—features more than thirty songs; the story, based on one of the most sensational double murders in New York history, is one of redemption, following Salvador Agron, the perp, for more than thirty years of his uncommon life, as he metamorphoses from gang tough to poet. Book by Nobel Prize–winning poet Derek Walcott, direction and choreography by Mark Morris, and star turns by Ruben Blades and Marc Anthony. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 1/8 opening. *Marquis Theater, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

**The Sunshine Boys**—The last time Jack Klugman and Tony Randall appeared on stage together—in the National Actors Theatre's *Three Men on a Horse*—they were scolded by critics for not choosing a more age-appropriate play. Now, as a pair of retired vaudevillians in one of Neil Simon's most cherished comedies, they have a chance to make amends. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opens 12/8. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

**A View From the Bridge**—Anthony LaPaglia, last seen in *The Rose Tattoo,* stars in Arthur Miller's affecting drama about the passion of betrayal. Directed by Michael Mayer. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 12/14 opening. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

### *Now Playing*

**Beauty and the Beast**—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk**—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

**Cats**—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Chicago**—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Marilu Henner and Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96). $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**The Diary of Anne Frank**—Natalie Portman, the electrifying teen cutie from *Beautiful Girls,* stars in this newly adapted version of the 1955 play. Also starring Linda Lavin, Harris Yulin, George Hearn, and Austin Pendleton. $40–$60. Tues. at 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Fri. and Sun. at 3. Opened 12/4/97. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

**A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum**—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Bob Amaral as Pseudolus. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

**Grease!**—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Linda Blair plays Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

**Ivanov**—With Kevin Kline and the rest going for it, this Chekhov drama is a winner: wasted lives have seldom been caught so completely and compellingly and, yes, pulsatingly. Kline's performance is microscopic enough to reveal undreamt-of details to the naked eye and ear, telescopic enough to bring the farthest generalities into close focus. Most of the large cast is on target. David Hare's adaptation could not be more vividly actable, with not an awkward moment anywhere. That painterly and musical director Gerald Gutierrez has orchestrated both visually and aurally, finding ingenious compositions for both our sight and hearing. He is equally good with eloquent pauses wherein the ineffable gains its sovereign voice. (Simon: 12/1/97). $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/20/97. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

**Jackie: An American Life**—As ominously titled as it is, this isn't a serious play. It isn't even a straight biography, though Gip Hoppe, the author, manages to cram in historical events both great and small. Instead, it relies on whimsical devices to convey some ideas about the nature of the First Lady's celebrity (the Rat Pack? LBJ? Joe Kennedy?—all puppets) and revels in portraits of the mundane. Margaret Colin stars. $45–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/10/97. *Belasco Theater, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

**Jekyll & Hyde**—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75 Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

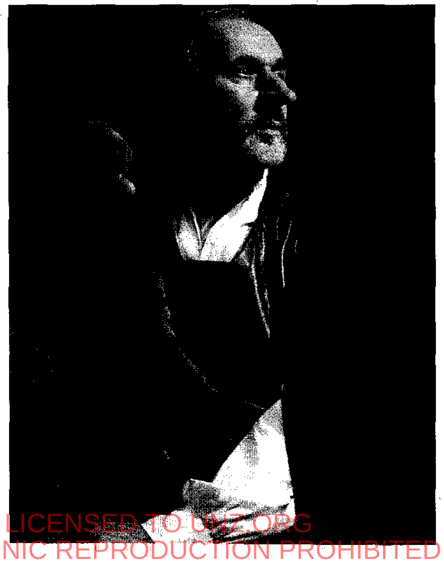
**The King and I**—The Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom,* in the role created by Yul Brynner Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. a 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

**The Last Night of Ballyhoo**—This romantic comedy set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere o *Gone With the Wind*, is Alfred Uhry's first effor since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55 Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W 44th St. (307-4100).*

**Les Misérables**—The implacable Inspector Javer hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to th now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion whil cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to th iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). $15–$75. Tues.–Sat at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

## Opening
## Sniff, Sniff

**The Roundabout opens its winter season with two classic dramas about unrequited passion—one involving a longshoreman and the other . . . a long-nosed-man, for lack of a more medically precise term. In Arthur Miller's *A View From the Bridge,* opening December 14, Anthony LaPaglia plays Eddie Carbone, a Red Hook dockworker who falls in love with his niece; in *Cyrano de Bergerac,* opening December 9, Frank Langella plays Rostand's poet-hero, who would sooner woo his beloved by proxy than risk her rhinophobic scorn.**



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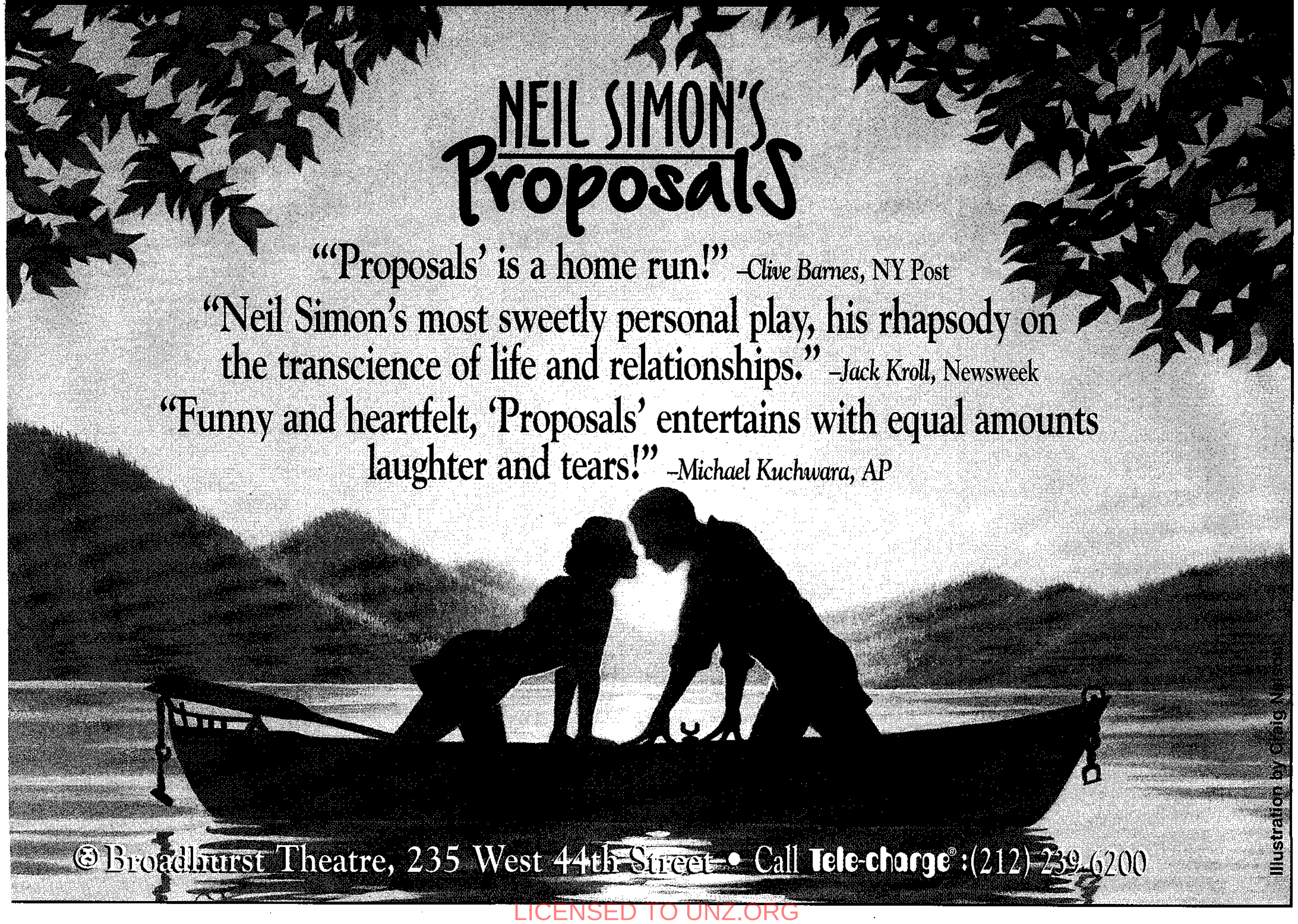

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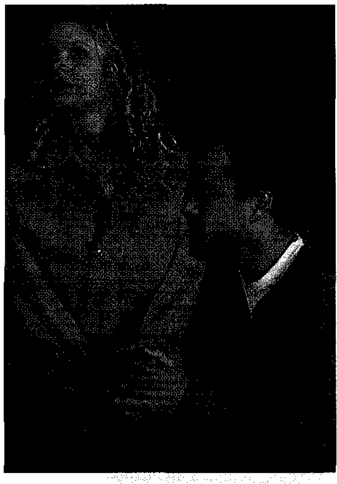
Illustration by Craig N

**The Life**—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.(239-6200).*

**The Lion King**—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

**Miss Saigon**—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, will next week become one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**The Old Neighborhood**—Three interconnected one-act plays by David Mamet, starring Peter Riegert, Patti LuPone, Vincent Guastaferro, Rebecca Pidgeon, and Jack Willis. Directed by Scott Zigler. $45–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 11/19/97. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*



## Opening
## Change of Face

**Kyra Sedgwick, ordinarily a nurturing, earthbound soul onscreen, steps into a more fantastical role onstage in *Knot Stew,* now playing at Ensemble Studio Theatre. The play is part of an evening of one-acts, all written by playwrights between the ages of 18 and 25, collectively entitled *Thicker Than Water.* Tickets are $12. For more information, call 247-4982.**

**The Phantom of the Opera**—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Proposals**—It wouldn't be a new Broadway season without a Neil Simon comedy. This one varies from its predecessors, however, in that (a) it's set outdoors, (b) young people make up over half the *dramatis personae,* and (c) Joe Mantello, who is not Gene Saks, directs. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/6/97. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200)*

**Rent**—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

**The Scarlet Pimpernel**—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. It's got romance, suspense, swashbuckling, and a whole bunch of eighteenth-century stuff; if it succeeds, Broadway could well be on its way to becoming a French Revolution theme park. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

**1776**—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it—its blocking and pacing nowhere to be faulted, and here and there a deliciously new detail. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing, but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97). $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

**Side Show**—The story of the English-born Siamese twins Daisy and Violet Hilton, who during the twenties and thirties went from a freak show to vaudeville fame, has many tragic elements, and this new Broadway musical tries to tackle them. But musical comedy perforce has problems with tragedy, and this show is no exception. Yet when you tally up its credits and debits, you end up, if not exactly in the black, at least in a becoming Oxford gray. There are enough good songs by Henry Krieger to make the weak ones overlookable. Alice Ripley (Violet) and Emily Skinner (Daisy) act, sing, and dance compellingly, getting every requisite laugh and tear. (Simon: 10/27/97). $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 10/16/97. *Richard Rodgers Theater, 226 W. 46th. St. (307-4100).*

**Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller**—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

**Street Corner Symphony**—The seventies, a decade that increasingly seems better suited to art than to life, comes roaring back in this revue of soul, pop, and boop-a-doop ditties. Period costume and dances accompany each number. *Get down.* Conceived and staged by Marion J. Caffey. $47.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/24/97. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

**Titanic**—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

**Triumph of Love**—It's the Broadway musical-theater debut for F. Murray Abraham, an eagerly awaited return for *Sunset* diva Betty Buckley, and an excuse for Susan Egan, the especially belle Belle from *Beauty and the Beast,* to bend gender. The story, adapted from the eighteenth-century romantic comedy by Pierre Marivaux, twists and turns with each costume change. Directed by Michael Mayer (*Baby Anger*), adapted for the stage by James Magruder, music by Jeffrey Stock, and lyrics by Susan Birkenhead (*Jelly's Last Jam*). $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 10/23/97. *Royale Theater, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

# Off Broadway

### *Previews and Openings*

**Bashevis—Tales of I. B. Singer**—A play based on the short stories of the Nobel Prize–winning author Starring David Marguiles. $20. Tues. at 8, Wed. anc Sat. at 2. Through 12/20. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).*

**Christmas at the Ivanovs'**—A deeply twisted adaptation of Alexander Vvedensky's already-twistec yuletide tale. The plot includes a decapitation anc a suicide; the characters include a singing woodcutter, a killer nanny, and a poetry-quoting dog Merry Christmas! $25–$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. a 3. Previews begin 12/9 for a 12/14 opening. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (677-4210).*

**Cyrano de Bergerac**—Frank Langella, who has alway had a nose for a star-turning truffle, now gets t show it off in this 100th-anniversary productio of Edmond Rostand's classic at the Roundabout In addition to playing the title character, Langell directs and provides the adaptation. $50. Tues.–Sat at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opens 12/9 *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, a 45th St. (719-1300).*

**Goose-Pimples**—The New Group inaugurates its fa season with this searing comedy by Mike Leigh writer and director of the films *Naked, Secrets an Lies,* and *Career Girls.* Scott Elliott directs. $25-$30. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 an 7:30. In previews for a 12/18 opening. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

**Mud, River, Stone**—Two African-Americans, struggling to find their spiritual roots, instead fin themselves stranded in a remote, and politicall volatile, East African village. Written by Lyn Nottage (*Crumbs From the Table of Joy*), who dre her inspiration from a 1994 story in the New Yor *Times.* $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7:30, Sat. an Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/14 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

**The Seagull: The Hamptons: 1990's**—The Worth Stre Theater presents a contemporary version Chekhov's classic. Now, the time and setting a . . . well, you've seen the title. Adapted by Jeff Cohen. $25–$35. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/1 opening. *Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (274-2800).*

**The Show Goes On**—A revue of the songs of To Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the duo responsib for *The Fantasticks,* among other gems. $30–$3 Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed., Sat., and Sun. 2:30. Previews begin 12/10 for a 12/17 openin *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, Citicorp Center, 54 St. and Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

**Uncle Tom's Cabin or Life Among the Lowly**—The Drama Dept., the group responsible for the deliciou ly gratifying *As Bees in Honey Drown,* begins season with an adaptation of Harriet Beech Stowe's abolitionist masterpiece. Directed by Ra dolph Curtis Rand; adapted by Rand and Florai Kay. $12. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at In previews for a 12/11 opening. *Greenwich Ho Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (541-8441).*

**Visiting Mr. Green**—Eli Wallach, who made his Broa way debut more than a half-century ago, stars this new comedy about a relationship between young man and an older Jewish widower. $3 $45. Written by Jeff Baron; directed by Lon Price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. 3. In previews for a 12/15 opening. *Union Squ Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

### *Now Playing*

**As Bees in Honey Drown**—Socialite Alexa Vere Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, thr parts luxury addict—enlists a young author

Photograph by Carl Sturn

write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Drama Desk Award winner Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

**The Blacksmith's Folly**—The Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre, which performs all of its selections in the language of the old country, presents a musical based on David Pinski's play about a womanizing Russian, *Yankl der Schmid*. Simultaneous English and Russian translation available. $22–$30. Wed. at 2, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Through 1/18. *Folksbiene Theatre at Central Synagogue, 123 E. 55th St. (755-2231).*

**Blue Man Group: Tubes**—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

**Brides of the Moon**—A sci-fi spoof about four female astronauts and a monkey. Written and performed by the Five Lesbian Brothers. $28. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

**he Broadway Kids Sing Broadway**—A musical revue of songs made famous by Broadway kids. Expect tunes from *Annie, The Sound of Music, The Wizard of Oz, Oliver,* and *Bye Bye Birdie*. $20. Sat. and Sun. at noon. *John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).*

**Christmas Carol**—Hal Linden and Roddy McDowall take turns playing the miserly misanthrope. $25–$65. Wed at 11, 2:30 and 7:30, Thurs. at 11 and 7:30, Fri. at 11, 5, and 8, Sat. at 11, 2, 5, and 8, Sun. at 11, 2 and 5. Through 1/4. *Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. and 32nd St. (307-4111).*

**lue: The Musical**—Improbable, but true. Colonel Mustard, Professor Plum, Miss Scarlet, et al. sing their way through the board-game whodunnit. Book and direction by Peter DePietro; lyrics by Tom Chiodo; music by Galen Blum, Wayne Barker, and Vinnie Martucci. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 12/3/97. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. (239-6200).*

**efying Gravity**—*Titanic* loathers, take heart. Although this is a play about the space-shuttle-*Challenger* disaster, it comes from the reliably twisted imagination of Jane Anderson, author of *The Positively True Adventures of the Alleged Texas Cheerleader Murdering Mom*. Starring Lois Smith. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

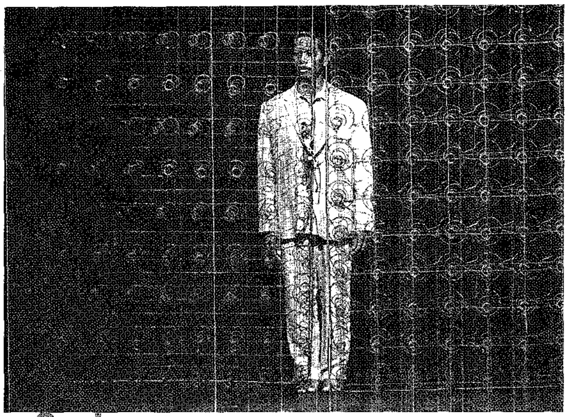
**o**—Two musicals by Michelangelo Alasa: The first, *Chez Garbo,* takes audience through a conceptual artist's gallery of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment; the second, *Studio,* brings to life Serge Diaghilev, the legendary force behind the premiere of the Ballet Russe in Paris. $20. *Chez Garbo:* Fri. at 8 and Sat. at 2. *Studio:* Sat. at 7 and Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

**ntasticks**—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

**umena**—Maria Tucci, last seen as the wonderful Ruth Steiner in *Collected Stories,* stars in this version of Eduardo DeFilippo's 1946 romantic comedy, which she translated herself. Presented by the Blue Light Theater Company. $37.50 Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Mon. at 8. Through 12/14. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

**rbidden Broadway Strikes Back!**—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

**dspell**—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*



otograph by T. Charles Erickson.

Onstage

## Black Like Me?

*In 'Geography,' Ralph Lemon's first piece in a continent-by-continent exploration of race and cultural identity, the innovative choreographer combines music, poetry, and, of course, dance to examine the disparate folkways of Africa. Presented by Brooklyn Academy of Music as part of their Next Wave Festival; performance dates are December 10, 12, and 13. Call 718-636-4100 for tickets.*

**Grandma Sylvia's Funeral**—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

**Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde**—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

**Hats Off to Liza**—If it's 'Liza who?' you ask, best to skip it; if she's dear to your heart, this divinely decadent evening in her honor may prove just the thing. $25–$30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Martin R. Kaufman Theatre, 530 W. 42nd St. (315-2585).*

**How I Learned to Drive**—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel acknowledges her debt to Nabokov's *Lolita*. She has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Molly Ringwald and Bruce Davison. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/16/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

### Ground Rules:

**Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.**

**Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly**—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, passed away in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

**I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change**—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

**I'm Still Here . . . Damn It!**—Sandra Bernhard, who, by turns, waxes vulnerable and outrageous in her one-woman shows, returns to Off Broadway for the first time in nearly a decade. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 9. Through 12/31. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-7171).*

**The Irish . . . and How They Got That Way**—An irreverent, lovingly told Gaelic history by Frank McCourt, author of the Pulitzer Prize–winning *Angela's Ashes*. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 1/4. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

**Joseph Gabriel Magic**—Magician Joseph Gabriel mixes sleights of hand with large-scale illusions. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

**The Last Session**—This is a musical that, strangely, is about AIDS, and, stranger still, is not at all morbid. Music and lyrics by Steve Schalchlin, upon whose life the musical is partially based. Book and direction by his partner, Jim Brochu. $25–$30. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30 and 8; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/17/97. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

**Late Nite Catechism**—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

**The Lunch Anxieties**—A new Larry Kunofsky comedy about four friends who confess their various neuroses and secrets over lunch. Tony-winning actor Michael Rupert directs; Do Gooder Productions, a group that donates its proceeds to community charities, presents. $30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

**Major Barbara**—Perhaps the most electrifying showcase for George Bernard Shaw's considerable debating talents, this play, written in 1905, explores some of the author's favorite themes by pitting the rich against the poor, the idealist against the pragmatist, and the young against the old. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/4. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

**Mere Mortals**—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/29. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

**Mindgames**—Marc Salem, a mentalist and former director of research for *Sesame Street,* does a slew of fancy math tricks, stops his own pulse, and predicts the contents of people's wallets. $40. Tues. at 8; Wed. at 2:30 and 8; Fri. at 8; Sat. at 2, 6, and 9; Sun. at 3. Opened 11/17/97. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

**Mojo**—Jez Butterworth's Olivier Award–winning comedy, soon to be a film, about five toughs who try to launch their careers in London's fledgling rock and roll scene. Watch for shades of Tarantino,

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not just in the gritty, paranoid dialogue but the cheerfully violent plot: A 17-year-old rocker gets hijacked by the mob, his patron gets chopped up and dumped in a couple of dustbins, a bunch of lowlife club operators take control, etc., etc., etc. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. Through 12/21. *Atlantic Theatre Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

**The Mother**—Brecht's tale of a Russian widow's transformation from gentle matriarch to vigorous revolutionary. Presented by the Irondale Ensemble Project; directed by Jim Neisen. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 12/20. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., bet. 9th and 10th Sts. (633-1292).*

**Never the Sinner**—American Jewish Theatre presents the sensational story of Leopold and Loeb—two wealthy, well-educated, and queer teenagers who in 1924 murdered a young boy on a whim. $32–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 12/21. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

**Pearls for Pigs**—The latest and perhaps most accessible work to date from the venerable Richard Foreman. This time, the writer and director probes the limitations of his own medium—the theater—through a bunch of amusing thespian archetypes and an actor called The Maestro, who feels his sanity under siege whenever he climbs on stage. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. $30. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (279-4200).*

**Perfect Crime**—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

**Pride's Crossing**—A rich, densely populated memory play from Tina Howe about the fictional character Mabel Tidings Bigelow, world-record holder for swimming the English Channel. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

**Radio City Christmas Spectacular**—Live animals, Rockettes, mistletoe. $25–$57. Tues.–Fri. at 2:30 and 7:30, Sat. at 10, 1, 3:30, 6:30, and 9, and Sun. at 10, 1, 4, 7:30. Through 1/4. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave., bet. 50th and 51st. (307-1000).*

**Rafferty Rescues the Moon**—A puppet show about a young Irish boy and his two sidekicks, Spider Murphy and Finbar Bat, who set out to rescue the moon from the tummy of the Great Fish. Appropriate for all ages. Written by June Anderson. $20. Sat. and Sun. at 1 and 3. Through 1/4. *Irish Repertory's W. Scott McLucas Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

**Revenge in the Mob**—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

**Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know**—A musical comedy revue that lampoons the camera-toting and madras-wearing. Directed by Patrick Quinn. $40; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590).*

**Sketches on Morning, Noon, & Night**—Monologuist Spalding Gray, who has turned kvetching and obsessing into an art form, presents a work-in-progress about a day in the life of his family. $20 Mon. at 8. Through 12/22. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

**Stomp**—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $24.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8 Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

**Tell-Tale**—It's part Poe, part *Paris Is Burning,* and al drag. Theatre Couture's summer sensation, starring the begowned Sherry Vine and the befrocked Jackie Beat, has moved, in modified form, to the West Village for an open-ended run. $27.50-$32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 10/15/97. *Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (239-6200).*

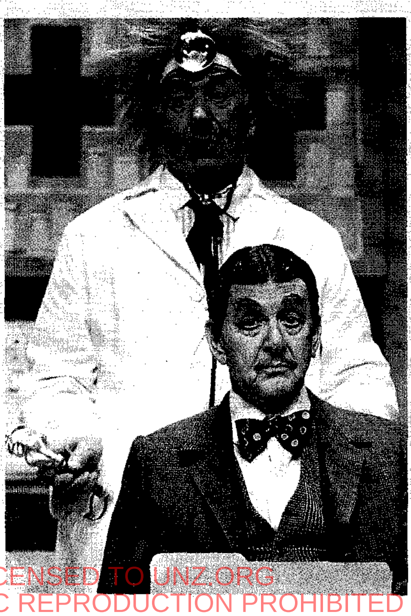
**10 Naked Men**—See title. Written and directed by Ronnie Larsen, the author of *Making Porn,* which just closed after more than 500 performances $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 10/16/97. *Actors' Playhouse 100 Seventh Ave. S. (239-6200).*

**That's Life!**—A musical revue about Jewish famil life. $25. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Theat East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

**Three Days of Rain**—Richard Greenberg, who specializes in contemporary drawing-room comedies, paints in a slightly darker hue this tim around. There's still humor here, and romance too, but at the heart of this drama lie two estranged siblings who discover a private journal kept by their father. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. a 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Through 12/28. *Manha tan Theatre Club's Stage I at City Center, 131 W 55th St. (581-1212).*

**Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding**—A wedding at *St. John Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriage $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

**Two Pianos, Four Hands**—Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt, a pair of talented pianists who never made it to the recital halls, wax philosophical about pushy parents, arrogant students, and smug conce judges. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sa and Sun. at 3. Opened 10/30/97. *Promenade Th ater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*



## Opening Old Friends

*Thanks, indirectly, to Neil Simon, who supplied the original Broadway script, we watched these men bicker and muddle their way through midlife. Now, more than twenty years after the final TV season of 'The Odd Couple,' Tony Randall and Jack Klugman reunite for Simon's cherished comedy about the twilight years, 'The Sunshine Boys.' Opens December 8 at the Lyceum.*

Photograph by Joan Marc

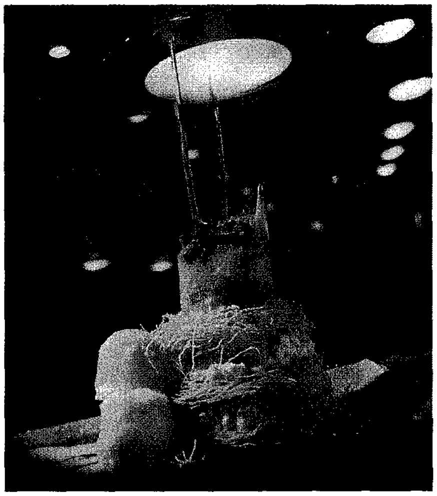
# restaurants

**Fish Flight...Triple-Decker Dessert...Cerigo**

## Object of Desire

## Tall Order

**Aquavit pastry chef Deborah Racicot has subverted the familiar cheesecake geometry—and typically overwhelming, one-note richness—with her sweet-tart citrus tower. Triple tiers of a sweet mixture of cream cheese and fromage blanc are slathered between layers of caramelized shredded phyllo and pink-grapefruit segments and ringed with blackberry-citrus syrup and grapefruit sabayon. Golly. (13 West 54th Street; 307-7311.)**



## Manhattan

### *Lower New York*

**A.J.'s Niota**—This casual Indian duplex makes for a nice diversion from SoHo's French-and-Italian-restaurant stranglehold. The downstairs bar and upstairs dining room are ornately decorated with carved wood and silver doors, and the menu features whole tandoori fish, lots of vegetarian options, and weekend brunch. *337 W. Broadway (431-6222). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Bo Ky**—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

**Chanterelle**—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Diva**—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Ecco**—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Kelley and Ping**—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

**ayla**—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**he Odeon**—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**alaam Bombay**—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**oHo Kitchen and Bar**—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**ennessee Mountain**—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Wall Street Kitchen & Bar**—As downtown grows more and more residential, its halls of finance, like this former bank building, are being converted into service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitchen & Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of beers and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic American fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg noodles, and pizza topped with shrimp, smoked bacon, and roasted tomatoes. *70 Broad St. (797-7070). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Windows on the World**—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushroms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

### *South Street Seaport*

**Gianni's**—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Harbor Lights**—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**North Star Pub**—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

### *Below 14th Street, East*

**Asti**—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Gotham Bar & Grill**—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Haveli**—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Osso Buco**—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Svoboda**—The food at this casual East Villager is slightly Slavic and entirely eclectic, with offerings like dumplings, corn-chowder pizza, smoked-salmon blini, and something called "Siberian sushi surprise." There's also a cigar room and an exten-

### Ground Rules:

**Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.**

**Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.**

hotograph by Warren Salowe.

sive spirit selection. *248 E. 5th St. (387-0707). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

**Three of Cups**—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

### *Below 14th Street, West*

**Andalousia**—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

**Bar Pitti**—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

**Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant**—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Boxers**—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. *190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**El Charro Español**—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

**Greenwich Cafe**—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Le Zoo**—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Rincón de España**—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Salam Cafe and Restaurant**—This casual Arabic restaurant ensconced in a Village brownstone offers a broad variety of Middle Eastern food, including kebabs, couscous, and lamb with yogurt-and-sesame sauce, plus lots of vegetarian options. Try the Lebanese wine. *104 W. 13th St. (741-0277). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Sevilla**—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Tio Pepe**—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Villa Mosconi**—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

**Ye Waverly Inn**—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

### *14th–42nd Streets, East Side*

**Bolo**—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Brew's**—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Campagna**—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**El Parador Cafe**—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

**Gramercy Tavern**—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Heartland Brewery**—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**i Trulli**—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Mesa Grill**—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Oyster Bar**—When a fire temporarily shuttered thi Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientel were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselve at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been repaired, and the regular are taking their places at the counter. Famous fo its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection and comprehensive seafood preparations, th restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourist alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbil Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

**Piccolino**—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in peach stucco duplex. (The building is a centur old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC,*

**Rossini's**—This elegant split-level restauran offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes i seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135 (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Stock & Tankard**—Those looking to unwin after a hard day at the office can find comfo in this low-key bar, which serves over fift microbrewed beers, twenty wines by th glass, diverse martinis, and frozen drinks. Th steakhouse menu includes alligator and other offbeat options. *587 Third Ave., nr. 38th S (661-3181). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Union Square Cafe**—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the be restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (24 4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**ASK GAEL**

### *I don't have time to make dessert for the gang's potluck feast.*

**Let the dedicated and proper bakers at Black Hound deliver their Pyramid, a confection of many-flavored chocolates, or an apple-cranberry pie. And why not a woven chocolate basket filled with truffles, bark, and clusters for luscious holiday overkill? Black Hound's shop at 149 First Avenue (979-9505 or, for mail orders, 800-344-4417) is an unlikely detour for most of us. But if you're out scouting 9th Street boutiques and bazaars for outré gifting, you'll feel the rush as the bakery's window appears like a sweet mirage. Surrender. Buy yourself a small bag of butter cookies (oh, the hazelnut balls, the delicate sugared crescents, the apricot hearts) and, please, a candy sampling too (chocolate-almond bark, hazelnut clusters, and brittle, sugar-spice pecans). You really deserve it. Shopping can be so cruel.**

Photograph by Matthew Salacus

### 14th–42nd Streets, West Side

**Bright Food Shop**—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

**Bryant Park Grill**—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Caffe Bondí Ristorante**—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Da Umberto**—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

**Simply Pasta**—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**ap Room**—New York's very first Austrian brewpub, with fresh lagers and pilsners on tap and a menu that indicates a seriousness about food that's rare in the microbrewery business. Goulash, spaetzle, Wiener schnitzel, and homemade sausages sound like the perfect accompaniments for beer. *3 W. 18th St. (691-7666). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

### 43rd–56th Streets, East Side

**mbassador Grill**—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. The lobster-and-champagne Sunday brunch is a lavish, all-out production. *44th St. in the Regal U.N. Plaza Hotel (702-5014). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**afé Centro**—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**aviar Russe**—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**ocktail Terrace at the Waldorf-Astoria**—A convenient roost for a business breakfast or afternoon tea. At night, to accompany your cocktail, there's live piano music and the occasional fashion show. *301 Park Ave., at 50th St. (872-4818). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**storante De Grezia**—As much attention is paid to the comfortable surroundings as to the Italian edibles at this East Side restaurant. The room is done up in golden oak and adorned with brass hurricane lamps, and the pasta, like the black penne with shrimp, broccoli and roasted tomatoes, gets special treatment. *231 E. 50th St. (750-5353). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

**esco**—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**ambelli 50th Ristorante**—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Le Perigord**—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Lespinasse**—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Mica Bar**—This quiet side street in Turtle Bay is slowly becoming a spawning ground for luxe lounges. The most striking element of this new duplex is its enclosed deck bar, with a convertible roof that can open and close depending on the season. A menu of light Asian tapas features baked oysters, a variety of satays, and Hong Kong gravlax; the beverage menu, from sake cocktails to champagnes by the glass, is extensive. *252 E. 51st St. (888-2453). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Monkey Bar**—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and the menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with smoked bacon, corn chowder, and pommes Anna. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**Morton's of Chicago**—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria**—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Otabe**—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

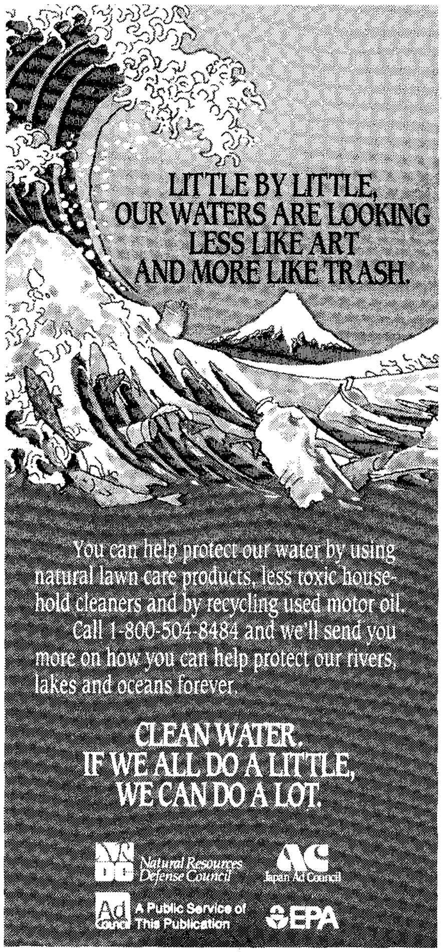
**The Park Restaurant**—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**San Martin's**—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Shinbashi**—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Tatou**—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Tea at the Park**—The owners of the new Park restaurant have teamed up with the leaf experts at T Sa-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lon to open this alcove dedicated to proper English tea service, with all the expected accompaniments from finger sandwiches to freshly baked sweets. A harpist sets the ultra-civilized tone. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Torremolinos**—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Tropica**—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge**—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

### *43rd–56th Streets, West Side*

**Adrienne**—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors, from honey-lacquered foie gras to grilled Angus sirloin. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

**American Festival Cafe**—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Bello**—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Ben Benson's**—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

**Bombay Palace**—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Broadway Joe**—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Restaurant Charlotte**—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**China Regency**—This Chinese-Japanese hybrid is located conveniently in midtown's hotel nexus. Try any of the noodle dishes or a sampling from the sushi bar. Private-party facilities are upstairs. *850 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (247-6440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Christer's**—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Ciao Europa**—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Cité**—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Ed Sullivan's**—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**"44"**—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse**—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Java Shop**—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Johnnie's**—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**JUdson Grill**—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. Signature dishes include Vietnamese shrimp rolls and black Angus steak with truffle "smashed" potatoes. The $32.97 pretheater dinner is a relative bargain. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Langan's**—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Lattanzi**—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

**Le Bernardin**—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Le Rivage**—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Osteria al Doge**—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

**Osteria del Circo**—The restaurant of the moment partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**Patsy's**—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Pig and Whistle**—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

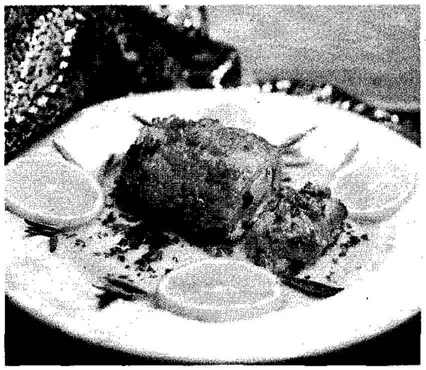
**Rainbow Room**—Still a favorite celebration destination, this deluxe perch 65 floors above sea level offers a variety of entertainment options. Follow feast—now prepared by acclaimed chef Wald Malouf—with old-fashioned cocktails in th Promenade Bar or cabaret at Rainbow & Stars Try the prix fixe and pretheater menus. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E AE, DC, MC, V.*

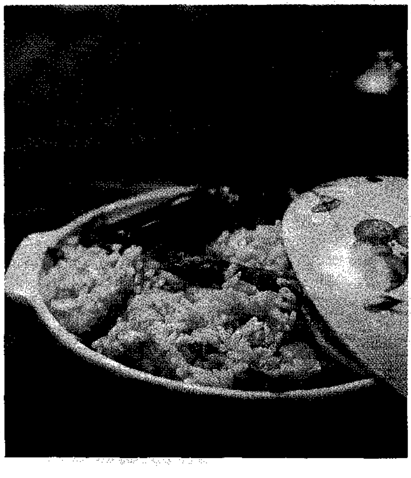
**Redeye Grill**—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. Th signature dish, dancing shrimp, is great for sharing And don't leave without sampling the banana cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

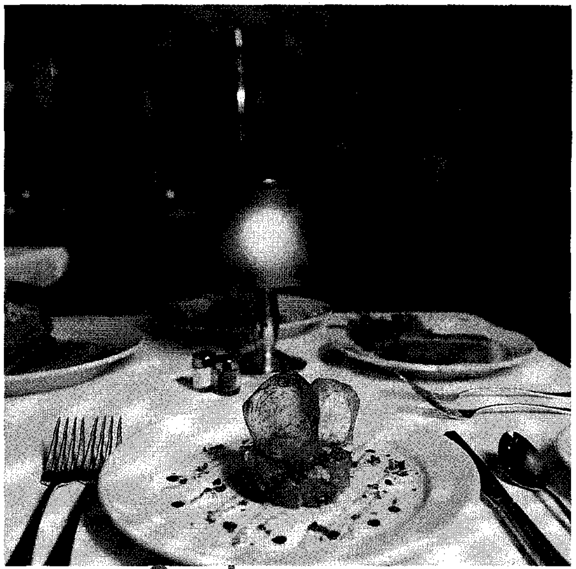
## Opening

# It's Pan-Mediterranean to Them

*Even while offering such telltale dishes as hortopita and tsatsiki, Cerigo resists being labeled a Greek restaurant. The latest addition to Ninth Avenue's global food feast takes its name from the Greek island better known as Kithira, and calls its cuisine—which exhibits some Spanish and French digressions from the theme—seasonal Mediterranean. Dripping candelabras and other ill-thought atmospheric touches don't detract from the surprisingly tasty fare. (798 Ninth Avenue, at 53rd Street; 586-1818.)*







**Opening**

## Feed a Fever

**With her affordable South American–influenced French menu, chef Rita Pescatore (late of Park Avalon) labors to ensure that food is not an afterthought at Torch, the sleek new supper club, cabaret lounge, and latest sign of Loisaida gentrification. Nibble on Ecuadoran seviche with popcorn, or tuna tartare with taro chips while a sultry singer does her best to channel Billie or Nina. (137 Ludlow Street; 228-5151.)**

**René Pujol**—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Ruth's Chris Steakhouse**—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**The Sea Grill**—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with tabbouleh in spicy lobster oil, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Stage Delicatessen**—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

**T.G.I. Friday's**—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**orre di Pisa**—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**ictor's Cafe 52**—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

### *57th–60th Streets*

**ontrapunto**—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**fty Seven Fifty Seven**—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**s Célébrités**—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**e Manhattan Ocean Club**—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**rvana**—The only Indian restaurant with a superb view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (486-5700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**sa Mexicano**—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**n Domenico**—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**o Rooms**—You'd never expect it, but this landmark townhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge is home to an extremely eclectic establishment, with colonial African décor in the skylit upstairs restaurant and a fireplace in the low-key downstairs lounge. Some of the dishes on chef Thomas Harris's contemporary American menu include seared duck foie gras, risotto of grilled sweet corn and pancetta, and crispy salmon in rice paper. *313 E. 58th St. (223-1886). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

### *Above 60th Street, East Side*

**Allora**—This cozy restaurant appeals to neighborhood regulars looking for gently priced Italian standards like osso buco and linguine pescatore. For the fish lover, crab cakes and Dover sole would make an ideal order. *1321 First Ave., at 71st St. (570-0384). (I) AE.*

**Baraonda**—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

**Bella Donna**—Creative pastas and thin-crust pizzas at extremely affordable prices keep this cheerful Upper East Side trattoria full of budget diners, first dates, and neighborhood regulars. *307 E. 77th St. (535-2866). (I–M) ($).*

**The Boathouse**—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat, or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Cabana**—The Pan-Caribbean menu at this East Side restaurant casts wide for its influences, which range from Cuban to Aruban. At $17.95, a shellfish stew simmered in a tomato-garlic broth is the most expensive entrée. Lunch specials, especially the sandwiches like media noche and jerked chicken, are particularly good bargains. And where else could you find as eclectic an appetizer as the bocadillos, with conch and vegetable fritters, jerked chicken wings, and beef patties sharing the same plate? *1022 Third Ave., nr. 60th St. (980-5678). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Campagnola**—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Club Macanudo**—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Decade**—This place bills itself as the Classic Rock Supper Club, and thus appeals to the sort of over-30 crowd that would know exactly what classic means. Besides dinner—which could be pan-seared wild salmon with a horseradish-potato crust, duck-confit-and-vegetable spring roll, or Arctic char in a fennel consommé—there's a 4,000-bottle wine vault, nearly 200 humidors, and original artwork by Warhol and Rosenquist. And dancing, of course. Jackets required. *1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (835-5979). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**El Pollo**—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Giovanni 25**—This elegant regional Italian restaurant has its fans, including the telegenic likes of Dan Rather and Tom Brokaw, who partake of a menu heavy on game and dishes luxurified with seasonal truffles. Try the Dover sole and the black risotto with cuttlefish. *25 E. 83rd St. (988-7300). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

**Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge**—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Hurricane Island**—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with bottles from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Ici**—A relative newcomer among the countless Upper East Side bistros, Ici has made a name for itself with well-executed, contemporary French fare—like grilled scallops with asparagus, and Cajun red snapper—and a fashionably chic clientele. *19 E. 69th St. (794-6419). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

**Isle of Capri**—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Letizia**—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244).*

otograph by Steffen Thalemann.

*(E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Mark's**—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Mesa City**—Bobby Flay's casual uptown bastion of innovative southwestern fare offers a unique variety of quesadillas, plus heartier dishes like ribs with molasses-barbecue sauce and sweet-potato tamale with spinach. The bar attracts regulars with the house margarita, spiked with cactus-pear juice, and its selection of twenty brands of tequila. *1059 Third Ave., nr. 62nd St. (207-1919). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Nino's**—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Park Avenue Cafe**—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Post House**—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Trattoria Libertá**—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Vermicelli**—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

### *Above 60th Street, West Side*

**Bella Luna**—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Cafe des Artistes**—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Delphini**—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. *519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.*

**Gabriela's**—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

**Hi-Life Bar & Grill**—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Iridium Jazz Club**—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

**La Caridad**—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

**Londel's**—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**M&G Diner**—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

**Merlot Bar and Grill**—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Pasha**—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. *70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.*

**Tofu**—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. *2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Opening

## Following the Crowd

*Pacific East's greatest culinary achievement—other than surviving a season in the hypercompetitive Hamptons dining scene—is proving incontrovertibly that Asian seafood doesn't have to mean sushi. This weekend, co-owners Alexander Duff (below, right) and chef Michael Castino transport their Amagansett success to Chelsea with a similarly creative menu of dishes like sweet-miso wok-charred salmon, and cedar-planked Alaskan halibut in mirin pan juices. (318 West 23rd Street; 243-0777.)*

**West 63rd Street Steakhouse**—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *4 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

## Brooklyn

**Cucina**—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensationa antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230 0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Lundy Bros.**—This restored landmark restauran serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or th reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffe available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Peter Luger's**—Steak for one, steak for two, steak fo four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your ow house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

**Two Tom's**—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooke pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the wee and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's alway worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union S (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

## Queens

**Elias Corner**—Mix with the locals in Astoria as the queue up for a table at this Greek fish taver Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instea eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerin look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-frie pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

**Pearson's Texas Barbecue**—Deservedly heralded New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queen joint draws fans from much farther than acro the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-93 3030). (I) ($).*

## Bronx

**Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant**—An authentic i land experience; not that polished resort amb ence, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. G Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-496 (I) ($).*

## Staten Island

**Aesop's Tables**—Arrive by ferry or bridge to th charming bistro and garden that serves inventi bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Roseba (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

## Westchester

**La Cremaillere**—Make sure to try this charmi French restaurant even if you're not lucky enou to inhabit this posh suburb. The Widow Bru House, built in 1750, has been transformed int modern-day source of such French country fare roasted rack and leg of lamb with Provençal her and warm brandied banana-and-raspberry tart. *Bedford-Banksville Rd., Bedford (914-234-9647). AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Robert Wri

**Konigsberg** *continued from page 37*

ace Gallery, the most influential modern-rt dealership, forming PaceWildenstein, joint venture of which Wildenstein wns 49 percent. While the deal gives Vildenstein a hand in a market that eems to have staying power, PaceWildenstein's efforts to expand have yielded nediocre results: A planned branch in ondon never opened, and the Los Ange-es gallery, established in 1995, is said to e struggling.

ELENA JARIKOVA APPEARED IN NEW YORK n February of this year, a Russian girl of 0, hard-eyed, blonde, pretty much lawless, five feet ten. At the time, she poke almost no English and, she is fond f telling people, had never until recent-y eaten fresh fruit or vegetables in her ife. She grew up in the province of akhalin, a remote island off the east-rn coast of Russia. Her mother is a choolteacher. When she was around 14 r 15, she made her way to Moscow. Vithin the last year, she made her way o New York, where she became an ac-uaintance of Gaddo Cardini, an Italian usinessman now living in Manhattan. ardini is a very social—if mysterious—an-about-town who makes a living elling Gulfstream planes to private cit-zens, including Alec Wildenstein. He ounts among his friends Plácido omingo and Gianni Agnelli, and at unchtime most days he can be found at ither Harry's Bar, Cipriani, or Sofia's, sually in the presence of rich or beauti-l young ladies (the cousin of the for-er Shah of Iran; the daughter of Dewi ukarno; a number of Russian models). e's known to set up his single friends ith young women.

Someone gave me the name of a man, banker who's known Alec from the me the two were young bachelors in ew York. He said he too had been set o with Yelena, courtesy of Gaddo Car-ni, just a few months before Alec met r. He told me, "One night I happened walk into Champagne, that place with e piano bar adjacent to La Côte asque, and there's Gaddo, and of course knew everybody in the room.

"Anyway, Gaddo says, 'There's a Russ-n girl here I think you'll really get on ell with,' and it was Yelena. So we lked, and I called her up and we went one date—a handful of dates, I guess. e was very sweet and charming, but at e time she didn't speak much English. e ended up going out with another iend of mine, a top lawyer in town who's unger than I am. He also met her rough Cardini. People get passed ound in New York."

Friends of both Yelena and Cardini say Cardini introduced Yelena to Alec, though both Alec and Cardini say Cardini was merely present at the party. One friend of Alec's says he "flipped over this girl immediately." He took her on vacation a number of times. He bought her a Mercedes convertible. In June, according to INS records, Alec paid $15,000 in processing fees for an H-1 visa for Yelena. Still, a story has been circulating among Yelena's friends that she won't sleep with Alec until he proposes.

One friend of Alec's likened Yelena to "an untamed animal," which, given what I'd found out about Jocelyne and Alec's life together, made sense. Alec's friend John Aspinall says that in recent years, Alec's awe of wild animals dampened his interest in hunting and is making a conservationist of him. "The more he learned about their adaptability to terrain, he realized he could derive more pleasure from them by owning and observing them than if they were merely dead trophies."

Alec had been dating Yelena a short while when she told him she was interested in modeling. "Alec always wanted a model, and if she wasn't one, so he make her one," Jocelyne told me. He called Eileen Ford, the founder of Ford Models, who twenty years ago had set him up on dates with several models in her stable. Then Alec got hold of Wayne Maser, one of the best-known photographers in the fashion business, and commissioned him to take a series of glamour shots of Yelena. For one day's work, Wildenstein paid Maser upwards of $80,000. In August, on the strength of this "portfolio," Ford signed Yelena to a contract. In her first season, she has been photographed by Irving Penn and Raymond Meier, appeared in an editorial spread for *Harper's Bazaar*, modeled in the Chanel show in Paris during Fashion Week, and was even cast in a small scene in Woody Allen's newest movie project. Among the other Russian models in town, Yelena is affectionately known as the royal peasant girl. "She has a chance to do extremely well," says Christian Paris, the Ford agent who was the first to handle her bookings (he has since moved to Karin Models). "She has that very fine skin and bone structure that only real Caucasians—from the Caucasus—can have. She's a very determined girl. She's taking acting lessons at Lee Strasberg; she rides horses; she shoots; she's into skydiving. This is the real one—I mean, no shit."

Alec and Yelena are said to be happy together. A woman who works in the fashion industry and who happened to find herself sitting with the two of them at a dinner last month says, "I had not expected to like either of them, but she was absolutely delightful. She knew more about his business than he does. She seemed too ambitious to be a model. I bet she goes to Hollywood. They got on well, but if she wants anything more than money out of a relationship, she could do a lot better than Alec."

JOCELYNE WILDENSTEIN BELIEVED EVERYthing Alec said, and when he told her he wasn't excited by the prospect of having dinner with their friends at Le Bernardin, she suggested just the two of them go.

"I don't really feel like doing that either," Alec said.

"Is something wrong?" Jocelyne asked. She was calling him at the gallery. She was upstairs, at home.

"Maybe we should talk," Alec said. He told her to meet him in the Bonnard room in fifteen minutes.

It was April 18, and Jocelyne had only been back in the country ten days. Already, the year was shaping up as a bad one. In the fall, both children had left for school. She'd been at Ol Jogi with her parents, watching her father die of pneumonia. She waited two weeks for Alec to come to the funeral, but finally he said he was too busy. So she buried him herself, on March 27, her parents' anniversary.

Now, in the Bonnard room, Alec told Jocelyne that while she was out of the country, he'd decided to see other women.

"Is it one woman or more than that?" Jocelyne wanted to know. "Because if it is several women, I can overlook it. We can still work on it. But if you are already in love with a person, then I suppose everything is lost."

"No," Alec said. "There's no one person. Nothing serious." He was lying to her. At this point there was only Yelena.

"So you're not in love?"

"I want to find out if I'm in love."

Alec told her he was leaving town for a few days. Jocelyne begged him not to. Their daughter, Diane, was on her way home for the first time since September. She wanted them to meet her boyfriend, a junior at McGill, premed.

So Alec stayed. And over the weekend, he brought Diane and her boyfriend out to lunch with him. And Yelena. "If she can introduce me to her boyfriend, I can introduce her to my girlfriend," he said.

"I HAD NO CHANCE TO SAVE IT," JOCELYNE told me. "It happen like a storm. It was a nice marriage until the end. Maybe I lost a bit of my attention when my father was sick at the end, but I didn't feel it coming."

Yelena has *(continued on page 116)*

# nightlife

**Unicef Benefit...Great Jewish Composers**

## Concerts

**"Birks' Works: Dizzy Gillespie's Small-Band Masterpieces"**—In its ongoing series of tributes to past masters (and its second such homage to John Birks Gillespie), Jazz at Lincoln Center brings back trumpeter Jon Faddis to work through the changes the be-bop architect wrought. The fall's exploration of Diz's big-band work may have unearthed more rarities, but this pair of potentially more obvious shows is no less significant. Of course, in some form or other, virtually every bop-inspired club date (which is to say, virtually every club date) in the city is, in some sense, an exploration of Gillespie's legacy, making this show potentially superfluous—and thus a more exciting challenge for Faddis & Co. 12/11 and 12/13 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500). $37.50.*

**Paula Cole**—1997 being the year of the woman-in-rock, it only makes sense that a few of the phenomenon's beneficiaries would fall into the head-scratcher category. Case in point: Paula Cole, her appealingly funky demeanor notwithstanding, has a caterwauling delivery that's got to have Janis Joplin spinning in her grave. 12/16 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $27.50–$35.*

**Cyrus Chestnut Trio; Bucky Pizzarelli**—Blazing young piano virtuoso Chestnut and low-key guitar-grampa Pizzarelli form the core of Pace's "Evening of Intimate Jazz" show. 12/11 at 8 P.M. *The Pace Downtown Theatre at the Schimmel Center for the Arts, Spruce St., opposite City Hall Park (346-1715). $20.*

**Philip Glass**—It's always weirdly heartwarming—and slightly disturbing—to see avant-garde types get the uptown-retrospective treatment. Not that Glass is any stranger to Lincoln Center, of course, but there's still something about the career-highlights format that feels like a bit of an odd fit for a figure like Glass. On the other hand, when the material is this great (*Einstein on the Beach, Music in 12 Parts, Low Symphony, Heroes,* and *Glassworks* are all on the bill), why not take a night or two to soak up some high points? and more. 12/10 and 12/12 at 8 P.M. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5030).*

**"Guitars of the Americas"**—A New World six-string whirlwind, with Jorge Morel, Thiago de Mello, and Daniel Wolff. 12/13 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $20.*

**Daryl Hall & John Oates**—Blue-eyed soul's premier duo, back from the ski-lodge circuit and ready to fan the flames. 12/13 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (496-7070). $36.*

### Ground Rules:

**In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.**

**Garrison Keillor's Prairie Home Companion**—In an ongoing tradition, the whimsical and sonorous raconteur broadcasts live from Gotham. 12/13 and 12/20 at 5:45 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $30–$35.*

**Mannheim Steamroller**—You've got to hand it to Chip Davis. When the Nebraska synth-wizard cooked up this all-holiday-music-all-the-time Fuzak outfit some twenty years ago, who could have foreseen that he'd turn it into one of America's most successful music franchises? Yet here he is, playing airy-fairy medieval-lite concoctions on his umpteenth album, and commanding arena-size audiences to boot. 12/16 at 7:30 P.M. *Nassau Coliseum, Marshal Field Complex, Uniondale, Long Island (212-307-7171). $12.50–$49.50.*

**"Max Roach's America"**—Roach teams up with a broad range of distinctly American musicians to offer his take on the whole melting-pot phenomenon. Roach's drumming alone addresses the question of American roots, from African rhythms to Western-classical fugues and beyond, in a rather bold and head-on fashion, so his collaborations over three nights should prove endlessly fascinating. Guest-performers: 12/16, the Abyssinian Baptist Choir; 12/17, fellow rhythm-king Tito Puente; and 12/18, Bill T. Jones. All shows at 8 P.M. *92nd St. Y, 1385 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $25 per night; $65 for the series.*

**Take 6**—Listening to this gospel-pop sextet's perfect harmonies, it's pretty much impossible not to believe in some kind of divine inspiration. Even if you haven't got a religious bone in your bod Take 6 will have you praising Jesus—at least fo the band's existence. 12/13 at 8 P.M. *Brooklyn Cen ter for the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College (718 951-4500). $20-$25.*

**George Thorogood & the Destroyers**—Bad to the bon baby. 12/12 at 8 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at th Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (564-4882 $29.50.*

**George Winston**—Ivory-tickling atmospherics fc those who prefer their holiday-season music wit its usual, biting edge. 12/16 at 7:30 P.M. *NJPAC, Center St. Newark, N.J. (888-466-5722). $10–$28*

**Paul Winter's Winter Solstice Celebration**—The breez New Age saxophonist delivers the eighteenth in stallment of his multiculti celebration of the year shortest day. Along with the Paul Winter Con sort's traditional appearance, this year's show fea tures the rather improbable pairing of Brazilia guitarist Oscar Castro-Neves and *Riverdance* pipe Davy Spillane. 12/11–12/13 at 7:30 P.M.; matine 12/13 at 2 P.M. *Cathedral of St. John the Divin 1047 Amsterdam Ave., at 112th St. (662-2133 $28–$60.*

## Clubland

**Arlene Grocery**—The Lower East Side's newish, hi pish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) ro and folk venue. 12/11: Talking to Animals. *Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

**The Baggot Inn**—A cozy West Village gathering sp for NYU students and other sweater-wearing fo enthusiasts. 12/11: Lenahan; Industrial Tepe 12/12: Andrew Baum; Tone Poets. *82 W. 3rd (477-0622). $.*

**Bottom Line**—A top-notch venue—with gre sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries-given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all strip 12/9: Ed Palermo & His Big Band play the mus of Frank Zappa. 12/11: Maggie Estep; the Niel Leslie Nuchow; Susan Werner. 12/12: For years, Vin Scelsa's been New York radio's prin advocate of intelligence, humor, and sincere lo of music—most recently on his romping Sunda night "Idiot's Delight." Tonight, the "50/30 Part celebrates the D.J.'s 50th birthday and his 30th a niversary on the air. The club's not saying who t all-star special guests will be, but with the kind fans Scelsa's acquired in those three decades, y can bet it's worth taking a chance to find o 12/13: Calling Robert Fripp a "guitar hero" is li calling Shakespeare a "playwright." The man is t very embodiment of the concept—the gold sta dard by which all other axmen who wish to taken seriously are measured. And with prog-ro experiencing something of a revival among t smarty-pants rock set, there's likely to be a wh new generation of nerd-boy obsessives slobberi over the ex–King Crimsoner's every amplifi stirring. 12/15–12/16: The Buddy Rich Band—in which trapsman Steve Marcus f Rich's large and loud shoes—proves that if t Count Basie Orchestra can swing on generatio after its leader's demise, others can follow suit. *W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

**Brownies**—Avenue A's divey post-college rock sp with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and t occasional big name trying to keep a low prof Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierc Shows nightly at 9. 12/12: Sexpod; Bananafi 12/13: Princess Superstar. *169 Ave. A, at 11th (420-8392). $.*

### Talent
## Glass Reunion

*Philip Glass takes a break from his current projects with Martin Scorsese and Robert Wilson, and from his own compositions, for a two-night full-career retrospective. The shows revisit old favorites like 'Einstein on the Beach,' 'Heroes,' and 'Music in 12 Parts.' Avery Fisher Hall, December 10 and 12.*

Photograph by Jack Mitch

**CBGB & OMFUG**—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. 12/13: Now pushing middle age, eighties pioneer woman rockers Bush Tetras have lost none of the gritty funk-punk edge that made them such faves to begin with. 12/15: 32 Tribes. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

**Chicago B.L.U.E.S.**—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

**Coney Island High**—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 12/10: Testament. 12/12: The Dictators. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

**Continental**—A dark, grimy, shotgun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful lowlifes—basically St. Marks under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. *25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).*

**The Cooler**—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 12/12: Belizbeha; BassX. 12/13: Quixotic; Chrom-Tech. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

**Fez**—London's High Llamas deliver one of the most sensational live shows imaginable. Their recent gig at the Mercury Lounge was jaw-droppingly beautiful, precise, and complex, as leader Sean O'Hagan directed layers of strings, keyboards, guitars, banjo, vocal harmonies, and a variety of electronic oscillators into a perfect acoustic experience. If the above description seems to bespeak an audiophile-nerds-only atmosphere, don't worry. O'Hagan's musical sensibility is far too astute to allow his tunes to be lost in the arrangements. The quirky instrumentation is always put to proper use, in the service of weird, fresh, and enlightening songs. Thursdays, the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. 12/9: The High Llamas; Ellis Paul. 12/12: Lullaby for the Working Class; Life in a Blender. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

**rving Plaza**—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 12/10: Catherine Wheel. 12/12: Luna's Dean Wareham makes no bones about his admiration for the Velvet Underground—and why not? The outfit's simple, nearly droning melodies are shimmering pop perfection, and just get better and better. 12/13: Faithless. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

**nitting Factory**—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 12/9: Bailter Space; Sunday Puncher. 12/12–12/13: Undoubtedly fanning the flames of controversy, John Zorn continues his exploration of the idea of "Jewish music" with the ambitious, two-night "Great Jewish Composers" program. It's not all shtetl-inspired religious tunes here: Pop maestro Burt Bacharach, experimental guitarist Marc Ribot, accordionist Guy Klucevsek, and Zorn himself do the honors. 12/15: The Jazz Passengers. 12/16–12/17: Gen-X monologuist extraordinaire Eric Bogosian puts on "Pounding Nails Into the Floor With My Forehead." *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

**ouisiana Community Bar and Grill**—Weird neighborhood in which to label anything "community," but the joint books some surprisingly good blues, jazz, and country acts. 12/13: Old-school rockabilly guitarist Paul Burlison, who's just released *Train Kept A-Rollin'*, a rollicking collaboration with Levon Helm, Kim Richie, and members of Los Lobos. *622 Broadway, bet. Houston and Bleecker. (460-9633).*

**Manny's Car Wash**—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blue. 12/11: Tinsley Ellis. 12/12: The Water Street Blues Band. 12/13: The Roxy Perry Blues Band. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

**Mercury Lounge**—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 12/12: "Rock for a Cure," benefitting breast-cancer research. Lisa J. Cornelio (see box, this page); Mr. Right; Eudora; Girlfriend. 12/13: Five Chinese Brothers. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Talent

## Urbane Cowgirl

**Nobody said it would be easy to make it as a country singer in New York. For Lisa J. Cornelio, it's meant playing more than two dozen local clubs in five years, working a day job as an S.A.T. tutor, and engaging in some cross-cultural communication. "What I'm doing is more like early Linda Ronstadt than Trisha Yearwood," she says. "Sometimes it's a matter of making people understand that." To be fair to Cornelio, her literate, rootsy concoctions are pretty much universal in their appeal—hardly in need of spinning for an urban audience. (Clearly, the point hasn't been lost on fans: Without record-company support, the New England native has been selling out rooms like the Mercury Lounge and Fez for months. She plays the former December 12, the latter January 27.) Cornelio uses a subtle dobro twang to back up her tough-minded love songs. Notwithstanding lines like "If you want the reason I come back to all your filthy lies, you just need to look into the mirror," the singer remarks, "I have enough gentle songs that I'm obviously not a hard-hearted bitch." Though New York's been without even one country radio station for several years, Cornelio is optimistic about her prospects of hitting the big time. She's had a few nibbles from Nashville, and notes that Lilith Fair and other woman-oriented-music developments bode well for her. "You couldn't have more different performers than Tori Amos and Sheryl Crow," she says. "But there they are, on the same radio station, because it's all chick-rock to the programmers. And I'm the happy beneficiary."** ETHAN SMITH

**S.O.B.'s**—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 12/12: Sweet Mickey. 12/13: Katende & Viva Brazil Dancers. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

**The Supper Club**—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band pays tribute to various big-band heroes of yesteryear, after which the next generation of swingers takes over, from midnight till 4 A.M. 12/12: The Camaros. 12/13: Joe Bataglia & the New York Big Band; the Blues Jumpers. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

**Tramps**—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 12/12–12/13: Funky Meters. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

**Westbeth Theatre**—Through December, the West Village theatre-cabaret-rock club is home to Sandra Bernhard and her scathingly hilarious one-woman show, *I'm Still Here. . . Damn It!* Sunday nights, erstwhile Joni Mitchell impersonator John Kelly extends his alterna-cabaret act—originally scheduled to end last month—through the end of the year. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

**Wetlands**—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is "Fastbreak," a jungle-techno-hip-hop-"Kung-fu break-beat" extravaganza. 12/12–12/13: Frogwings. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

## Jazz

**Birdland**—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 12/9–12/10: Dave Liebman Quartet. 12/11–12/13: Claudio Roditi–David Sanchez Allstar Quintet. 12/14: Jim McNeely Tentet. 12/16: Mark Vinci Quartet. 12/17–12/18: Billy Stritch. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

**Blue Note**—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 12/9–12/14: The Mike Stern Quartet; Bill Evans & Push. 12/16–12/21: Joe Sample Trio. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

**Internet Cafe**—An East Village spot where, the name notwithstanding, avant-garde jazz explorations take precedence over Web-surfing and e-mail-checking. 12/11: Nick Demopoulous. 12/12–12/13: Newman Taylor Baker Singin' drums, with Joe Ford. 12/15: Chuck Clark Little Big Band. Most nights, $5 cover. *82 E. Third St. (614-0747) $.*

**Iridium**—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 12/9–12/14: Dave Douglas Sextet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

**The Jazz Standard**—Midtown south's newest, biggest, and happeningest hangout for hard-boppers and the men and women who love them. You can't hear the bands from the swanky first-floor restaurant, but the basement club's modified menu should more than suffice. 12/9–12/14: Buttery-toned tenorman George Coleman gets a groove on with the best of them. The vet gives the Standard a shot of the old-school hard-bop we all crave. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M.,

otograph by Tom Tavee.

Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

**Knickerbocker Bar & Grill**—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 12/10–12/13: Joanne Brackeen and Cecil McBee. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

**Museum of Modern Art**—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. While no amount of imagination can render the institutional, linoleum-tile décor any more inviting than your average mass feed-trough, the concept *is* fairly happening. 12/12: East Down Septet. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

**Roulette**—A TriBeCa performance space featuring experimental and adventurous music—basically, a miniature Knitting Factory. Shows at 9 P.M. 12/12: Accordionist Andrea Parkins handily and cheerfully does away with the notion that her instrument is strictly for polkas and other Oktoberfest nostalgia-shticks. Accordions of the future, unite! 12/13: Kaffe Matthews. *228 W. Broadway (219-8242). $8.*

**Showman's Cafe**—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

**Small's**—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, it's the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. 12/11: Bob Mover Quartet. 12/12–12/13: Tim Armacost Quartet. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

**Sweet Basil**—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 12/9–12/14: Renee Rosnes Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

**Village Vanguard**—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 12/9–12/14: Nicholas Payton Quintet, with Tim Warfield, Reuben Rogers, Anthony Wonsey, and Adonis Rose. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

**Zinno**—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Every Sunday night: Giacomo Gates and Lynn Seaton. 12/8–12/13: Santi DiBriano, Helio Alves, Tommy Campbell, and Valtinho. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

## Comedy

**Carolines Comedy Club**—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 12/11–12/13: Judy Gold and Greer Barnes. 12/14–12/15: Mario Cantone. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

**Catch a Rising Star**—The high-class variety showplace mixes straight stand-up with sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Wednesday night's "This Is Not a Test" broadcasts live on the Web. Ill-advised as it sounds, this marriage of high-tech and high jinks is novel, fresh, and entertaining—thanks in large degree to its ratio of cost (free) to talent (Janeane Garafolo, Conan O'Brien, Jon Stewart). Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).*

**Comedy Cellar**—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and 12 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. 12/8–12/14: Wanda Sykes-Hall; Kevin Brennan; Gregg Rogell; Greer Barnes; Ian Bagg; Tim Young. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

**Comic Strip**—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

**Dangerfield's**—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

**Gotham**—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 12/12–12/13: Judy Gold; Jim Mendrinos; Vanessa Hollingshead; Jim Florentine. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

**Stand-up New York**—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 12/12–12/13: Jim David; Eddie Brill; Rich Ceisler; Susie Essman. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

## Cabaret

**Algonquin Hotel**—For her tenth straight season in the Oak Room, the utterly charming Andrea Marcovicci has put together "All in Fun: The Songs of Mabel Mercer," in which she fêtes a cabaret star of more than one bygone era. Mercer got her start in Paris between the wars, moved to New York during thirties, and stayed, becoming a favorite of Frank Sinatra and Tony Bennett, among others. Marcovicci's delightful program draws on the vast repertoire Mercer developed during her five-decade career—many of the songs "orphans" (numbers dropped from Broadway shows) and tunes written specifically for Mercer. Through 1/3. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). The new "Sunday Evening Opera Dinner" features soloists from the Metropolitan, New York City Opera, and the European stage. 12/14: "From Paris to Marseilles Enchante: Bizet, Poulenc, Faure, Debussy." $35; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, ext. 154).*

**Asti**—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

**Cafe Carlyle**—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings on with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50; no minimum *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

**Don't Tell Mama**—Phillip Officer moonlights on Monday nights to give "Greetings of the Season" with special guests. 12/15: Norm Lewis. $10–$15 cover two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $*

**Ed Sullivan's**—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Tuesdays and Thursdays: the Ed Swanston Trio. Every Friday Sullivan's is home to the Harlem All-Stars Wednesday, hard swinging New Orleans clarinetist Rick Hardeman leads his quartet. Saturday the Joe Traina Quintet, featuring Natalie English No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. *169 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

**Maxim's**—Midtown's monument to hefty art-nouveau interior design and hefty French-bistro fare 12/13–12/14: Songwriter, diva, and all-aroun winsome gal-next-door Ann Hampton Callawa performs selections from her new *This Christma* CD. $30 cover. *680 Madison Ave., bet. 61st an 62nd Sts. (751-5111).*

**Rainbow and Stars**—Romance, prewar charm, an wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown 12/9–1/2: A couple of years ago, Darlene Lov brought the house down with a smoking renditio of "Gimme Shelter," during the "Twentieth Century Pop" show. That bill, which paired the ex-Ph Spector songbird with Marianne Faithfull an Merry Clayton, proved to be a teaser for Love new solo act, "Love for the Holidays"—undoubtedly one of midtown's more soulful Christma shows. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. an Sat. at 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. *3 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

**Sardi's**—Every Friday night, John Malino and th Swing Society revive that old Times Square vib No cover; $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (22 8444).*

## Bars

**Chez Es Saada**—A subterranean orientalist fantasi replete with fountains, Egyptian pop on the sour system, and exotic drinks with unpronounceab names. Don't be misled by the lack of street-lev signage, though: Chez Es Saada is no trendoi free oasis, and on weekends the bouncers give e try preference to Euro-partyers. *42 E. 1st St. (77 5617).*

**Howard Johnson's**—The last vestige of the real Tim Square has the perfect seedy cocktail lounge s creted away in the back. The biggest surprise abo the clientele isn't its touristy makeup; it's how sm it is. Shouldn't this, the archetype for simu-dine like Ellen's Stardust, be the neighborhood's bigge attraction? Well, fewer of them means more roo for us, so complaints aren't really in order. *15 Broadway, at 46th St. (354-1445).*

Performance

### Rock of Wages

**When Ted Turner challenged fellow deep-pockets to support the United Nations, he evidently meant business. Hence the participation of Mariah Carey, Celine Dion, Bryan Adams, Shawn Colvin (pictured), and more than a dozen other high-watt stars in the UNICEF-benefiting "Gift of Song" concert, December 10. (In addition to forking over their portion of the door-take, the performers have each pledged the children's agency the copyright to one song, apparently giving the benefit lasting financial muscle.) Feeling less flush than your average billionaire? Skip the show at the Beacon Theatre and watch it live—and free—on Turner Network Television.**

Photograph by Allison Dy

# in concert

**Ralph Lemon at the Brooklyn Academy of Music**

## Classical Music

### *Tuesday, December 9*

**lendelssohn and His Time**—In commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the composer's death, chamber music by Mendelssohn and contemporaries Schubert and Schumann; Jaime Laredo and Todd Phillips, violins, Joseph Kalichstein, piano, and Michael Tree, viola. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $30.*

### *Wednesday, December 10*

**oston Symphony**—Performs Corigliano's *Red Violin* chaconne, with Joshua Bell, violin; Seiji Ozawa, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7000), at 8; $20–$75.*

**argemusic**—Quintet performances of Francaix and Schubert. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $23.*

### *Thursday, December 11*

**ew York Philharmonic**—Performs Bacewicz, Serocki, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Dvorak, with Joseph Alessi, trombone; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7000), at 8; $20–$75.*

**ston Symphony**—See 12/10.

### *Friday, December 12*

**ssoff Choir**—Performs Handel's *Alexander's Feast* and *The Coronation Anthem, No. 2. Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824), at 8; $12–$25.*

**asterwork Chorus and Orchestra**—Performs Handel's *Messiah;* David Briskon, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$65.*

**w York Philharmonic**—See 12/11.

### *Saturday, December 13*

**w York Philharmonic**—Performs Messiaen's *L'Ascension* and Berlioz's *Symphonie fantastique*; Myung-Whun Chun, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7000), at 8; $20–$75.*

**ma Hynninen, Baritone**—Performs an all-Sibelius rogram as part of Lincoln Center's weeklong ribute to the Finnish composer. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $32.*

**chWorks**—Performs works by Praetorius, Buxteude, and Bach. *St. Paul's Church, 315 W. 22th St., ickets only at the door, at 5; $15.*

**sterwork Chorus and Orchestra**—See 12/12, at 2.

### *Sunday, December 14*

**rthern Lights**—The Finnish Contemporary Music Group ends Lincoln Center's weeklong exploation of Finnish composers with a performance of vorks by Merikanto, Saariajo, and Lindberg. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 7:30; $25.*

**nes Westman, Baritone**—Performs songs by Purell, Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, and Buttervorth. *Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 3; $15.*

**Vienna Boys Choir**—Their only appearance in New York. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $15–$55.*

**New York Youth Symphony**—Performs Rachmaninoff, Dvorak, and a new work by Shafer Mahoney; Beverly Sills and Isaac Stern co-host. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $5*

**New York Philharmonic**—See 12/13, at 2.

**Bargemusic**—See 12/11, at 4:30.

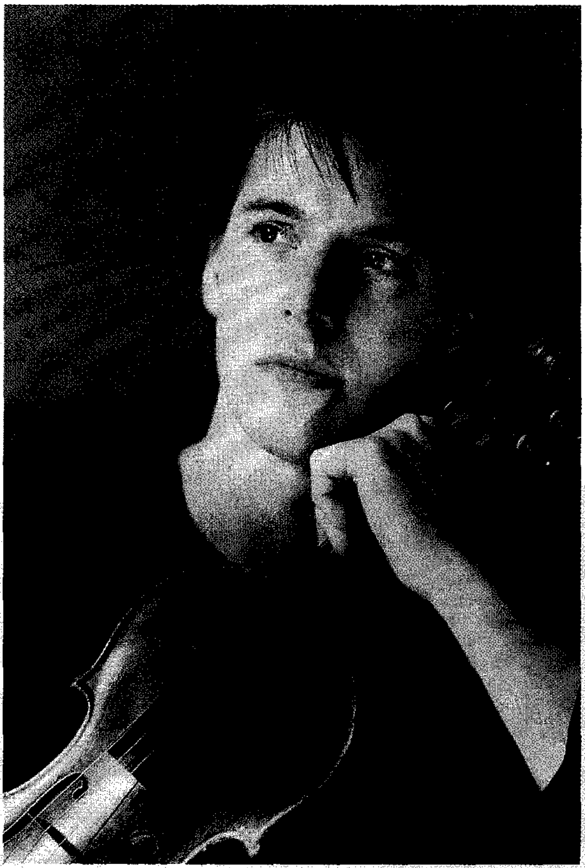
### *Monday, December 15*

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Performs Grieg piano concertos, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano; Yuri Temirkanov, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12–$85.*

**Lark Quartet**—Performs classical and klezmer music with David Krakauer, clarinet. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 6:45; $12.*

**Ensemble P.A.N.**—Performs works by Monteverdi, Gabreila, Prokofieff, and Tchaikovksy. *In front of the Temple of Dendur, Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 6:30 and 8:30; $40.*

**New York Philharmonic**—See 12/13.



### Previews
## Bell of the Hall

*Classical music pin-up Joshua Bell, among the most praised American violinists of his generation, performs with the Boston Symphony Orchestra as soloist in composer John Corigliano's newest work, the 'Red Violin' chaconne. Carnegie Hall, December 10 and 11.*

## Opera

**Metropolitan Opera**—Performs Puccini's *Turandot*, 12/10 at 8 and 12/13 at 1:30; Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, 12/11 at 8; Verdi's *Don Carlo*, 12/12 at 7; and Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, 12/13 and 12/16 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $24–$200.*

**Amato Opera**—The world's smallest opera house performs Strauss's *Die Fledermaus;* Anthony Amato, conductor, 12/13 at 7:30 and 12/14 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

**Dicapo Opera**—Performs Tchaikovsky's *Yolanta*, Albert Takazauckas, conductor; 12/13–12/14 at 8 and 12/14 at 3. *DiCapo Opera Theater, 148 E. 76th St. (288-9438); $25.*

### Ground Rules:

**This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."**

## Dance

**New York City Ballet**—Performs Balanchine's *Nutcracker,* 12/9–12/11 at 6, 12/12 at 8, and 12/14 at 1 and 5. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$74.*

**Ralph Lemon**—Performs the New York premiere of the multimedia work *Geography,* 12/10, 12/12, and 12/13 at 7:30. *BAM Majestic Theater, 3651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (307-4100); $15–$40.*

**Forever Tango**—The Argentine form interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

**Murray Louis and Nikolais Dance**—Performs two world premieres, 12/9–12/12 at 8, 12/13 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

tograph by Mark Sinh.

# the mix

**Tom Keith . . . *Photomosaics***

## John Leonard's TV Notes

**Dragtime** (12/9; 10 to 11:10 P.M.; HBO) is an altogether more cheerful account of cross-dressing than Jennie Livingston's *Paris Is Burning,* perhaps because director Patti Kaplan is less interested in black and Latino role-playing than in the social history and infinite variety of female alter-ego acts—opera and torch-song singing, ballet and fire dancing, stand-up comedy and stripteasing—not to mention Krazy Glue and sequins. Although we visit Atlanta (Charlie Brown's Cabaret), New Orleans (Mardi Gras), Philadelphia (a Gay Pride parade), and Hollywood (a semi-retired Charles Pierce, archival footage of silent-screen drag queen Julian Eltinge), New York is still the capital of wigging-out, with Candis Cayne, Varla Jean Merman, Jem Jender, Shequida, and Miss Understood, plus, of course, Lypsinka, and Joey Arias as Billie Holiday.

***Titanic:* Untold Stories** (12/10; 8 to 9 P.M.; Discovery) scrapes the bottom of the barrel, or the barnacles off the hull, to cash in on the new motion picture with an underwater guided tour of the wrecked ship, a peek at the waterlogged diaries of a Japanese survivor, and semi-interesting chitchat about the private lives of heretofore neglected passengers and crew.

**San Francisco Opera Gala Celebration** (12/10; 8 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) brings back artists associated with the War Memorial Opera House, on the occasion of its reopening last September after repairs for earthquake damage, with Beverly Sills as chatty host, Sir Derek Jacobi as master of ceremonies, and Placido Domingo, Frederica von Stade, Samuel Ramey, Deborah Voigt, et al., singing snippets of Wagner, Puccini, Moussorgsky, Bizet, Gounod, and Strauss.

**Ms. Scrooge** (12/10; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) stars Cicely Tyson as a "bah, humbug" banker–loan shark in a gender-bending travesty of Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol,* with Katherine Helmond as "Maude Marley"; Michael Beach as Tyson's ecclesiastical nephew, Reverend Luke; John Bourgeois as Bob Cratchit; and William Greenblatt as Tiny Tim. It's old-home week for Tyson, Helmond, and director John Korty, who co-conspired on *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman,* and for Tyson and Beach, who co-starred in the dramatic series *Sweet Justice.* I have no idea why Tyson chooses so unfortunately to deliver all her lines with an odd nasal accent, as if she had a vise clamped on her nose.

**Gray's Anatomy** (12/12; 10 to 11 P.M.; Independent Film Channel) is Stephen Soderbergh's filmed version of Spalding Gray's monologue on turning 50; contemplating his mother's suicide; experiencing eye trouble; trying a diet of raw vegetables and a visit to a psychic surgeon in the Philippines before getting his retina micro-peeled; and thinking about Christian Science, Sigmund Freud, Richard Nixon, and bunny rabbits. A whole lot artier and a lot less interesting than Jonathan Demme's filmed version of *Swimming to Cambodia,* though the eye stuff is scary.

**The Online Adventures of Ozzie the Elf** (12/13; 8 to 8:30 P.M.; ABC), of which I've seen only a preview snippet, will be a half-hour stop-motion animated Christmas special from Will Vinton (creator of the California Raisins), developed from the America Online cyberspace adventures of a Net-savvy elf who tries to bring the North Pole and Santa Claus into the computer age. First, he fires the reindeer.

## Radio Highlights

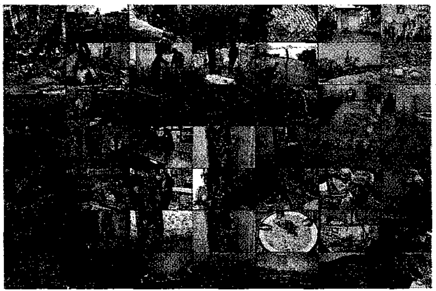
**New York & Company**—Weekdays at noon. 12/8: Arthur Kent talks on surviving the network news wars in *Risk and Redemption;* biographer Willard Sterne Randall talks about *George Washington;*
Michel Peissel rediscovers the source of th
Mekong in *The Last Barbarians.* 12/9: Pete
Kwong talks about *Forbidden Workers;* Ril
Askew on her novel *The Mercy Seat;* Toi Derr
cotte shares from *The Black Notebooks.* 12/1
George Plimpton discusses his new book *Trum*
*Capote;* grammarian Dr. Alan Cooper looks at th
English language. 12/11: The *National Review*
Rick Brookhiser casts a conservative eye on th
world at large; dancer Viola Farber joins Davi
Vaughan, author of *Merce Cunningham: Fifty Year*
jazz great Max Roach; Brent Spiner from th
Broadway show *1776.* 12/12: The self-appointe
Gurus of How-To, Al and Larry Ubell, talk sho
Fred Chappell discusses his novel *Farewell, I'*
*Bound to Leave You.* 12/15: Biographer Clai
Tomlin on *Jane Austen;* Olivier Todd talks abo
the life of *Albert Camus;* 12/16: Garrison Keill
discusses his new novel *Wobegon Boy.* 12/17: Et
mologist and inveterate punster Richard Leder
pokes fun at our beloved American tongu
12/18: Faith and Emily Hubley on their life
animation and the MOMA exhibit "The Hubl
Studio"; David Lindsay discusses *Madness in t*
*Making;* curator Paolo Galluzzi talks about t
exhibit "Mechanical Marvels." 12/19: Ethn
musicologist John Cohen discusses the Smit
sonian's "Anthology of American Folk Musi
Leonard Lopate hosts. WNYC, 820 AM.

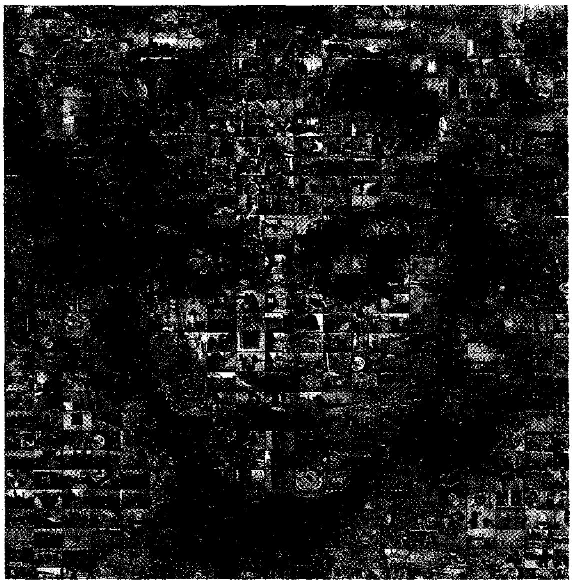
**Paul Winter's Eighteenth Annual Winter Solstice**—
12/12 at 8 P.M. The award-winning "Earth mu
cian" and saxophonist hosts a multiform roster
performers to celebrate the ancient holiday tr
dition in an eclectic live concert at the Cathed
of St. John the Divine. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

**Casper Citron**—12/13 at 10 P.M.: Dr. Jonathon Lev
of Memorial Sloan-Kettering talks about can
vaccines; Valerie Steele chats with Grace Mirab
la about *Fifty Years of Fashion: New Look to No*
videoscopic surgeon Barry McKernan discus
his method of healing chronic heartburn with
patient, opera singer Melissa Fontaine; Irvina L
talks about weekend retreats and romantic spots
*and Around New York.* WOR, 710 AM.

## In Print

**Anyone who happened to see that immense portrait of Marilyn Monroe—composed entirely of old *Life* covers—that until recently hung in the window of Madison Avenue's Newseum couldn't help wondering just how it was brought off, and by whom. All is revealed in *Photomosaics* (Henry Holt; $19.95), which includes the Marilyn portrait, one of Madonna (below), and dozens of other examples of Robert Silver's digitally assisted handiwork.**





## The Written Word

**Betty Comden & Adolph Green**—12/8 at 3 P.
The legendary writing team (*On the To*
*Wonderful Town, Bells Are Ringing)* discuss th
work (this is the opening program of the
brary's "New York, New York" series). Bru
Walter Auditorium at the New York Libr
for the Performing Arts, 40 Lincoln Cen
Plaza (870-1630); free tickets (only two
person) distributed two hours prior to ev
at the information desk on the Plaza level

**William Styron**—12/8 at 6 P.M.: The aut
of, among other books, *Sophie's Choice,*
*Down in Darkness,* and *The Confessions*
*Nat Turner* is interviewed by Geo
Plimpton as part of *The Paris Revie*
"Writers-at-Work" live-interview seri
92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (9
1100); $15.

**Gillian Armstrong & Peter Carey**—12/8 at 6
P.M.: Following the premiere of their f
*Oscar & Lucinda,* writer Peter Carey and
rector Gillian Armstrong talk about th
screen adaptation of this novel. Call
reservations. The Algonquin Hotel, 59

44th St. (840-6800); $20 plus tax and tip.

**lin Andrews and Tom Disch**—12/8 at 7:30 P.M.: A shared reading at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360).

**laggie Estep, Catherine Texier, and Elizabeth Wurtzel**—12/9 at 6:30 P.M.: The three writers join translator Fernanda Pivano in a reading of works by various Beat Generation authors. Benetton's è Caffè, 597 Fifth Ave., at 48th St. (593-0290).

**an Nathan**—12/9 at 6:30 P.M.: The author of *The Jewish Holiday Baker* shares stories from and signs copies of her new cookbook. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3211); free.

**eorge Plimpton**—12/10 at 6:30 P.M.: The writer reads from *Truman Capote*, his new book. (Good to see he's getting out.) Benetton's è Caffè, 597 Fifth Ave., at 48th St. (593-0290).

***hristmas in New York***—12/12 at 6 P.M.: Author Daniel Pool reads from his new book, which traces the origins of New York City Christmas traditions and institutions. The Municipal Art Society of New York Fellows Holiday Party. Call for reservations. MAS Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); $10.

**avid Aaron**—12/14 at 1 P.M.: The author of *Endless Light: The Ancient Path of the Kabbalah to Love, Spiritual Growth, and Personal Power* speaks at the Dreidel Day Book Fair. Call for reservations. Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, 30 W. 68th St. (877-4050, ext. 38); included in $15 admission to fair.

**arc Cohen & Anne Porter**—12/15 at 7:30 P.M.: The writers share billing at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360).

## Lectures and Panels

**aos Day Anarchist Forum**—12/9 at 7:45 P.M.: Peter Lamborn Wilson serves up his annual Chaos Day Lecture, this year examining how the anarcho-federalist ideas of Pierre-Joseph Proudhon are applicable in today's world. Followed by open discussion. Brecht Forum, tenth floor, 122 W. 27th St. (979-8353); contributions to benefit the Libertarian Book Club and Anarchist Forum.

**e Banality of Wonder: High Technology & Low Taste**—12/9 at 8:30 P.M.: Dr. Mark Crispin Miller, author of *Boxed In: The Culture of TV*, the forthcoming *Mad Scientists*, and *Spectacle: Operation Desert Storm and the Triumph of Illusion*, concludes the six-part lecture series "Technology: Blessing or Curse?" Call to register. The Jewish Theological Seminary, 3080 Broadway, at 122nd St. (678-8996); $15.

**reotypes in American Pop Culture**—12/10 at 6 P.M.: A symposium addressing nineteenth- and twentieth-century perspectives on race and gender, with Rayna Green, Richard Long, John Kuo Wei Tchen, Marcia Tucker, and Ralph Sessions. In conjunction with "The Image Business: Shop and Cigar Store Figures in America" exhibit. Museum of American Folk Art, 2 Lincoln Square (977-7170); free.

**ess Reduction**—12/10 at 6 P.M.: Saint Vincent's Hospital presents a panel of specialists on the subject of effective techniques for reducing stress. Call for reservations. Crotin 10 Auditorium, 153 W. 1th St. (604-2666); free.

**et's Hidden Wilderness**—12/10 at 6:30 P.M.: George B. Schaller, wildlife specialist and author of *The Last Panda*, presents a slide lecture on the Chang Tang reserve, a remote region of Tibet that is inhabited by some rather curious creatures. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA); $10.

**Remains of Che Guevara: The Life and Afterlife of an on**—12/12 at 5 P.M.: A discussion with Jorge Castañeda *(Compañero: The Life and Death of Che Guevara)*, Todd Gitlin, Tomás Eloy Martinez, Dolores Moyano Martin, and Hugh Thomas. NYU's King Juan Carlos of Spain Center, 53 Washington Sq. South (998-650); free.

**tooing the Town**—12/13 at 12:30 P.M.: Michael McCabe, author of *New York City Tattoo: The Oral History of an Urban Art*, presents a side show–slide show and lecture on the history of this epidermal (would-be) art form. The Lower East Side Tenement Museum's gallery, 90 Orchard St., at Broome t. (431-0233); free.

**Gould on Da Vinci**—12/16 at 6 P.M.: NYU's (and Harvard's) own Stephen Jay Gould lectures on "The Medieval Basis and Rationale for Leonardo's *Modern* Observations on Fossils." Tishman Auditorium at Vanderbilt Hall, 40 Washington Sq. South (998-8739); free.

**Creation of a Self: Color and Trauma in the Life of a Child**—12/19 at 11 A.M.: This fall's American Psychoanalytic Association Meeting is a free public forum focusing on the influence of skin color on the emotional lives of children and their developing sense of identity. The Waldorf-Astoria's Grand Ballroom, 301 Park Ave., at 50th St. (249-1163).

## Tours

**Historic Harlem**—12/13 at 1 P.M.: Stroll through the legendary hub of African-American culture, with stops at Abyssinian Baptist Church, Striver's Row, and sites associated with literary greats Zora Neale Hurston and Langston Hughes. Meet at the Schomburg Center on the northwest corner of 135th St. and Lenox Ave. (439-1090); $9.

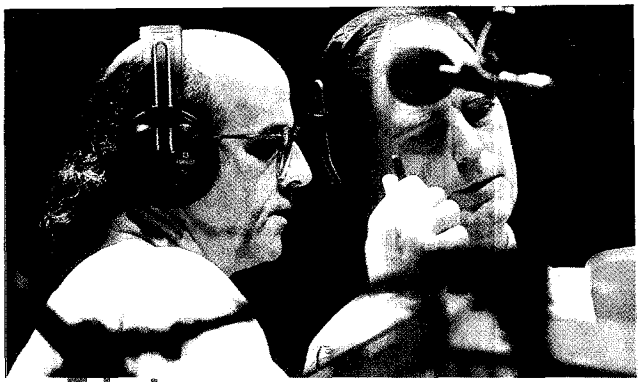
**Jewish Ellis Island**—12/14 at noon: Experience the Ellis Island Museum and grounds with special emphasis on the Jewish immigrant experience. This predominantly indoor tour includes a talk on the history of American immigration and a ride aboard a heated ferry. Meet at the flagpole in the center of Battery Park's Clinton National Monument. Call for reservations (439-1090); $15.

**A Village Christmas**—12/14 at 2 P.M.: This tour focuses on the Village's unique history and architecture (from the eighteenth century to the present), with special emphasis on Christmas lore and Yuletide customs. Meet at the Washington Square Arch at the southern end of Fifth Ave. (969-8262); $10.

**Pre-Holiday Garment Center Shopping Tour**—12/9, 12/11, and 12/16 at noon: Shop and save on a guided tour of New York's legendary garment district. An afternoon of great bargains, unadvertised specials, and holiday haggling. Meet in Herald Square Park, Broadway bet. 34th and 35th Sts. Call for reservations (370-4214); $10.

**Christmas on Fifth Avenue**—12/20 at 2 P.M.: Enjoy the traditions of Christmas New York–style on this fact-filled walk down Fifth Avenue. See the tree at Rockefeller Center and the world-famous window displays. Meet in the Villard Courtyard of the Helmsley Palace Hotel, at the northeast corner of Madison Ave. and 50th St. (969-8262); $10.

**Rauschenberg: Materials & Mediums**—Daily through 1/7 at 2 P.M.: A tour of *Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective*, focusing on his innovative use of materials, exploring the social and political issues that motivated his art-making, and uncovering the relationship between pictures and words in contemporary culture. Closed Thursdays. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3500); free with museum admission.



### Talent

## Sound Logic

**When Garrison Keillor pauses a few minutes into the news from Lake Wobegon and confides, as he did some years ago, "I'm trying to think of something, and I just can't," it scarcely matters to his admirers: The missteps of a writer have a habit of falling away, or of intensifying appreciation for his best work. In those who are *not* national treasures, however, the public prefers unrelieved competence. It is understood, for example, that the sound-effects man will perform calmly, anonymously, and on cue. And since 1976, Tom Keith (left, in the photo) has done exactly that, supplying Keillor's *A Prairie Home Companion* (broadcasting this week and next from Town Hall) with whatever effects—tires spinning, wood splitting, plate glass shattering, an elephant idling—the script demands. Predictably, Keith denies his deadpan adroitness, which resembles that of a seasoned magician. "Some of my noises are not terribly accurate," he says; any enthusiasm on the part of the audience can be credited in large part to the fact that they are "well primed by the story being told." Actually, his "noises" are the result of relentless fine-tuning (Hefty-brand compartmentalized picnic plates are all he'll use for the aforementioned splitting wood), but then one does not expect a member of the *Prairie Home Companion* ensemble to talk about how wonderful he is. Aside from the almost insurmountable fact that he is not a Lutheran, Keith could rather easily be taken for a citizen of Lake Wobegon (although perhaps not by a Wobegoner). He avoids Minneapolis because it's just too big, refuses to jog or wear a Walkman—doing either would prevent him from listening to the birds—and lives quite contentedly in the past. For Keillor, the past is the world of A. J. Liebling and colleagues. For Keith it's the era when an alarm clock at full blast would never be mistaken for a ringing phone. But above all, there is Keith's assertive, inflexible modesty. A number of his sound effects were not so much invented or developed as stumbled on. He is, he repeats, lazy. "I ask Garrison what he does on vacation, and he says he writes. Me, I just watch TV."** LINDA HALL

## Exhibitions

**New York From Above: An Aerial View**—12/13 through 6/14: An exhibit of 26 paintings by contemporary painter and geographer Spelman Evans Downer that chart the evolution of Greater Gotham over the past 100 years. His work depicts historical landscapes before extensive urbanization as well as space-age satellite views of Manhattan. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

**Assignment: Rescue**—Through 3/29: "The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee" commemorates Varian Fry, an American relief worker responsible for rescuing nearly 2,000 Jews and opponents of the Nazis, including Marc

tograph by Fredric Petters.

Chagall, André Breton, and Hannah Arendt, from Vichy France during World War II. Though Fry's efforts are not as well known as those of Raoul Wallenberg and Oskar Schindler, his accomplishments constitute one of the most riveting chapters of the Holocaust period. The exhibit is composed largely of historic photographs, artifacts, and related works of art. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); $7.

**Holiday Garden Railways Exhibition**—Through 1/4 from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.: Enjoy large-scale model-railway trains as they wind through tunnels, over bridges, and right by reproductions of N.Y.C. landmarks. The New York Botanical Garden, 200th St. and Kazimiroff (Southern) Blvd. (718-817-8616); $3.50.

**Mechanical Marvels: Invention in the Age of Leonardo**—Through 3/1: This exhibit brings the "Renaissance of the Machine" that swept Europe in the fifteenth century back to life, with large-scale silkscreen reproductions of original drawings, 50 remarkable working models, and a number of multimedia and virtual-reality stations. The show concentrates on the inventions of Filippo Brunelleschi, Taccola, Francesco di Giorgio, and Leonardo da Vinci. On view at the Liberty Street gallery at the World Financial Center. Tues.–Fri. 11 A.M.–6 P.M., Sat. and Sun. noon–5 P.M. (945-0505); $6.

## Events

**Victorian Holidays at the Botanical Garden**—Through 1/4 from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.: Enjoy music, ribbons, lights, and colorful model trains at the New York Botanical Garden's "Victorian Holidays" festivities in the Bronx. Of particular note are "A World of Plants," housed within the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory's crystal palace, and the annual "Holiday Garden Railways Exhibition" (see above). The New York Botanical Garden, 200th St. and Kazimiroff (Southern) Blvd. (718-817-8616); $3.50.

### Retrospective Soap Box

*Why mix up the soap opera with art, as in "Worlds Without End: The Art and History of the Soap Opera" (now on view at the Museum of Television & Radio)? Isn't it enough to acknowledge it as the ladies' home companion that withstood feminism, or the breeding ground of some terrific movie stars (Julianne Moore, Meg Ryan, Marisa Tomei, and Parker Posey, all alumnae of 'As the World Turns'), or simply the most resilient genre in the history of television? In any event, what the Emmy Awards call daytime dramas and what our grandmothers called "my stories" are saluted through March 29 with a gallery exhibit, screenings of early episodes, and seminars with soap pioneers. Call 621-6800.*

## Sports

**Football**—**GIANTS:** There are two kinds of quarterback controversies: the happy dilemma and the lesser of two evils. The former is what the Giants had with Phil Simms and Jeff Hostetler. The latter, of course, is what they have now with Messrs. Brown and Kanell. It's not that both players are so bad; it's that both players are so blah. Every week, Coach Fassel has to make a choice between paper and plastic, vanilla and tapioca, UPN and the WB. 12/13: vs. Washington at 12:30 P.M. (FOX). **JETS:** Tampa Bay returns to the Meadowlands to face yet another New York team making a wobbly run at the playoffs. This time it's the Jets, a team that looked like a postseason shoo-in as recently as a couple of weeks ago but now will probably have to win its final two if it wants to make the playoffs for the first time in six years. 12/14: vs. Tampa Bay at 1 P.M. (FOX).

**Basketball**—**KNICKS:** It doesn't matter that twenty-point blowouts have been piling up like doughnut crumbs in a squad car for the Knicks—they still don't know how to hold a fourth-quarter lead against a good team. It's nice to destroy a bad team, but bad teams won't be in the playoffs come spring. This week's game in Chicago would be a good place for the Knicks to start amending their lead-relinquishing ways. 12/9: at Chicago at 8 P.M. (TNT); 12/11: vs. Minnesota at 7:30 P.M. (MSG); 12/13: vs. Philadelphia at 7:30 P.M. (MSG). **NETS:** The witch must have died. How else do you explain the perpetually cursed Nets getting off to their best start in 25 years despite a land war's worth of injuries and the absence of arguably their best player? And now that the wrapping is finally off Keith Van Horn, Calipari's kids can really let loose. 12/8: at Miami at 7:30 P.M. (SC); 12/9: at Washington at 7 P.M. (SC); 12/11: at Detroit at 7:30 P.M. (SC); 12/13: vs. Denver at 7:30 P.M. (SC).

**Hockey**—When final selections for the U.S. Olympic team were made, they included three great local stories. Pat LaFontaine, who was judged unfit to play by the Sabres, grabbed a well-deserved spot on the strength of his Ranger rebirth—he is fourth in the league in scoring so far. Bill Guerin was also justly awarded a spot even though he has spent the first quarter of the season holding out in a contract dispute. And the Isles will send second-year defenseman Bryan Berard, last season's Rookie of the Year and a potent scoring threat. **RANGERS:** 12/8: vs. Phoenix at 7:30 P.M. (MSG); 12/10: vs. Calgary at 7:30 P.M. (MSG); 12/12: vs. Florida at 7:30 P.M. (MSG). **DEVILS:** 12/10: vs. Edmonton at 7:30 P.M. (SC); 12/12: vs. Montreal at 7:30 P.M. (SC); 12/13: at Toronto at 7:30 P.M. (SC). **ISLANDERS:** 12/9: vs. Calgary at 7:30 P.M. (SC); 12/11: at Philadelphia at 7:30 P.M. (SC); 12/13: vs. Florida at 7 P.M. (SC).

## Online

**New York Magazine on the Web**—During this time of dizzying holiday shopping decisions and frustrating travel plans, it's nice to have someone tell you what to do. "Stephanie's Surf Report" at www.newyorkmag.com (in the "Today" section) provides links to daily Website picks that might lift the load. Sites this week include a holiday guide from Yahoo where you can support electronic commerce and, more importantly, register to win prizes; a complaining community that encourages you to release a little (or a lot of) steam; plus a closer look at Jim Henson's world of quirky creatures. And while you're visiting *New York* (our shortcut address is www.nymag.com) enjoy all our web exclusives along with selected articles and archives from the magazine. So surf us already.

**Konigsberg** *continued from page 109*

caused Alec to abandon the long-standin family creed of keeping a low profile. I October, she appeared with him in th winner's circle at Longchamps when h horse Peintre Célèbre won the Arc de Tr omphe race. On another trip to Paris, th two of them visited the atelier of Ka Lagerfeld to commission him to desig some dresses specifically for Yelena. An in September, Alec rented the upstairs Le Cirque 2000 and threw a party for Y lena's 21st birthday. There were tables s up with caviar, with foie gras, with twe ty different cakes. His son, Alec Jr., can in from Paris for the party. He lives abo Daniel's office and so was quickly co-op ed by Alec's side. Guy's son tells frien that Alec has been fixing him and Alec up with Yelena's friends. Diane did n attend, and according to Jocelyne this insulted Alec that he gave Diane a ha time when making his customary pa ments of her credit-card bill, actually as ing to see her receipts. Most of the grow ups Alec invited did not show up—t room was filled with models and you Russians. After a round of toasts to Yel na, the band played "My Girl"—thou it's not clear that she's the only one. T girl in Alec's bedroom when Jocely walked in was not Yelena but anoth Russian. "I'm a bachelor," says Alec. "a I've been seeing a lot of people. I like Y lena very much, but she isn't particula my girlfriend."

EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT JOCELYNE WILDE stein wants at this stage of the game. S wants to not see vanish the life to which s long ago became accustomed. She wants always be allowed to go to Ol Jogi and p haps the chateau at Igny. She would like be on good terms with both her childr She is asking for somewhere in the tens millions as a divorce settlement.

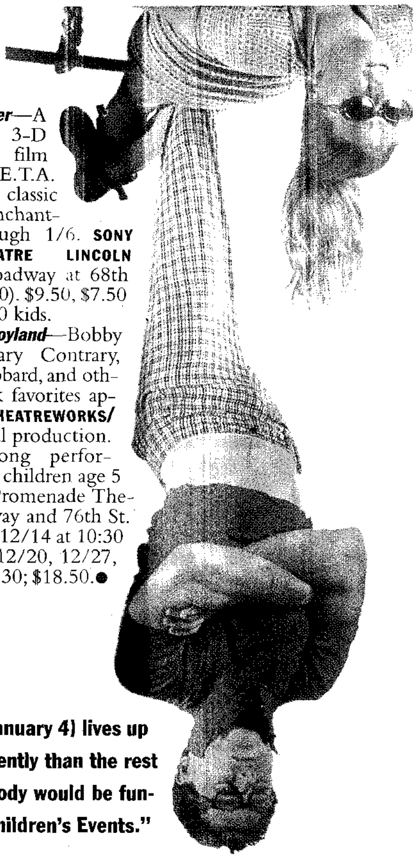
But why on earth have Alec and Dan held out for so long? Allowing the case go to trial would expose the corporatio financial holdings—something the fam has all these years fought hard to av but which is already beginning to happ Alec recently received a letter from t New York State Department of Finan requesting more information about earnings in regard to the taxes he has p over the years.

"I think Alec want a divorce because want to have someone to blame for luxurious lifestyle, for being wasteful," celyne said. "He wants to be able to say his father, 'You were right all along: Y were right about her, and you were ri that I have not measured up,' and to st fresh he will be pleasing his father." him, it is a form of absolution.

Photograph courtesy of A

# kids

## Holding Candles...Making Toys



## Performance
## Up From Down Under

**Australia's Circus Oz troupe (at New Victory Theater through January 4) lives up to our hemispheric expectation that it should be—more frequently than the rest of us, at any rate—upside down. Its languorous *film noir* parody would be funny even if it weren't staged 25 feet up, on the ceiling. See "Children's Events."**

## Children's Events

**usical Hanukkah**—Poppy Seed Players present two short musicals, both directed by Steve Brennan, with music by Sean Hartley. "Hanna the Joyful" is based on a short story by Nina Jaffe; "Judy and the Maccabees" tells the story of a brave young girl who runs away from home to join the Maccabees in their fight for freedom. Hanukkah gelt will be given to children in the audience. 12/14 and 12/21 at 11. **ELAINE KAUFMAN CULTURAL CENTER,** Merkin Concert Hall, 129 West 67th St. (501-3330). $10.

**neful Solstice**—"The Christmas Revels" blends song, dance, and drama—this year set in America in the early 1800s. Musical selections performed by 75 singers, dancers, actors, musicians, and children include "Go Tell It on the Mountain," "Amazing Grace," "Lord of the Dance," and "Kentucky Wassail." 12/12 at 8, 12/13 at 2 and 8, 12/14 at 2 and 6. **SYMPHONY SPACE,** Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). Tickets for adults are $20 to $31; for children $13 to $21. Bring a can of food to donate. ●

**liday Bonanza**—Billed as "Holiday Arts & Crafts Fair, Theatre & a Hundred Dancing Children," the events at Henry Street Settlement's **ABRONS ARTS CENTER** promise all that and more. At a make-your-own-toy workshop, kids ages 5 and up can make presents (12/14 from 1 to 3; $2 adults, $1 children). "The Holiday Arts and Crafts Fair" will give shopping opportunities galore (12/13 from 11 to 6 and 12/14 from noon to 6; admission is free). "Chanukah In-Style by the Koogle People" s a participatory show (12/21 at 2; $6 adults, $4 children and seniors). And "Where's Santa?," the econd annual gospel holiday dance extravaganza y the Louis Johnson Dance Theatre, brings together professional dancers and children—a hundred of them—from the Henry Street Dance Theater (12/16, 12/17 at 7; admission $10; $5 for children and seniors). 466 Grand St. (598-0400).

**Card Inspiration**—Bring bagged lunches for a tour of the **NATIONAL ACADEMY MUSEUM'**s "Fair & Free: Images of Childhood" exhibit, followed by games and holiday-greeting-card-making. 12/13 from 11 to 2. Reservations are required. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (call Joannie McMillin at 369-4880 on weekdays). $15.●

**Outwit the Grinch**—Kids are invited to foil the Grinch's plans to steal Christmas, Hanukkah, and Kwanza. Join a persuasive sing-along, make Grumpy Grinch T-shirts, and join in a treasure hunt. 12/13, 12/14, 12/20 and 12/21. **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN,** 212 West 83rd St. (721-1223). Vacation-week hours are 12/22 to 1/4, 10 to 5; closed 12/25 and 1/1. Admission is $5; $2.50 for seniors.

**Bread and Puppet**—The Vermont-based puppet theater presents the premiere of *Delivery,* a nativity show. 12/11 through 12/21. **LOS KABAYITOS PUPPET THEATER,** 107 Suffolk St. (260-4080, ext. 14). Tickets are $10, $6 for kids.

**"Share the Season"**—Admission to **THE MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK'**s tenth annual holiday party is a new toy or a canned good. Visitors are also encouraged to dress in a circus costume (to complement the museum's "Under the Big Top: Circuses in New York" exhibit). The party celebrates Three Kings Day, Christmas, and Hanukkah with hands-on activities, and welcomes clowns from the Big Apple Circus, as well as two school choirs. 12/14 from 1 to 4. Fifth Ave. at 104th St. (534-1672). ●●

**Candlelight**—A family-oriented afternoon at the **HEBREW UNION COLLEGE JEWISH INSTITUTE OF RELIGION** focuses on collective memory and tradition. Children make a secret candle and read and write poems at "Light One Candle," a family Hanukkah workshop at 1. Helen Epstein reads from her new memoir *Where She Came From: A Daughter's Search for Her Mother's History,* at 2. At 3, musicians on guitar, mandolin, piano, violin, and vocals perform in a concert of original Yiddish songs and melodies. 12/14, 1 W. 4th St. (674-5300). Admission to concert $8, $6 for seniors and students; earlier events in the afternoon are free. ●

**Bird-watching**—Bundle up, and bring binoculars if you have them for "birding" tours at **THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN.** This week (12/12 at 1:30 and 12/13 at 12:30), naturalist Debbie Becker looks for "Christmas Card Birds"; similar expeditions take place Fridays and Saturdays, through the end of January. Call for specifics. 200th St. and Kazimiroff (Southern) Boulevard, Bronx (718-817-8700). Admission is $3, $1 for seniors, students, and children 6 to 16.

***Amahl and the Night Visitors***—Live monkeys, a parrot, sheep, and other animals co-star in **THE LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY'**s lavish seventeenth annual production of the Gian Carlo opera. 12/13 at 11, 1 and 3. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (704-2100); $15, $20, $25, and $32. **PICCOLO TEATRO DELL' OPERA'**s production of the Menotti children's opera stars eighth-grader Joseph Murray. 12/11 and 12/12 at 10:30, 12/13 at 1 and 3. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, E. 68th St. and Park Ave. (772-4448); $20.●

**Small Screen**—This is the final weekend of "The Sixth International Children's Television Festival" at **THE MUSEUM OF TELEVISION & RADIO.** See adventurous shorts about "Mischief" (program begins at 12:30); or a collection of programming called "Fabulous Fables," (starting at 2:30), which includes a British stop-motion adaptation of Wilde's *Happy Prince.* 12/13 and 12/14. 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $6, $4 seniors and students, $3 children under 13.

**IMAX *Nutcracker***—A sumptuous 3-D non-ballet film version of E.T.A. Hoffmann's classic story of enchantment. Through 1/6. **SONY IMAX THEATRE LINCOLN SQUARE,** Broadway at 68th St. (336-5000). $9.50, $7.50 seniors, $6.50 kids.

***Babes in Toyland***—Bobby Shaftoe, Mary Contrary, Mother Hubbard, and other storybook favorites appear in **THEATREWORKS/USA'**s musical production. The hourlong performance is for children age 5 and older. Promenade Theatre, Broadway and 76th St. (627-7373), 12/14 at 10:30 and 12:30; 12/20, 12/27, 12/28 at 12:30; $18.50.●

**Dance Tradition**—New York City Ballet performs George Balanchine's *The Nutcracker*—the standard by which all other *Nutcrackers* are measured. Through 1/4 at the New York State Theater, **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA** (870-5570); tickets are $18–$72 (an additional $20 buys you a photo with a character from the show, which can be taken during intermission or a half-hour before curtain).

**Circus Anniversary**—"Big Apple Circus 20 Years" is here for its hometown stint at **LINCOLN CENTER** (307-4100) through 1/11. Grandma, the beloved cross-dressing clown, is joined by the hilarious Bello Nock. Tickets are $10–$55.

**Santa Sighting**—Sixty-five years and still (high-) kicking: The **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL'**s "Christmas Spectacular" is a beloved New York institution mingling innumerable costume changes, a living Nativity scene, and musical chestnuts. Through 1/4. 50th St. and Sixth Ave. (307-1000); $6–$57.

**Circus Oz**—The animal-free circus from Australia (see photo) that mixes radical and traditional circus forms with funky live rock music was founded in 1977 "to defy the laws of theater and physics." Through 1/4. 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$35.

***Rafferty Rescues the Moon***—A musical puppet show about a young Irish boy who sets out to rescue the moon when it lies at the bottom of the Slaney River, swallowed by a giant fish. Weekends at 1 and 3, through 1/4/98. **THE IRISH REPERTORY THEATRE,** 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737); $20.

**Big Is Beautiful**—On view at the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** the ultimate subject matter for an IMAX movie: *Whales.* That's whales singing, whales eating, and whales inexplicably resting with their tails on high—for fun, maybe. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5200). Admission is $12 for adults and $8.50 for kids, which includes museum entry.

***A Christmas Carol***—Hal Linden and Roddy McDowall alternate as Scrooge in this vast production that lightly dusts the audience with snow. Performances are through 1/4. **THE THEATER AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,** 2 Pennsylvania Plaza (307-7171); $25–$65.

### Ground Rules:

**● = free**

**● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)**

CUe

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**Two Sparks Make A Fire**—I'm one: attractive, blond, 60-plus Manhattan Jewish widow. You are: caring, nonsmoking, trim, secure and enjoy quiet dining. Object: a forever-warm relationship. Recent photo. 9467 ✉

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**Elegant, Intelligent**—Model-like beauty seeks tall, educated man of style and substance, age 45-55. Photo/note. 9741 ✉

**I Am Looking For A Woman**—(30-45), who is intelligent, attractive, emotionally stable, spiritually evolved and physically fit. I am a 51-year-old dentist in Fairfield, CT, 5'11", 175, blond hair. I am an avid tennis player, enjoy skiing, cycling, rollerblading, movies and gourmet "fuel". If you can relate, let's communicate (recent photo, please). 9809 ✉

**Sweet, Successful, Pretty Lady**—With a wonderful heart and great sense of humor, seeks a great Jewish guy, mid 30s-mid 40s, nonsmoker, who is an accomplished professional, well-educated and financially secure, to become the love of my life and share life's greatest treasures - laughter, love and family. I enjoy theater, music, art, travel, dressing up for black-tie affairs as well as long walks on the beach in any type of weather and working out. If you have a great sense of humor, *adventurous spirit and a warm, loving* heart, please send photo and note. 9802 ✉

**Dreams Come True!**—Wealthy, handsome nonsmoker, great build, 6'3", 215 lbs, single white male, 39, CEO, seeks extremely attractive, athletic model/actress/flight attendant-type travel companion, 20-30ish, with beautiful legs, face, body a plus, personality and class, for sunshine/ski slopes, great champagne and passion. Photo a must. 9764 ✉

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**This Quality Gal**—Winters in Boca, resides in Westchester - widow, 59, 5'4", good-looking, educated, gregarious, artistic... Enjoys home life, appreciates theater, music, travel. Plays at golf and bridge. Seeks secure, fit, nonsmoking Jewish male, 65-73, 5'10" plus, to share thoughts, laughter, friendship. 9746 ✉

**Smart And Lucky**—Attractive, 34-year-old single mom with 7-year-old daughter. I am 5'1", Jewish, slim and athletic, intelligent, vivacious, caring, successful and quick-witted. You are Jewish, confident, sincere, funny, charismatic, successful and ready to share your life and dessert with someone special. We enjoy movies, theater, long walks. If we create our luck by seizing the right moments, then this is your opportunity. Note/photo. 9798 ✉

**Overworked And Underloved**—Warm brunette, 43, bright, funny, feminine, sensual, very attractive, casually Jewish, with impressive career and neglected social life, longs to share romance and relaxation with brilliant, considerate, successful, flower-sending mensch. 9743 ✉ ☎

**Let Me Enhance Your Life**—Very pretty Jewish widow, athletic, slim, tennis player, seeks fun forever with tall, 52-62, fit man *with passport.* 9824 ✉ ☎

**Black Beauty**—34-year-old professional woman, 5'10", model looks, seeks sincere, *honest, energetic man with style and* substance. Note and photo. 9767 ✉

**Affectionate, Fun-Loving**—Indian professional, 33, 5'11", seeks slim, pretty Christian gal, 24-32. Indian/nonsmoker a plus. Phone/photo. 9785 ✉

**Young Cybill Shepherd Look-Alike**—34, truly pretty, smart, affectionate, down-to-earth, thin, Jewish, professional in the film industry. Seeks down-to-earth, smart, sexy, financially secure, good-looking and cuddly man, 32-45, for yummy kisses, home-cooked gourmet meals, theater, fine dining and love forever. If you like a pretty face, a shapely figure, deep conversation, good food, cuddling and laughing, and are looking for a serious relationship, you will not be disappointed. 9789 ✉

**Beautiful Jewish Woman, 23, Seeks...**—Older Jewish man. Blue-eyed, slim, intelligent professional, Ivy grad, seeks very successful, sophisticated lawyer/banker/CEO, 34-48. Manhattan only. 9815 ✉☎

**Black Male**—50s, successful entrepreneur, seeks female who desires some love in her life. This point is important. Race unimportant. Photo, please. 9771✉

**Adventurous Professional Female**—30, 5'5", green eyes - enjoys travel, the arts, working out. Seeks intelligent male - *sense of humor, Jewish, nonreligious.* Note/photo. 9754 ✉

**Defy Winter - Let's Make Spring!**—Pretty, petite, 50-something lady seeks self-accepting, grownup gentleman for long-term commitment. I'm secure, smart, supportive and love to laugh. If you share these qualities, we may well create our own seasons. Note. 9797 ✉

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**PhD**—6', 55, Rabbi, affluent, seeks kosher soul woman. Photo. 9823 ✉

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**enuinely Nice Guy**—Tall, dark, secure, cated in CT woods, spiritual, musician/ wyer, Wasp, seeks late 30s-early 40s oman with grace, charm and humor, for ve and companionship. Photo required r response. 9740☒

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**od Man Wanted**—With integrity, rmth, intelligence, wit and social science. By sincere, funny, attractive, ng woman, 39, 5'5", public interest yer. Note/photo/phone. 9735☒

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**diant Writer**—Slim, savvy, attractive nan of substance - loves Bach, Broad- and far-flung places. Seeks smart, ited, adorable man, 47-60. 9752☒

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**Complete Package**—40, handsomely sexy, incredible physique, successful, sincere, honest, energetic, with style and substance, looking for an alluring, exotic woman, 28-35, with similar characteristics. Please, alluring and exotic. Photo and note a must. XOXO. 9779☒

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**Enormous Changes**—At last, minutes away. Handsome, professional Jewish male, age 41, seeks Jewish female who loves ideas, creativity, the printed word, daydreams, observation and laughter, under age 39, for life. Photo. 9826☒

---

**Romantic In Black Tie**—Rugged in jeans. Successful, handsome, great shape, white male, 40. Enjoy traveling, skiing, cultural arts. Seeking very slim Asian or white professional lady for friendship, with an open mind to marriage. Photo/ phone. 9763☒

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**Seeking Passionate Companion**—Offbeat journalist, late 40s, fit, loves history, rock 'n' roll, travel. Looking for smart, attractive, loving, curious partner for romance, family. Kids no problem. Note/photo/phone. 9790☒

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**Woman For All Seasons**—I love summer in the Berkshires, I love autumn in New York, I love winter on a sunny coast, and spring is the season to share anywhere new...with you! I am a tall (5'6"), beautiful, auburn-haired Jewish woman in my early 50s, healthy in body, mind and spirit, with a sensational smile. I have eclectic taste in music, men and merriment. My man, my soul mate is now ready to connect, just as I am. He is also healthy in body, mind and spirit. He enjoys talking walking, dancing, dining uptown and down, theater, movies, even a merry-go-round. Charm, character and charisma make us glisten; we can even do the most difficult thing - and that is "to listen". (If you read on, I may be gone!) Recent photo appreciated. Note/phone. 9744☒☎

---

**Handsome, Fit, Successful Executive**—Young early 40s, sincere, humor, no kids, 5'10", brown/brown - seeks love, commitment, marriage, family with very attractive, slim, athletic, spiritual female, 30-37. Note/recent photo, please. 9792☒

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**Very Pretty And Classy**—Lebanese, sweet, educated young lady seeks her prince. He is very smart, successful, handsome, warmhearted, global, funny. Are you him? Note/photo please. 9738☒☎

---

**Lovely To Look At**—Successful, blue-eyed woman, 38, slim, easy laugh, seeks trim, accomplished, literate man, under 50, with style and wit. Note/phone. 9795☒

---

**Handsome, Well-Built**—Creative professional - intellectual, sensitive, witty. Fervency for arts, music, travel, cuisine; commitment-minded. Seeks sophisticated woman of inner/outer beauty, 28-37. Note/photo/phone. 9769☒☎

---

**Pretty, Petite Westchester Mom**—Is blond, slim, 44, romantic, affectionate, secure and down-to-earth. Likes outdoors, dining and the arts. Seeks handsome, family-oriented, nonsmoking man for committed relationship. Photo. 9825☒

---

**Attractive, Bright**—Jewish guy, 56, 5'9", never married, seeks lady, about 45-52, for dating and more. Note/photo. 9781☒

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**Cereal Lover**—Seeks Jewish beauty up to 37, slim, fit. Great looks and mind that go snap, crackle, pop. I'm 40, 6', single dad, energetic lawyer; have success, sincerity, honesty, everything but you. Interests: anything that won't go soggy in milk. Only photo gets reply. 9800☒

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**Professional Black Female**—34, seeks intelligent, sincere, established, single black male, 34-40. Respond if you desire a loyal, long-term relationship, have a warm personality and can handle an inspired, attractive, confident woman. Nonsmokers only. Photos are welcome. 9777☒

---

**Gentleman, 38**—Seeking woman, 27-38, who enjoys international travel. 9793☒☎

---

**Stylish, Spontaneous MBA**—Athletic, pretty, compassionate Jewish woman, 31 - looking to share life's adventures, romance and friendship with kind, funny, confident Jewish man, 30-40. Photo/note. 9737☒

---

**Seeking Intelligent Woman**—Who dresses for pleasure, wants to visit La Nouvelle Justine - by educated, 6'1", 61, slim, divorced Jewish male. 9756☒

---

**Honest**—Gay man, 38, 5'6", smart, fit, strong, gentle, nonsmoker. 9827☒☎

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**Prize Patrol Material**—Well-rounded, worthwhile, professional Jewish male, 28, 6', 185 lbs. Likes: Yankees, sci-fi, Upper West Side, cats. You: Jewess, 20-35, mellow, sweet, bright, funny. This could be a winning ticket. Photo appreciated. 9817 ☒

**Wanted:**—Nice, normal, good-looking, smart, career-minded Caucasian male, 30-38! I'm a 5'6" blond (German - US resident) who's sick of the bar scene, has no time for games and has a lot to offer. I love to travel, hang on the beach, work and enjoy my life. Phone/note/photo, please. 9784 ☒ ☎

**Good-Looking (8.5+)**—Highly intelligent, very successful entrepreneur, 47, who is young-looking, well-educated, fit, witty, kind, loving, not self-absorbed yet very selective about who he dates, is anxiously waiting to meet his future bride and best friend. She must be beautiful (9+... Sorry about the double standard), intelligent, well-educated, accomplished, relatively fit, good-natured, fun-loving, and as sick and tired of dating a million different people as I am. If this is you, please drop me a short note telling me a little about yourself. A recent photo is mandatory (too many previous bad experiences with blind dates). 9758 ☒

**Single White Female**—Needs good-looking, tall, smart man (40s) for January NYC black-tie affair. May lead to more. Recent photo a must. 9774 ☒

**Wealthy, Witty, Warm**—Sexy, cute, fit Jewish male, 31, seeks pretty, slim, smart, passionate lady to spoil. Photo. 9807 ☒

**Dark Side Of Camelot**—White Galahad, 6'4", seeks fair buxom maid to provide babies in arms for Social Register. Early retiree, financially secure. Note/photo/phone. 9791 ☒ ☎

**Looking For Some Excitement**—28, 6'3", very handsome gentleman - looking for very attractive, intelligent, sexy woman, 20-40. Send photo/note. 9780 ☒

**Great Catch**—Jewish guy of many interests, 39, systems professional, seeks intelligent and special woman for lasting relationship. 9821 ☒ ☎

**If You Are**—A warm, generous, sensitive, intuitive, kind and imaginative female, then this 34-year-old male professional would like to hear from you. Your occupation is not important. Ideally, you should be between the ages of 24-30, and desire to meet a very nice and interesting guy who values the above traits. Looking forward to your note. 9819 ☒

**Jersey Juliet Seeking Romeostein**—Me: pretty, Jewish, green-eyed blond, 33, 5'6", gym-trim, professional, fun-loving woman with warm heart and smile. You: handsome, fit, successful, tall, 32-43, affectionate and ready for romance/commitment. Please send note/recent photo. 9818 ☒

**Beverly Hills/Madison Avenue**—Stunner, dazzling, model, attorney, investor, slim, witty, elegant, long blond hair, great legs, killer smile, multi-degreed. Loves restaurants, theater, film, museums, travel, cabarets, horses. Seeks tall, lean, clean-shaven, prominent, patrician, cultured, generous, monogamous, upper-crust gentleman, 40-65. 9750 ☒ ☎

**Attractive, Classy, Warm Female**—41, 5'6", MD, seeks bright professional man, 38 plus, to enjoy life together. 9736 ☒

**Handsome, Athletic Gentleman**—Saw a shooting star and wished to meet you. 37, 5'11", successful, fit, Jewish (you needn't be), honest and caring, with character, longs to share romance with attractive, athletic, down-to-earth woman. Enjoys tennis, skiing, outdoors, travel and great smiles. Note/photo. 9794 ☒

**Handsome, Bright MBA**—36, Jewish man, 5'11", muscular, seeks pretty, slim, bright, good-natured woman. 9753 ☒

**Together Forever With You**—A tall, slim, attractive optometrist with romance and love high on his list, will love you for who you are in a committed long-term relationship (he's even the starry-eyed optimist!). Happy, athletic, extrovert, 48, 6', divorced Jewish male seeks intelligent, happy, health-conscious woman who knows how to exercise restraint in ticklish situations. 9801 ☒ ☎

**Rebuilding**—White male, after 7 years of a loving marriage, my wife suddenly left for a gay affair. Divorce pending, no kids, 47, look younger, nonsmoker, fit, 5'10", 160, Southern rural roots, skiing, tennis, outdoor activities, wine, culture. Financially secure. Job requires travel. Loyal to a fault, family values. Sensual. Want to give and need a lot of love, care and romance. No commitments for a while. Still want to be a father. Note/photo. 9762 ☒

**Tall, Handsome, Trim**—Seeks slender, classy lady, 50s. Note/photo. 9775 ☒

**Heart Of Gold**—Attractive Jewish female, 30, 5'4", slim and fit, upbeat, unpretentious, NJ professional with good values, seeks one great guy who is handsome, smart, fun, a mensch, and has a zest for life. Note/photo. 9811 ☒

**Worth The Wait**—Jewish female, PhD, lots of energy, passion for life. Youthful/athletic, 41, 5'3", shapely, natural beauty. Seeks Jewish male, 35-plus, communicative, affectionate, inquisitive, for relationship/family. Note/photo. 9759 ☒ ☎

**Very Handsome, Successful**—And most important, seriously nice guy. I am 35, athletic, enjoy many sports such as skiing, biking and tennis. I love to travel, dine out, see all movies and, most of all, spend quiet evenings with a special someone. I am looking for a down-to-earth girl with traditional values, who is ready for lasting relationship. Please, note and photo. 9760 ☒

**Pretty Professor**—Shapely, genuinely attractive woman, 5'7", both serious and fun - loves theater, dining, skiing, nature. Seeks warm, open, good-natured professional man, 45-60, for friendship, romance and possible long-term relationship. 9773 ☒

**Definitely Different**—Tall, slim *sophisticated*, well-educated, *articulate* single Irish-Catholic widow seeks professional man of substance, sincerit and affection, 55 plus, for committe relationship. Note. 9749 ☒ ☎

**Norwegian Woman**—51, looking t meet male companion, maybe romance mature and older than myself. No drugs o cigarettes. Race not important. 9765☒☎

**Single Jewish Female**—Striking, artistic intelligent, 40s, relocating, seeks qualit male. POB 620746, Newton, MA 02162

**Star Search: Need Female To Die For**—By "mystery man" with great assets, etc Photos/phone. POB 20063, NYC 10023

**Never-Married**—52, white Catholi male, somewhat shy, sensitive, old fashioned values. Enjoys movies theater, city walks. Average heigh and weight. Seeks understanding woma for relationship. 9761 ☒

**Mulatto Male**—Handsome JD, studen (28), 6', 225, commitment-minded pro fessional, seeks articulate, affectionat single white female, 24 plus, with a goo heart. 9757 ☒ ☎

**Seeking Stunning Asian Princess**—This American prince who is charmin wealthy and witty, seeks a wondrous an committed relationship with a 20s-3 young lady, possessing beauty, sensuali and sensibility. Standing 6' tall and 1 lbs, I am an extremely handsome, passion ate, generous, athletic, very successf entrepreneur with a great sense of hum Photo a must/will exchange. 9799 ☒

**Gemini Woman Sought By Libran Man**—Libran man, 35, intelligent, easygoin handsome, seeks Gemini woman, 27-3 smart, funny and, of course, goo looking. 9788 ☒

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**Continued on next page.**

Continued from previous page.

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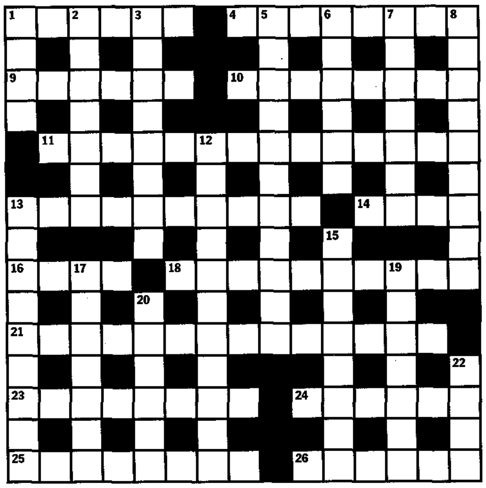
# The 'Guardian' Crossword

**ACROSS**

**1** Heathcliff's girl, cold inside, could be infectious. (6)
**4** Unprincipled Southerner given to cutting corners? (8)
**9** Principal fixer. (6)
**10** Georgian-born biologist says he's (God willing) English, rightly and wrongly. (8)
**11** Go for it if you want to win: juvenile rat-hug's silly. (3,7,4)
**13** In step—right, left—the prudent have it wrapped up. (10)
**14** Actuality embarrassing after . . . (4)
**16** . . . being choked with laughter? (4)
**18** A model story in which I seize what's in reach. (10)
**21** Cost of Sam's maple per foot, which maybe the Royal Navy feel cheap. (5-9)
**23, 7** Was about to send Amy back after test for gold caused a lot of accidents. (8,7)
**24** Farmer's guide? (6)
**25** Variant on 23 7, a tedious affair with caviare about? (4,4)
**26** What makes it hard for one to finish the call? (4,2)



**DOWN**

**1, 22** Cheer leader's wood-cut that's produced for sale. (4,4)
**2** Drink expensive to the French tutor. (7
**3** The pious take perverted joy in unpleasant places. (4,4)
**5** The top line is, increase white-collar workers 200 per cent. (6,5)
**6** Put the other way round from the hom green. (6)
**7** See 23.
**8** Reformer of yore given to bird-watching? (6,3)
**12** Be a resounding success, like the beginning or end of the world? (2,4,1,4)
**13** He can leave work to go and watch. (4–5)
**15** Very good article, to be candied. (8)
**17** Martin Luther's wife concerned with being in a surplice. (7)
**19** Support record that has to be made up. (7)
**20** Supporter who gets paid, maybe with tales. (6)
**22** See 1 down.

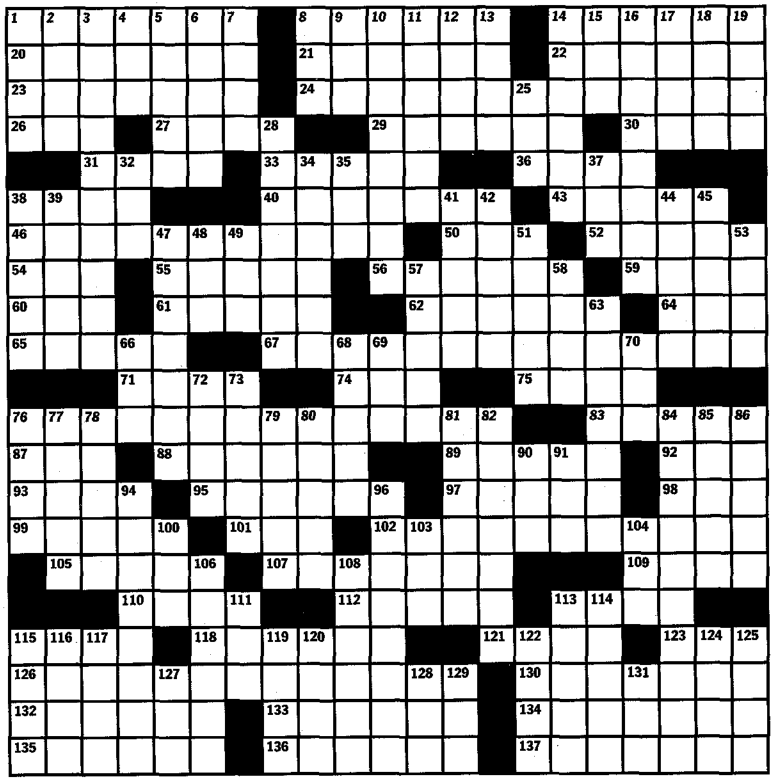
# 'Retrospective '97': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

**ACROSS**

**1** Removes from power
**8** Fight
**14** One-celled animals
**20** "Pretty little poppy" tune of the '40s
**21** Stir up
**22** Name on the obit list, '97
**23** Tony musical, '97
**24** Wimbledon winner, '97
**26** Biblical verb ending
**27** Sharp breath intake
**29** "—— of Honey"
**30** Suburb of Paris
**31** Make much ado
**33** As —— (generally)
**36** Queen from Cleves
**38** Nile wading bird
**40** Ridicules
**43** As red as ——
**46** Emmy-winning actor, '97
**50** Disney dwarf
**52** Bedside clock
**54** East of Ill.
**55** Novices: var.
**56** Put up with
**59** Remain
**60** A quarter of four
**61** "A Bell for ——"
**62** Cowboy flicks
**64** Space place in the news, '97
**65** Kind of mushroom
**67** Oscar film of '97, with "The"
**71** Yul's stage realm
**74** Rowlock holding
**75** Two of these make a virulent fly
**76** Group in the news, '97
**83** Gun-toting
**87** Choose (to)
**88** Novelist Gordimer
**89** Horrify
**92** Bobby of hockey
**93** At no time: poetic
**95** Equestrians
**97** Coll. Bd. warmup exams
**98** Powerful D.C. lobby
**99** Say hello
**101** —— Lingus
**102** Grammy winner, '97
**105** "Puff" snake
**107** Resistance to fatigue
**109** Northern capital
**110** Hold the phone
**112** Bruce who played Dr. Watson
**113** Rug surface
**115** Tractor-trailer, informally
**118** Eyesight
**121** Fictional Cabot
**123** GOP voter
**126** Person in the news, '97
**130** Manager named to the Hall of Fame, '97
**132** Look-alike: slang
**133** Art categories
**134** Items for reducing swellings
**135** Gives the aye
**136** Tallies
**137** Small dress sizes

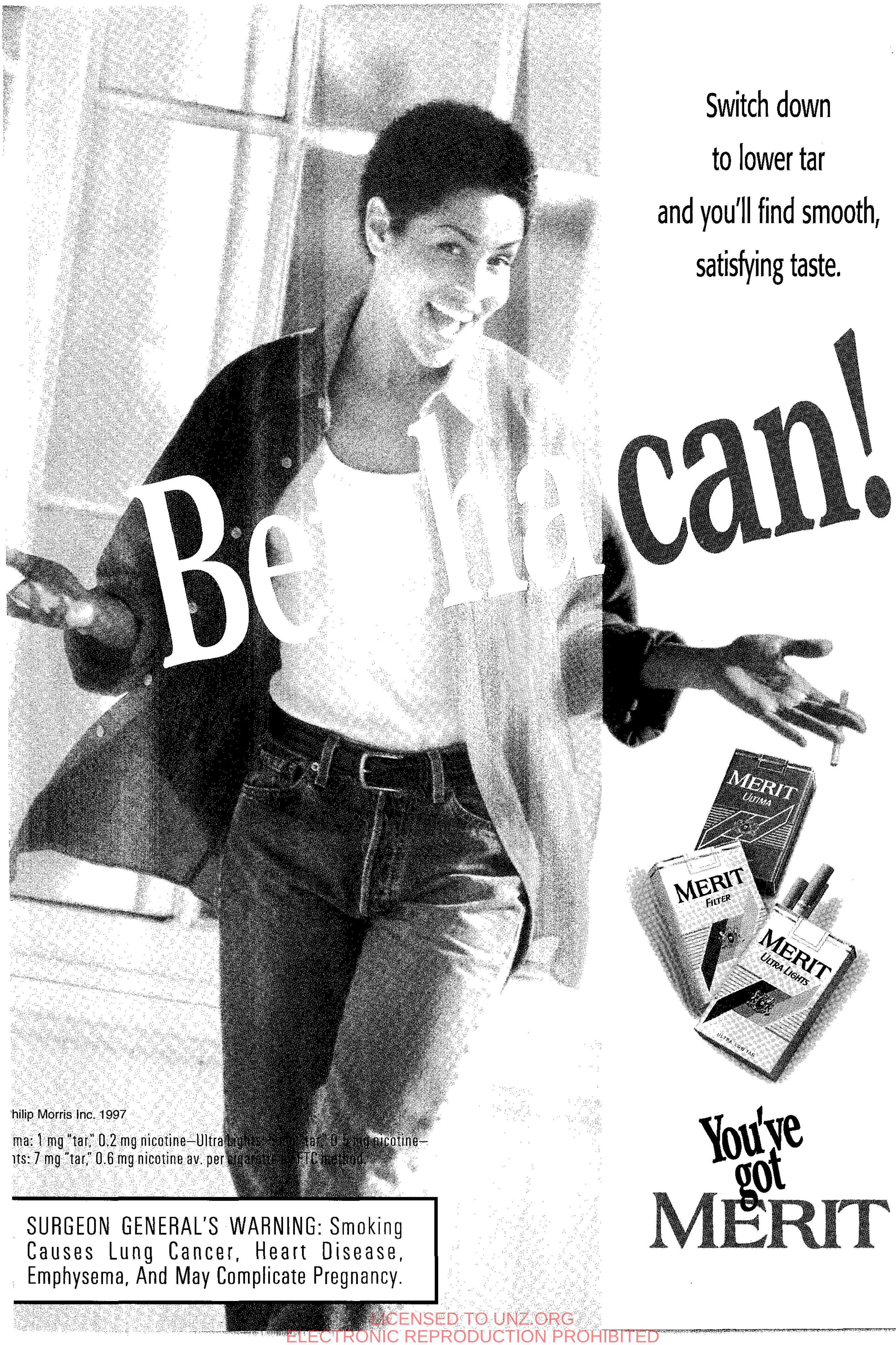
**DOWN**

**1** Calendar information
**2** Give off
**3** Mars explorer, '97
**4** WW II ration agcy.
**5** What Manilow writes
**6** Here's Howe
**7** Anatomical pouches
**8** Rotating piece
**9** Mother in "The Yearling"
**10** Teach like Aesop
**11** Rammed like a ram
**12** East of the Caucasus
**13** Change for a twenty
**14** Greek goddess of wisdom
**15** "Don't Bother —— Can't Cope"
**16** U.S. Open golf champ, '97
**17** Does panhandling
**18** Flea-market warning
**19** Uncomplicated
**25** —— snail's pace
**28** Innkeeper, abroad
**32** America's fleet: abbr.
**34** Apply logic
**35** Keats's ceramic
**37** Chicago Bulls championship, '97
**38** Nonliteral phrase
**39** Ex-president Schmidt of Yale
**41** Ancient Icelandic writings
**42** Dixie
**44** Words on a Wonderland cake
**45** Grand Central arriva
**47** Language of 28-Dow
**48** Punk-rocker Vicious
**49** Monk's title
**51** Moved on all fours
**53** Marge's friend, on ol radio
**57** Bête ——
**58** Historic periods
**63** —— march on (gets the jump on)
**66** Superlative suffix
**68** Dead duck
**69** Swimmer's segment
**70** Sabra's land: abbr.
**72** Algae extract
**73** Channels of communication
**76** With Kong, locale ir the '97 news
**77** Classical musical
**78** Cavalry horse
**79** Flanks
**80** Not moving
**81** Forcible plundering
**82** Like higher-income consumers
**84** Place in the news, '
**85** Swashbuckler Flynn
**86** Rival of Clobber
**90** Ocean abbr.
**91** Ocean abbr.
**94** Stanley Cup champs,'97
**96** Study sessions
**100** Steeped drink
**103** Set up fraudulently
**104** City-hall pro
**106** "Can we talk?" comedienne
**108** Consecrate with oil
**111** "—— the season . .
**113** Nobel Prize won by Jody Williams, '97
**114** Map detail
**115** Full of ginger
**116** Albany-Buffalo canal
**117** Parts of hrs.
**119** N.C.O. rank
**120** Concept: prefix
**122** Radar-screen image
**124** Rim
**125** Freebie
**127** Middling grade
**128** Not yet used: Ger.
**129** Cleo's killer
**131** Japanese waistband



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on pag

Switch down
to lower tar
and you'll find smooth,
satisfying taste.


MERIT
ULTIMA
MERIT
FILTER
MERIT
ULTRA LIGHTS
ULTRA LOW TAR

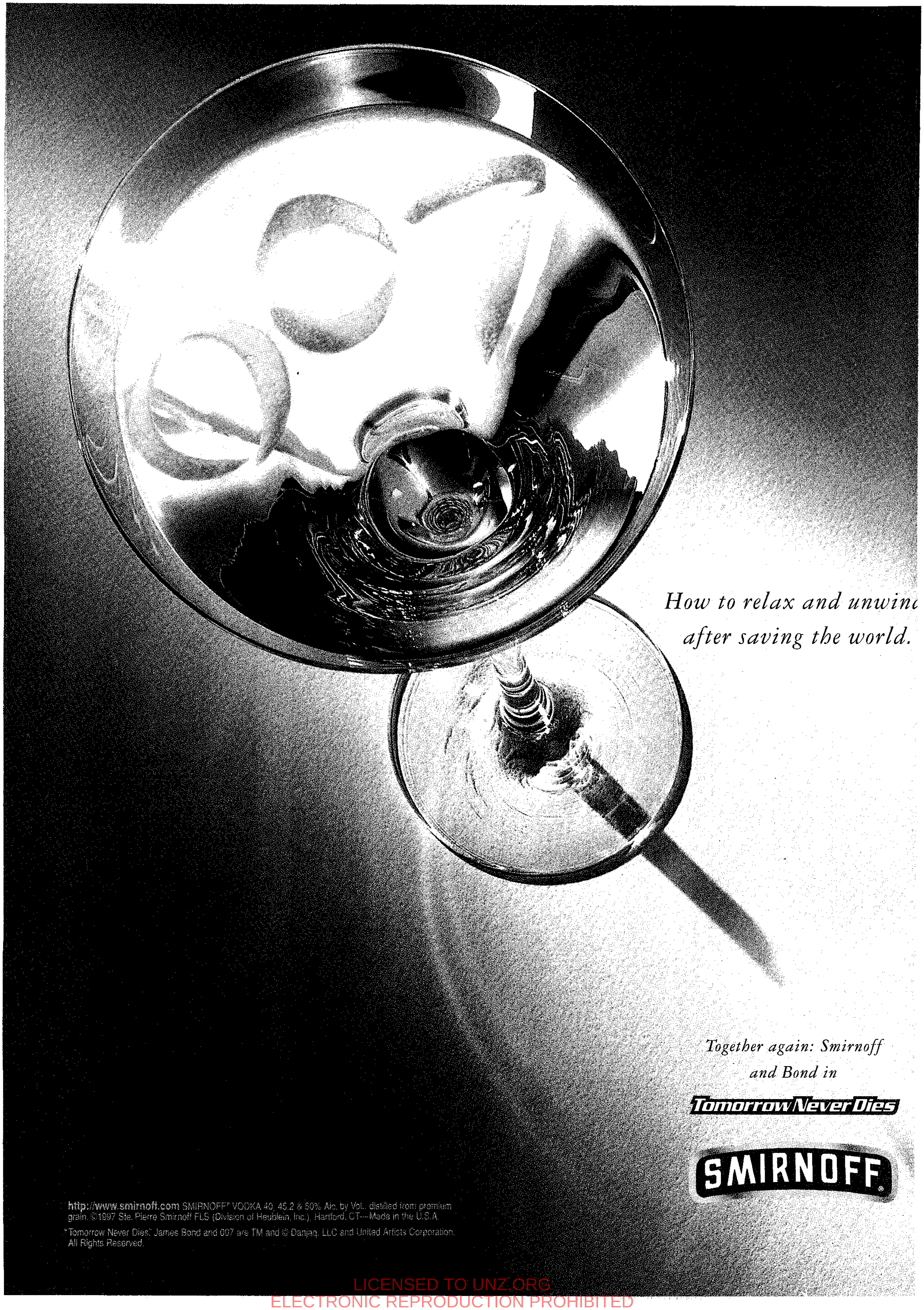
Be ha can!

You've got MERIT

hilip Morris Inc. 1997

ma: 1 mg "tar," 0.2 mg nicotine—Ultra Lights: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—
its: 7 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.


How to relax and unwin
after saving the world.
Together again: Smirnoff
and Bond in
Tomorrow Never Dies
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